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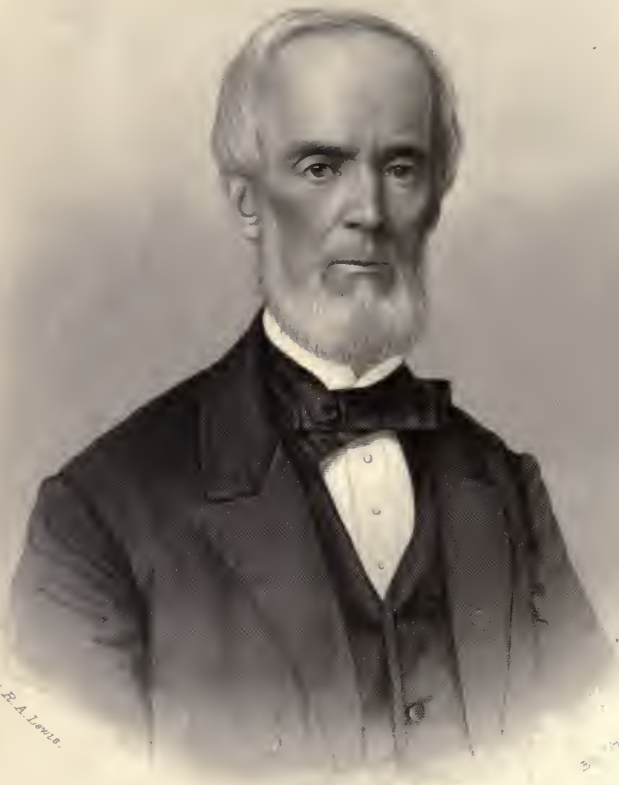

Yours Keenly

Hiram Hatchet

MERRY'S MUSEUM,

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, WOODWORTH'S CABINET,

AND

THE SCHOOLFELLOW.

EDITED BY

ROBERT MERRY, UNCLE WILLIAM, AND HIRAM HATCHET.

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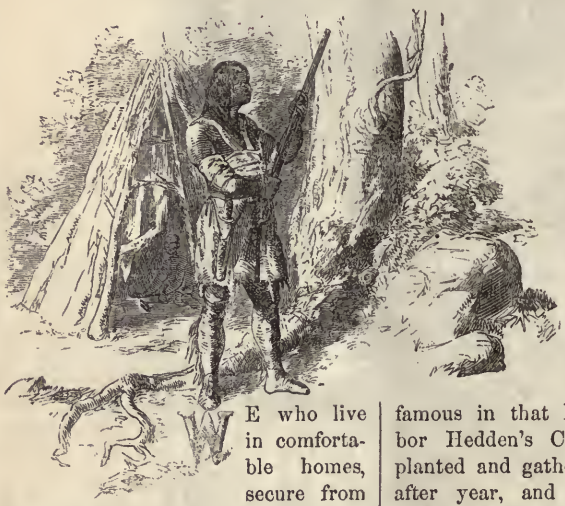
A NEW-YEAR'S WELCOME.

A Happy New Year, filled with joys,
To all the Merry girls and boys.
May each month o'erflow with pleasure,
And every day give heaping measure
Of merry hours and moments bright,
Full of wisdom and delight.
Every season loves to impart
Pleasure to the youthful heart.
Though Winter, with relentless hand,
Locks Nature fast in icy band,
He smiling spreads o'er all below
The welcome covering of snow,
And with loud breezes laughs to see
The glorious sport and happy glee.
Forth from their homes the children troop,
With many a loud halloo and whoop.
The sleighs are out, and swift they fly,
As meteors darting from the sky,
Down the hill, along the plain,
Like swallows skimming o'er the main.
Or on the crystal-covered tide
The circling skaters smoothly glide
With graceful curve and motion fleet,
As Mercury with wingéd feet.
New life is sparkling from their eyes,
And to their cheeks new beauties rise.
Then hail to Winter! May his reign
Be short and glorious, till again
Spring shall come with witching smile
To melt his sternness, and beguile
The scepter from his willing hand,
And spread her glory o'er the land.

THE INDIAN FRIEND.

BY M. E. D.



WE who live in comfortable homes, secure from every invader more formidable than mice, flies, and mosquitoes, find it hard to conceive of the lives of those hardy pioneers who settled our Western country during the last century.

In those days, and even as late as 1820, hostile Indians swarmed in every direction. Many a time did the settler, after cheerfully leaving home in the morning for a day's hunt, return at night to find his family murdered or stolen, and his cabin a mass of smoking ruins. Only in the comparatively crowded settlements, where, as in everything else, "union proved strength," could the white inhabitants hope for security, though bought at the price of constant vigilance and precaution.

In one of these settlements, where neatly white-washed cabins, with gardens attached, clustered rather thickly on the banks of a bend in the Ohio River, dwelt a man named Hedden, with his wife and three children. His garden stretched back farther than most of his neighbors' grounds, for his had been one of the first cabins built there, and his axe, ringing merrily through the long days, had hewed down an opening in the forest afterward famous in that locality as "Neighbor Hedden's Clearing." Here he planted and gathered his crops year after year, and in spite of slight troubles with the Indians, who robbed his fields, and with bears, who sometimes visited his farm stock, his family had lived in security so long that, as the settlement grew, his wife sang at her work, and his little ones shouted in their play as merrily as though London or Paris were within a stone's throw. To be sure, the children were bidden to never stray far from home, especially at nightfall; and the crack of rifles ringing now and then through the forest paled their cheeks for an instant as the thought of some great shaggy bear, furious in his death agony, crossed their minds. Sometimes, too, the children would whisper together of the fate of poor little Annie Green, who, a few years ago, had been found scalped in the forest; or their mother would tell them, with pale lips, of the dreadful night when father and neighbor Freeman encountered two painted Indians near the cabin and left them

lying dead upon the stubble ground. The tomahawk of the Indian that father killed was hanging upon their cabin wall, and the children could never look at it without a shudder. But all this had happened twelve years ago—before Bessie, the oldest girl, was born—and seemed to the children's minds like a bit of ancient history, almost as far off as the exploits of Hannibal or Julius Cæsar appear to us. So, as I have said, the children of the settlement shouted joyously at their play, or ran in joyous groups to the rough log hut called the school-house, or chopped away at the fallen timber, with dull "safe" hatchets, as unconcernedly as possible—little dreaming of the anxieties and cares of their elders.

Bessie Hedden was a merry-hearted creature, and so pretty that, had she been an Indian maiden, she would have been called "Wild Rose," or "Beautiful Bird," or some such appropriate name. As it was, half the village called her "Sunshine," for her joyous spirit could light up the darkest corner. She was faithful at school, affectionate and industrious at home, and joyous and honorable among her playmates. What wonder, then, that everybody loved her, or that she was happiest among the happy. Her brother Rudolph was much younger than she—a rosy-cheeked, strong-armed little urchin of seven years; and Kitty, the last and least of the Heddens was but three years of age at the date at which my story opens.

There was one other individual belonging to the family circle larger even than Bessie, stronger and saucier even than Rudolph, and yet younger than Kitty—who ate more than father and mother put together—had no hands, yet once did, as all admitted, the best day's work ever performed by any member of the family. This individual's name was Bouncer, and he had a way of walking about on all-fours and barking—probably in consequence of his having been created a dog.

Bouncer loved all the children dearly, but, noble-hearted fellow as he was, he loved the weakest one the best, and therefore little Kitty was never without a friend and protector. Ever since a certain day in the summer, when she had fallen in the stream and been carried home insensible by Bouncer, Kitty had loved the huge mastiff dearly, and nightly added to her simple prayer, "Please, God, bless dear Bouncer too."

And Bouncer *was* blessed beyond most dogs. Gentle as a baby when Kitty's arm was about his neck, he was fierce as a lion when fierceness was required. His great white teeth were a terror to evil-doers, and his bark in the dead of night would make venturesome bears sneak back into the forest like kittens.

Often would Mrs. Hedden say to her neighbors, that with "husband's rifle and Bouncer's teeth she felt that she lived in a fortress;" and "as for the children," she would add, laughingly, "I scarcely ever feel any anxiety about them when I know that Bouncer has joined their little expeditions. He is a regiment in himself."

One of the favorite holiday resorts of Bessie and Rudolph was a lovely spot in the forest not a quarter of a mile from the house.

Shaded by giant oaks, whose gnarled roots lay like sleeping serpents, half hidden in the moss, ran a streamlet, covered with sunny speckles, where parted leaves admitted a straggling ray of sunshine. Flowers grew along its banks in wild profusion, and it held

its wayward course with many a rippling fall and fantastic turn until it was lost in the shade of the far-stretching thicket. "Where does it go to, I wonder," the children would often say to each other, longing for permission to follow its windings farther than the limits prescribed by their parents would allow.

"To the ocean, of course," Rudolph would answer triumphantly; while Bessie, looking at its golden ripple and listening to its musical song, half believed that it carried its burden of sparkling jewels to Fairyland itself.

Sometimes, when Bouncer was with them, they lingered so long by the mysterious streamlet, sending chip boats adrift upon its surface, or trying to adjust unmanageable little water-wheels under some of its tiny cascades, that Mrs. Hedden would blow the big tin horn as a signal for their return; and as they ran home, playing with Bouncer by the way, or scolding him for shaking his wet sides under their very faces, they would inwardly resolve to coax father to take them up the stream on the very first pleasant Saturday.

Accordingly, on one bright Friday in June, as Bessie and Rudolph returned from school together, they ran toward their father, who was working in the lot.

"Father! father!" they shouted, "will you take us up the stream to-morrow? we want to see where it goes to."

"Goes to?" laughed back the father. "Why, it goes to the moon; didn't Kitty say so last night?"

"Now, father," returned Bessie, pouting just a little, "you *know* we don't believe that. We want you so much to take us in the boat; it don't leak at all now; oh, do!" And both children fairly jumped up and down in their excitement.

The father smiled, but after wiping his forehead with a red handkerchief, went on with his work without returning any answer.

The children, after looking wistfully at him a moment, turned toward the house, wondering between each other "what father meant to do about it."

That evening, at the supper table (where they didn't have napkin rings or silver salt cellars, I can assure you), Mr. Hedden asked his wife whether Tom Hennessy was back from "up river" yet.

"I think he came home yesterday," returned his wife. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I thought, as to-morrow'll be a holiday, I'd get him to take the youngsters up the stream in the scow."

"Oh, husband," rejoined Mrs. Hedden, looking up anxiously, "do you think it's safe?"

"Why not, dear? the scow don't leak; and even if it did, the water isn't above Tom's waist anywhere."

"I don't mean anything of that kind," pursued the wife, smiling in spite of herself at the joyful faces of the young folks. "I—I mean the Indians."

"Oh, never fear about them—I'll give Tom every necessary caution," was the answer. "They won't be gone more than two hours altogether, and, to my mind, there wouldn't be the slightest danger in letting even little Kitty join the party."

"Oh! tanky, pappy, tanky!" shouted Kitty, clapping her chubby hands in great glee. Every one at the table laughed heartily at her unexpected response.

Bright and early the next morning the children stood in the door-way

Gleason
H. Bonner & Pyne

eagerly awaiting the arrival of Big Tom, as the village boys called him; and well they might, for he was a staunch, burly fellow, who looked as if he could crush an enemy in both hands—not that he had ever performed that remarkable feat. for Tom Hennessy had but recently arrived from a large town in the East; but he *looked* as if he could do it, and was a good hand at bragging, so people gave him credit for any amount of prowess and strength.

After sundry directions given by Mr. Hedden to Tom, and explicit commands from their mother for the little folks to be home to dinner, our party set forth amid shouts of laughter and merriment. Kitty was there in all her glory, for, after what pappy had said, she had insisted strenuously upon going; and even Bouncer, in spite of many a "Go back, sir!" "Call him, mother," had quietly insinuated himself into the midst of the group, and neither threats nor coaxing could force him away.

It was a glorious day, and as the party neared the stream it seemed to fairly sparkle into joyous welcome at their approach. Soon, comfortably seated in the scow, they were pushed and rowed laboriously along by the good-natured Tom, while Bouncer panted along the bank, or dashed into the water, splashing the boat in fine style. In passing the accustomed "limits" the delight of the children knew no bounds.

"Now for it!" cried Bessie, clapping her hands. "Now we will find out where the stream goes to." And so they sailed along, following its graceful windings. Sometimes they were nearly checked in their course by a fallen trunk or the shallowness of the water, until at last, coming to a very troublesome spot, Tom cried out:

"Now, youngsters, you must all get out while I turn the scow over this ere log, and then you can jump in again on t'other side."

With merry shouts they leaped out one after the other, Tom holding Kitty in his arms.

"What is the matter with Bouncer?" cried Bessie.

There was no time for a reply. Looking up, the frightened party saw three hideous faces peering at them over the bushes.

"The Indians! the Indians!" screamed Bessie.

Springing to the shore and catching Rudolph with one arm, while he held Kitty tightly in the other, Tom Hennessy dashed into the forest madly, calling upon Bessie to follow. Poor Bessie! What could she do? With a thrill of horror she saw two armed savages bounding after them with fearful yells, while a third, with upraised club, and tomahawk and scalping-knife in his belt, was rushing like a fiend toward her.

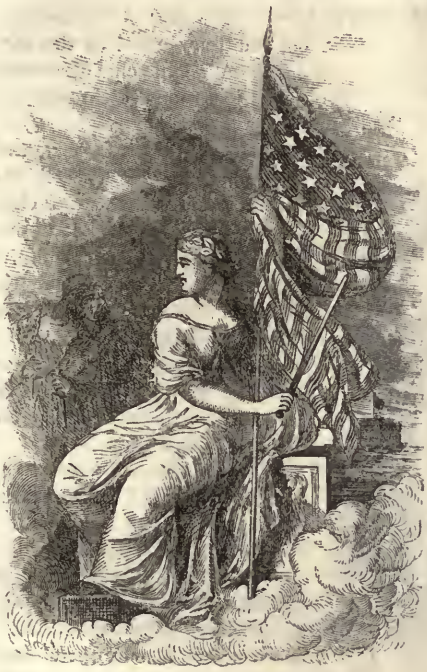
Uttering one long piercing scream, the poor girl knelt upon the sward to await her doom—a doom which, in her fearful condition, she could see no way of averting.

A prolonged roar of fury caused her to raise her head. Bouncer, brave, noble Bouncer, and the Indian had fallen together in a deadly struggle! Now was her time! With new energy and hope she sprang to her feet and darted through the forest, rending the air with cries for help, and unconscious of whither she was flying.

"Rudolph! Kitty!" she cried, frantically. "Oh, God in heaven help us! oh, help us!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.



Slowly the sun is setting,
And the deepening darkening red
Of the clouds he leaves in his pathway
Might vie with the blood that was shed
To-day on the field of battle,
On the blood-stained, dead-strewn field;
For "our boys" would die or conquer,
And the foe refused to yield.
Oh, *red* are the clouds of sunset,
And *red* is the blood that was shed,
And *red* are eyes with weeping—
Ah! weeping for the dead.

For on that broad field of battle
Are lying the stiff'ning forms
Of "brave boys" who fell doing their duty,
Who fell in the thick'ning storm
Of the missiles of destruction
That all day have been whirling by;
And the stars, in their pure *white* brilliance,
Look down with pitying eye
On those ghastly upturned faces,
So terribly, dreadfully *white*,
On the stiff forms cold and lifeless
That are lying there to-night.

The fingers are *blue* and rigid,
Blue lips are speechless and cold,
And white lids are closed over blue eyes;
And hearts that beat fearless and bold,
When those brave boys went forth to battle,
Are pulseless in death's embrace;
And calmly the pale moon is bathing
With radiance each pale sleeper's face;
And the cold dark *blue* of the heavens
Looks coldly and darkly down,
And black clouds in the west are uprising
With stern, unpitying frown.

But they heed not the pure, soft starlight;
They heed not the moon's pale rays,
And the beat of the drum never wakes them
In this lonely, deserted place.
All undisturbed, sweetly they're sleeping,
And calmly as though they knew
That over them floated our banner,
The flag of the Red, White, and Blue.

Lizzie H.

"GO-AHEAD" AND THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILIP SNOW'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"LUCY! Lucy!"

"Oh, mamma, I forgot—indeed I did!"

For a moment the room was very still. The lady continued to read beside the fire, and the child stood looking out from the window.

"There, there!" exclaimed Lucy, and she put her face yet nearer to the window-pane in her eagerness. "Oh, mamma, it is *too* funny; do come and see! Fred and Sydney and poor little Harry have all slid into a pile, and I can not tell which is who—they're all snowed up together. There! Harry is out, and I believe he is crying. No! he is laughing at Fred and Sydney."

In due time the three boys were themselves again; the reading went on, and Lucy stood at the window. A slight clicking sound ticked occasionally through the room.

Three times Mrs. Lake glanced up from the page, in which she was much interested, at her child—three times a quiet smile followed the glance. The fourth time, quick and loud came the sounds. For a moment Mrs. Lake seemed annoyed; but Lucy was so evidently lost, in her eager curiosity, to any knowledge of herself, that the momentary annoyance passed.

"Lucy!" she said.

"Yes, mamma," answered the child, turning from the window.

"Come and sit beside me."

With one last wistful glance out into the glowing twilight and at the long snow-covered hills, down which her brothers' sleds were gliding, Lucy went to her mother's side.

"Now, my child, let me see your hands."

"Oh, mamma, please don't!" said Lucy, and she put her hands behind her.

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Lake, slowly drawing the reluctant hands from their hiding-place, "do you think you ought to be ashamed to have your hands examined? You have been industriously at work for the past ten minutes biting your finger-nails; let me see if you have done it well."

The two hands were brought out. Ten little finger-ends all bitten, marred, and mangled, until it was impossible to determine what kind of nails na-

ture had bestowed upon the child, were in Mrs. Lake's hands. Lucy's face crimsoned with mortification as her mother bent over them, examining them one by one, and closely criticising each.

Biting her finger-nails was Lucy Lake's unfortunate habit. It mattered not when or where—in church, at Sunday school, on the street, or at home; whenever she became absorbed her fingers *would* go up to her teeth, and her teeth *would* clip away at the poor nails, until all form and beauty had departed from them.

"Lucy, your finger-ends look like platters. They rise up all around your nails; do you admire them?"

"No, ma'am."

"Your hands are maimed!"

"Maimed! that means broken, unfit for use. Mamma, I can use my hands."

"You can't use your finger-nails; you can't pick up a pin or a needle with them, and they look frightfully. Just see! your first finger is bleeding where you bit it just now. The nails were placed at your finger-ends for protection and beauty, and you bite them away, leaving your fingers defenseless. Don't you think you are a robber?"

Lucy laughed, and said, "Yes, ma'am; but I am only robbing myself, not my neighbor."

"Oh, Lucy! you are robbing, first nature, that goes on day after day, and week after week, building up patiently the little fortifications that you steal away as fast as she builds; and then you are robbing everybody that looks at you, your father, mother, brothers, and friends. Only the other day, when your new piano came home, Fred said to me, 'How Lucy's fingers *will* look on the piano! she will be ashamed of them when she gets older.' But I know better. You will only get more and more into the habit, until, after a while, if you are not careful, your fingers will grow toward your mouth. No, Lucy, you are robbing everybody who looks at you of the sight of ten respectable, well-grown finger-nails that they have a *right* to see."

Lucy wiped away the blood that slowly gathered on the surface of a nail and said, "Mamma, what shall I do? I can't stop, *I know I can't.* I tell you what I will do; I will go to the dentist to-morrow and have all my teeth pulled out!"

"Lucy Lake without any teeth in her mouth! just think of the picture! How prettily your lips would draw themselves together and sink into your mouth! *That* would be worse than biting your finger-nails."

"Mamma, you *will have* an ugly little girl, you see. I can't think of anything else that I can do, unless you tie up my hands, and then I couldn't eat, or study, or even dress myself. Oh, dear! dear! I wish I hadn't any finger-nails to tempt me."

"Lucy, my dear, if we hadn't anything to tempt us, there would be no use in trying to do the right in the world—in striving to help God put down the evil that is trying to destroy us."

"Why, mother, do you think God lets us help Him? I thought that was work He laid up for the angels to do."

"Yes, angels, men, and little children all may help God by obeying Him. Just now your chief temptation is to eat off the ends of your fingers, and you *must* resist it."

"Mother!" said Lucy, and she stopped and looked into her mother's face with a mixture of surprise and horror.

"What is it, Lucy?"

"Mother, *may-be that is the way the cannibals began*, just tasting a little bit, and then more and more. Do you think I shall ever be a cannibal? because that would be horrible!"

"I hope not," said Mrs. Lake, smiling upon her child. By the warm glow of the firelight, and quieting her fears upon that subject, she talked with her of the great wrong that might grow out of one bad habit not overcome, until the day darkened, and Fred, Sydney, and Harry were heard coming in.

"Now, my child, try and conquer this; *resist temptation to the utmost, and the victory will be yours.* I will give you twelve chances for your Christmas gifts; twelve times you shall have the opportunity to begin anew and win them. If you bite your finger-nails the thireenth time, no presents for Lucy Lake. Is that according to my little daughter's sense of justice?"

"Yes, mamma, that is *very* generous," whispered Lucy, just as the boys announced their advent by a chorus of boots and voices; "I'm sure I shan't forget the thirteenth time."

It was just three weeks before the coming of Christmas. The time was so short that Lucy had little fear of being overcome.

Mrs. Lake was passing a year in the country, that her children might know the pleasures of a winter in her native town.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, mother, hurrah for the country in winter! I'm *so glad* you staid; we've had a grand time to-night," cried Fred, the eldest of the three boys, "and to-morrow, Michael says, the water on the pond will be frozen strong, and he'll take us over to try our new skates."

"Not after one night's freezing, my boy; you'll have to wait longer than that."

"Oh, mother! what do *you* know about it?"

Mrs. Lake smiled, and returned the question: "Fred, what do *you* know about it?"

Fred looked down at the reproof, and was silent."

"Michael did not stop to reason on this particular sheet of water, or he would not have told you it would be safe. I perceive that you have very little faith in my judgment; come with me, and I will show you a record that was made many years ago, if it has not been destroyed;" and Mrs. Lake led the way to the kitchen, where few changes had been made since the olden time, and where the original beams of the house still were left uncovered.

By the aid of a lamp she found a sentence cut into the solid wood.

"Look here, Fred, see if you can read this." Fred read, "Boys, don't venture on Birch Pond till it has frozen seven days in succession. M. M., Jan. 1st, 1830."

"Who was M. M.?" asked Fred, "and what could *he* know about it?"

"Why, M. M.—that's Morris Martin, your own grandfather; Fred Lake, you ought to know him," said Lucy.

"What made him put that there?" asked Sydney.

"He did it as a warning; I will tell you the story after tea."

"One of mamma's stories!" cried little Harry, "and they're always true. Mamma, can we have tea this minute? 'cause, you know, bedtime catches me so quick, and I *can't* run away from it!"

"It shall not have you till you have the story nicely laid up in your little head," said Harry's mother, fondly caressing with her fingers a ringlet of Harry's hair, for Harry, happily, had not got beyond the age of curls.

After tea, the eager waiting group were assembled around the fire that burned away its life crying "cheerily, cheerily" with its every breath to the dark, gloomy chimney, up which it fled, trying its very best to light the way. Do you not think that we ought to do our duty as well as the fire, and to cry "cheerily, cheerily!" to every one about us, as we go through life? though we ought to be very thankful that life is not a dark, sooty chimney up which we have to go, but something better and brighter, where the sun shines, and the stars twinkle, even though the clouds are sometimes around about us.

Lucy Lake is sitting on a footstool just beside her mother, and the fair curls of little Harry are shining in the firelight, and Fred and Sydney are sitting very erect and very expectant, quite ready for the opening of the story, when a quick ring of a bell sounds through the house.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Fred.

"It's some stupid come to bother you, mother," said Sydney.

"Bedtime *will* catch me, mamma; hold me fast!" cried little Harry; and Lucy, poor Lucy, she said not a word—she bit a finger-nail.

"One chance gone," whispered Mrs. Lake, just as the street-door opened and a stout tread announced the coming of a visitor.

"Why, mamma, it's a man, and he's coming in, too," whispered Harry.

The stout tread came to the door, and a face looked in.

"Hurrah! oh, papa!" shouted three boys; "what *has* brought you home?" and Mrs. Lake and Lucy, after women's way, looked into Mr. Lake's face to find the cause.

"Why, boys, I'm glad to see you all safe here, and I'm going to tell you the exact truth. As I was walking up Wall Street this afternoon, I suddenly lost sight of the street and the city; I saw the country, all covered with snow, and glistening in the frosty cold; and I saw Birch Pond just spread with a thin coating of ice, and the dark waters all black and still below; and then I thought of you, Fred and Sydney, and imagined you skating over that treacherous pond, and nothing would satisfy me but a sight of you, safe at home, so here I am, and here are you; come and kiss me, one and all."

"You're as good as a story, any time," said Lucy, when her turn came for the kiss of welcome; and even Harry made terms with bedtime, quite willing to wait for his share in the entertainment.

Mrs. Lake went with her husband to the supper-room, leaving the children to entertain themselves during her absence.

"Just think how kind of papa to come all the way home, just to see that you two boys weren't drowned," said Lucy.

Fred was in a very confidential mood.

"Do you know, Lucy—but don't let on to anybody about it—we *were* going to the pond to-morrow—that big boy, Bill Hone, that has red hair and lives in the red house on the hill, and who knows every trout-hole in the pond, and Ed Hine, that poor boy who hasn't any father, you know; well, we were to meet to-morrow and try the pond. Bill Hone said h

guessed he ought to know when 'twas strong enough to bear such thinnies as Syd and me; but I'm glad father's come, 'cause now we can't go, and I shouldn't much wonder if something or somebody whispered all about it to father down in New York, and sent him up here to keep us from going. Who knows, Syd, but you or I might have been drowned?"

"Don't talk so," said Lucy, and she arrested a finger half-way between the place where it should have been and her teeth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BESSIE AND HER LAMB.

LITTLE Bessie has eaten her supper
Of milk and wheaten bread;
And now her pretty pet, Daisy,
Her little white lamb, must be fed.
So she fills her small brown basin
With new milk, fresh and sweet,
And breaks in it tiny pieces
Of bread for the lamb to eat;
Then she carries it out on the grass-plat
In front of the cottage door,
And looks around for her playmate,
And calls her o'er and o'er.

And as soon as Daisy catches
The well-known welcome sound,

She leaves her sport in the meadow,
And springs with an eager bound,
Gamboling round her mistress,
With many a frolicsome freak,
By which to express the gladness
Her dumb lips can not speak.
And after her supper is eaten,
They merrily romp and play,
Till the twilight melts into moonlight,
And Bessie is called away

I wonder if little Bessie
Has ever yet been told
That *she* is a lamb—not like Daisy—
But of the Good Shepherd's fold.
I wonder if she loves Him,
And knows and hears His voice,
And to follow His heavenly guidance
Has early made her choice?
Let us try, my little children,
His dear commands to keep,
So He will be our shepherd,
And we shall be His sheep.

FROGS PETITIONING JUPITER FOR A KING.

A FABLE.

AS Esop was traveling over Greece, he happened to pass through Athens just after Pisistratus had abolished the popular state and usurped a sovereign power; when perceiving that the Athenians bore the yoke, though mild and easy, with much impatience, he related to them the following fable:

The commonwealth of Frogs, a discontented, variable race, weary of liberty and fond of change, petitioned Jupiter to grant them a king. The good-natured deity, in order to indulge this their request with as little mischief to the petitioners as possible, threw them down a log. At first they regarded their new monarch with great reverence, and kept from him at a most respectful distance; but perceiving his tame and peaceful disposition, they by degrees ventured to approach him with more familiarity, till at length they conceived for him the utmost contempt. In this disposi-

tion they renewed their request to Jupiter, and entreated him to bestow upon them another king. The Thunderer in his wrath sent them a Crane, who no sooner took possession of his new dominions than he began to devour his subjects one after another, in a most capricious and tyrannical manner. They were now far more dissatisfied than before; when applying to Jupiter a third time, they were dismissed with this reproof, that the evil they complained of they had imprudently brought upon themselves, and that they had no other remedy now but to submit to it with patience.

MORAL.

'Tis better to bear with some defects in a mild and gentle government than to risk the greater evils of tyranny and persecution.

THE FIRST SNOW-SHOWER.

WHERE does it come from—the beautiful snow,
Fluttering earthward, silent, slow;
Fluttering down through the cold dark air
In crystal beauty, pure and fair?

Where does it come from?—surely not
From yonder leaden-hued cloud; no spot
On whose grim face shows right or sign
Of kindred in aught so much divine.

Where does it come from? What should make
Of countless crystals each delicate flake,
And sprinkle them down in white array,
Like legions of fairies out at play?

Where does it come from? What strange power
Could sift such a marvelous glorious shower,
As radiant as if from realms of light,
Out from a sky as dark as night?

Where *does* it come from? Can't you tell,
Some one of you sages who know so well?
When I am gray-headed, and wise, and fat,
I mean to know, you may be sure of that.

Where *does* it—hark! what means this noise?
Oh!—ah! I see how it is; the boys
From puzzling questions casting aloose,
Are putting the snow to its proper use.

They have finished their old snow
giant, and now
Are tumbling in for a snow-ball row;
I'll tumble in with them, for nothing
to me
Is better sport than a snow-balling
spree.

Hallo! there, Timothy, have a care,
You hit Ned Follonsby plump on the
hair;
Now what will he do when he meets
the girls
With the twist all out of his pretty
curls?

Charley, my boy, you've hit Will Rose
Square on the tip of his blood-red
nose;
It always resembled a blushing beet,
'Tis now like a furnace at high red
heat.

Take that for your compliment, Am-
brose Kent!
I think you have got now as good as
you sent.
What! try it again? Well, there, take
that;
Now what will you do with your
crumpled hat?

Whew! Ichabod Somerby, that was a
smash,
Which will get you a scolding, and
cost you cash,
For Alderman Huff won't believe you
were joking
When he finds that his big show-win-
dow is broken.

A truce to this skirmishing; now let
us draw
For sides in a regular snow-ball war.
Let us fill up our companies, rank and
file,
And do it all up in martial style.

We'll build a snow fort, in artistic
orm,
And see if the assailants can take it
by storm;
If we fall, if we rise—win reproach
or win glory,
Some future MUSEUM will publish the
story.

H. H.

GOD'S PROMISES.

OBSERVE how carefully all the promises are gathered about one spot—the cross of Jesus. There they lie thick and sparkling as diamonds in the shining sands of Golconda. But elsewhere not one! Over all the broad universe not a single one! Troubled inquirer for salvation, thou wilt wear thine eyes out in a vain search for a solitary hint of hope for thee anywhere else. Calvary glitters with them. Every drop of sacred blood that stains its sod is a promise to your guilty soul. Every word of love that breaks from the dying Lamb of God floats in promise to your ear. The air is loaded with mercy. The cross itself—in its stupendous meaning—is one eternal, unchangeable promise, exceeding great and precious. But to have it you must go for it. And your going there in penitence and faith is your part toward the securing and enjoying God's great conditional promise.

LIFE.—Every day in thy life is a leaf in thy history—a leaf which shall once be turned back to again, that it may be seen what was written there; and that whatever *was* written may be read out in the hearing of all.

ONE soul converted to God is better than thousands merely moralized, and still sleeping in their sins.

MANNING -DEL

AUNT BECKY.

"COME, Fred, out with your sleigh!" shouted Will Nelson to his playfellow and cousin, Fred Foster, one afternoon just as the snow had ceased falling.

Fred darted from the window where he was standing, and quickly came bounding out with his beautiful clipper "Meteor," and they started for the hill.

Just as the boys turned a corner they came plump upon a queer object, looking like a great pile of clothing that had rolled itself together and started out for a waddle in the snow. As it turned to pass, they caught sight of a round, red face, wearing huge spectacles inside of the curious bonnet on top of the pile.

"What a gay old bird!" shouted Will. "Now for some fun;" and stepping forward with mock politeness, he said: "My dear madam, shall I have the pleasure of your company for a sleigh-ride?"

"Come away, Will," said Fred, "don't tease the old lady."

"Old *granny*, you mean," answered Will. "I say, Mother Goose," continued he, "I believe this young gentleman has fallen in love with you."

But the old lady only looked mildly at him through her spectacles, and said:

"My little friend, you'll know me better some day, perhaps, and then I'm sure you won't be so foolish."

"Come, Will, come along and let her alone," urged Fred; "you know that fairies sometimes go about in disguise."

And Will, rather abashed by the unexpected answer the old lady had given him, turned away, and they were soon too much engaged in riding down hill to think any more about her.

The next day was Christmas, and Will and his sisters, with their cousins, the Fosters, were to have a little party at Will's house. In the morning the gifts from Santa Claus were displayed, laughed over, and played with until dinner time, and after that, as the children were waiting for their cousins, Mrs. Nelson said:

"I have a surprise for you, children. Aunt Becky is in town, and will be here this afternoon."

Now Aunt Becky was the children's *great* aunt—that is, the sister of their mother. She lived in a distant country town, and had, after repeated invitations, decided to visit her relatives.

The children had never seen her, but had often received presents from her, and had learned to love her.

As the guests were rather tardy in making their appearance, the children were soon romping about the room, for they were too full of fun to keep still long. While fully engaged thus, the door suddenly opened, and in rushed the cousins, and with them "Aunt Becky" herself, who had spent the night previous at the Fosters.

"Here's Aunt Becky," shouted the Fosters, and the others came forward to greet her—all but poor Will. In his consternation he almost fell backward over his sister, for there stood before him the identical queer-looking old lady he had treated so rudely the day before!

It was as good as a play to see Aunt Becky's comical manner as she enjoyed his confusion. But she was too kind-hearted not to forgive Will, and soon he recovered himself enough heartily to ask her pardon; and you may be sure that from that day he never again was caught in such a fix.

THE DYING PATRIOT.

MY DAYS AND NIGHTS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

THIS is the title of a new book for boys, written by "Carleton," the war correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, whose letters have been marked for their correctness and vividness of description. It gives a narrative of his own personal observations on some of the most successful and memorable battle-fields of the present war to uphold the dear old flag; and while it is written expressly for the young, it will be found equally profitable and interesting to older persons.

It gives a clear and concise account of the origin of the rebellion, which should be read by every boy and girl in the land. The description of the gathering of a great army—its organization and marching—its camps and camp life, and all its appointments, are so vivid and life-like that you seem almost to witness the scenes it portrays and enter into their realities.

We present some illustrations and extracts taken from the book, and recommend you all to read it for yourselves.

DRILLING.

"There is drilling by squads, companies, battalions, and by regiments.

Some stand guard around the camp by day, and others go out on picket at night, to watch for the enemy. It is military life. Everything is done by orders. When you become a soldier you can not go and come as you please. Privates, lieutenants, captains, colonels, generals, all are subject to the orders of their superior officers. All must obey the general in command. You march, drill, eat, sleep, go to bed, and get up by order. At sunrise you hear the reveille, and at nine o'clock in the evening the tattoo. Then the candle, which has been burning in your tent, with a bayonet for a candlestick, must be put out. In the dead of night, while sleeping soundly and dreaming of home, you hear the drum-beat. It is the long roll. There is a rattle of musketry. The pickets are at it. Every man springs to his feet.

"'Turn out! turn out!' shouts the colonel.

"'Fall in! fall in!' cries the captain.

"There is confusion throughout the camp—a trampling of feet and loud, hurried talking. In your haste you get your boots on wrong, and buckle your cartridge-box on bottom up. You rush out in the darkness, not minding your steps, and are caught by the tent-ropes. You tumble headlong, upsetting to-morrow's breakfast of beans. You take your place in the ranks, nervous, excited, and trembling at you know not what. The regiment rushes toward the firing, which suddenly ceases. An officer rides up in the darkness and says it is a false alarm! You march back to camp, cool and collected now, grumbling at the stupidity of the picket, who saw a bush, thought it was a rebel, fired his gun, and alarmed the whole camp."

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT AT MEMPHIS.

"I stood on the top of the tug, beside the pilot-house. Stand with me there and behold the scene. The sun is an hour high, and its bright rays lie in a broad line of silver light upon the eddying stream. You look down the river to the city, and behold the house-tops, the windows, the levee, crowded with men, women, and children. The flag of the Confederacy floats defiantly. The rebel fleet is moving slowly toward us. A dense cloud of smoke rolls up from the chimneys of the steamers and floats over the city.

"There is a flash, a puff from the Little Rebel—a sound of something unseen in the air, and a column of water is thrown a mile behind us. A second shot, from the Beauregard, falls beside the Benton. A third, from the Price, aimed at the Carondelet, misses by a foot or two, and dashes up the water between the Jessie Benton and the flag-ship. It is a sixty-four pounder. If it had struck us, our boat would have been splintered to kindlings in an instant.

"Commodore Montgomery sees that the boats of the Federal fleet have their iron-plated bows up-stream. He comes up rapidly, to crush them at the stern, where there are no iron plates. A signal goes up from the Benton, and the broadsides begin to turn toward the enemy. The crowd upon the levee think that the Federal boats are retreating, and hurrah for Commodore Montgomery.

"There has been profound silence on board the Union gunboats. The men are waiting for the word. It comes.

"'Open fire, and take close quarters.'

"The Cairo begins. A ten-inch shot screams through the air, and skips along the water toward the Little Rebel. Another, from the St. Louis. A third, from the Louisville. An-

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT AT MEMPHIS.

other, from the Carondelet, and lastly, from the Benton. The gunners crouch beside their guns, to track the shot. Some are too high, some too low. There is an answering roar from all the rebel boats. The air is full of indescribable noises. The water boils and bubbles around us. It is tossed up in columns and jets. There are sudden flashes overhead, explosions, and sulphurous clouds, and whirring of ragged pieces of iron. The uproar increases. The cannonade reverberates from the high bluff behind the city to the dark-green forest upon the Arkansas shore, and echoes from bend to bend.

"The space between the fleets is gradually lessening. The Yankees are not retreating, but advancing. A shot strikes the Little Rebel. One tears through the General Price. Another through the General Bragg. Commodore Montgomery is above the city, and begins to fall back. He is not ready to come to close quarters. Fifteen minutes pass by, but it seems not more than two. How fast one lives at such a time! All of your senses are quickened. You see everything, hear everything. The blood rushes through your veins. Your pulse is quickened. You long to get at the enemy—to sweep over the intervening space, lay your boat alongside, pour in a broadside, and knock them to pieces in a twinkling! You care nothing for the screaming of the shot, the bursting of the shells. You have got over all that. You have but one thought—*to tear down that hateful flaunting flag; to smite the enemies of your country into the dust!*"

People who like so much to talk their mind, should sometimes try and mind their talk.

THE NEW-YEAR'S SURPRISE.

"WON'T mother be astonished?" said Maggie Hueston to her little sister Hetty on one bright New-Year's day. "*Won't* mother be astonished when she comes home, all tired, to-night, and expecting to wash this basketful of clothes, to find them all hanging on the line?"

"Oh, goody," said Hetty, clapping her hands, "I'm so glad we thought of it. *I* can help you a *good deal*, can't I?" and she held up a little dripping apron from which her tiny hands could hardly manage to wring out the foamy drops.

"If it wasn't for the *starch*, I could have everything nicely done," said Maggie; "but I hardly dare try to make *that;* but if they are all clean and dry, it won't take mother long to do that part."

It *was* a pretty big task for Maggie. But the great desire to give her mother a pleasant surprise gave her little arms a wonderful energy; as with her tub mounted on a rather high bench, her frock carefully tucked up, and sleeves rolled above the elbow, after the most approved manner of more experienced washerwomen, she made the clothes wonder who had got hold of them, as they were mercilessly rubbed up and down the ridges of the well-worn wash-board. Even the kittens seemed to have caught the spirit of the active children, as Tabby and Snow-drop were each reaching a paw to their mother, who had mounted the table, to tempt them into a regular frolic.

"It will be almost as good as it would have been if we had made the Christmas-tree!" said Maggie.

"We couldn't do that," said Hetty, "we had nothing to put on it, and we hadn't any tree."

"Two pretty good reasons," said Maggie, laughing. "But you know what mother said when we told her how much we had *wanted* to do it—that she thought as much of the love that we showed by *thinking* of it as if she had found a nice tree full of pretty gifts."

"I know she did," said Hetty; "but I can't understand it; *thinking* about having a thing don't seem near as good to *me* as *having* it."

"Suppose I should say to you, 'Hetty, I do wish I had money enough to get you a nice New-Year's doll,' wouldn't you think I loved you as much as you would if I actually *gave* you a doll?"

Hetty looked up a moment, as if not quite satisfied in her own mind, and then said, "Why, yes, I suppose so; but I should like the doll, *really*."

"Oh, you little mouse; I know you would. But see here, Hetty! you're just a very little girl, and, to be sure, I'm not very much bigger; but I've been thinking lately about some things that I want to tell you. You know mother has to work very hard since father died, and she gets *very* tired so often, and I have seen a good many of her hairs turning gray; it makes me *feel bad*. Now, she hardly ever asks us to help her; but don't you see how pleased she looks when I have swept the room and dusted the things in the morning?"

"Yes," said Hetty; "and how she smiled last night, when I brought in the little box of kindlings and made those paper lamp-lighters."

"I know it, and I think we are both old enough to help mother ever so much. We are old enough to *make* her trouble, and I am sure we ought to be old enough to *save* her trouble. Let's make a rule to try to do what will please her, *before she asks us*."

"Well, you don't mean to *wash*, though, every week, do you?" asked Hetty, holding up her hand and blowing a little red spot on one of her unfortunate knuckles. "I thought this was only for a great surprise—just this once."

"No danger of mother's *letting* us do that," said Maggie. "But I mean *little* things—whatever will save her steps. I think I shall make a little book, Hetty, and put down a good mark in it for you every time I see you do a thing to help mother *before she asks you*."

"Well; and who will keep *your* good marks?"

"I shan't need to have them put down. I hope I shall *deserve* some, though."

"*I'll* do it," cried Hetty; "you give me a page for you, and you keep mine."

"Agreed;" and with this happy secret in their little breasts, a real, earnest, immediate resolve of two little girls to lighten a sad mother's cares, who, that New-Year's day, could be found happier than Maggie and Hetty Hueston?

At last the washing was pronounced done. The little clothes-line bent and swung beneath the contents of the basket; and they certainly looked much better for the journey through Maggie's "three good waters," as both agreed while standing a moment to contemplate their half-day's work. "Now we shall have lunch, after we sweep up the floor and put our tubs away."

So Maggie went to the pantry and got out two little old-fashioned pink-and-white plates, and spread a clean

cloth on the table, and put on a few crackers, a little cheese, and two cups of milk; and as the two ate and chatted about their surprise, they forgot that "it wouldn't be a New-Year's dinner at all without turkey."

"It will soon be time for mother to come; and now, can't we put on clean plates and have the table ready for her?" said Maggie, as the long hand of the old corner clock pointed to five.

"Yes," said Hetty, "and I'll toast some bread, if you'll cut it for me."

"Well, then, I'll make the tea," said Maggie, "and that will be a double surprise."

So, sure enough, when, a little while after, their mother came up the walk and slowly opened her door, a pleasant enough surprise awaited her. Two happy faces peered from behind a closet door, and two merry voices began talking at once.

"Supper's ready, mother—the tea and all."

"And I toasted the bread," said Hetty.

"Well, well; this is pleasant," said their mother. "It really rests me to see things look so pleasant. I came home very tired, and expecting to get supper, but instead of that a nice warm room and supper waiting for me. And I'm glad you've got so good a fire. I'll just fill my boiler and set it on, so the water will be heating while we eat, for I have a basket of clothes waiting for me as soon as I get a little rested."

"Never mind it now, mother," said Maggie, with one finger raised for Hetty's benefit, "we're all hungry, I know; can't we eat *now?*"

"It will only take a minute," said Mrs. Hueston, as she opened the door leading into a little back room, where she stowed her tubs, boiler, and other washing apparatus. An empty clothes-basket, tubs strangely piled up, and a glimpse of the clothes-line through a little window told the whole story.

"I guess the fairies have been visiting you to-day; something surely has happened;" and Mrs. Hueston kissed the up-turned faces through her tears.

"It was Maggie and me!" shouted Hetty, unable longer to contain the pleasant news.

"Well, I can hardly believe my eyes; what a pleasant evening we shall all have to close our New-Year's day; I must give you a great deal of credit."

When supper was over, and the table cleared, their mother took up a package and opened it.

"Oh! what beautiful books!" said Maggie, as she took up the largest—a handsome copy of "The Bobbin Boy."

"And this is mine," said Hetty, holding up the bright red-covered book her mother placed in her hands. "What pretty pictures, birds, and children, and flowers!"

"But, mother, who *did* send them?"

"Let us see if this little note will tell," said their mother, "for, to tell the truth, *I* do not know any more than you. I found the package on the step."

But the little note didn't tell. It only said, "A New-Year's present for the two little girls who were very busy and faithful while their mother was away, from one who happened to notice them."

"So, you see, while you planned a surprise for your mother, some one else has planned one for you!"

"Somebody must have seen us hanging out our clothes. Don't you remember, Hetty, when we both had to climb up on the bench together to hang up the sheet, that a lady passed the fence? and I saw her smile. I thought it was because it took two of

us to hang up one sheet. I do believe it was her."

And Maggie's was a good guess, though she did not know it. A kind lady had spent an hour with their nearest neighbor, and witnessed the work of the little girls from that neighbor's window for some time before she "passed the fence," and made up her mind to encourage them by the little gift which now made them so happy.

The secret of the *little book* was kept for a long time—till one unfortunate day, when Hetty had just put down a long mark to Maggie's score, and was suddenly called away, when her mother took up the little worn and soiled book, wondering very much what such a ledger meant. There was nothing to explain. The page was ruled down the center, and "Hetty" written over the top on one side, and "Maggie" on the other, while each side was pretty full of marks *intended* to be straight. There was not much room on Maggie's side of the line.

"Oh, dear!" said Hetty, coming in, "my little book—our secret—why, mother!"

"What is it, my dear? I see nothing but straight marks. What account are you keeping here, Maggie?" as she saw her approaching Hetty.

"Shall we tell?" said Hetty.

"Shall we, mother?" said Maggie.

"Yes, if you will."

So the story was told of the wish to help mother, and the account of *things done before being asked.*

Never were children more heartily pressed to a mother's bosom, and never did warmer tears of joy ever wet a mother's cheek as she laid away that little book in her choicest drawer—more precious to her than a casket of glittering jewels. Children, will you all *keep a little book?* KRUNA.

DON'T DREAM, BUT ACT.

RISE from your dreams of the future,
Of gaining some hard-fought field,
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield.
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor, (God grant it may;)
But your aim will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise, for the day is passing!
The low sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle.
Arise! for the foe is near!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past.

"SHALL I LEARN TO DANCE?"—asks a young reader. Certainly, by all means. Commence with the "Quickstep" out of bed in the morning, keep it up till the "chores" are finished. The boys will of course have a "*cow* drill" at the barn, while the girls are engaged in a "*country* dance" in the kitchen. After this, all hands "change," and promenade to school, keeping step to merry laughter. Repeat the same on the way home at night, with an occasional variation in winter by "tripping the toe" and having a "break-down" in the snow-bank. A "reel" now and then will be quite in place for the girls who have learned to spin, but the boys should never think of it. If these and kindred dances are thoroughly practiced, they will leave little time and no necessity for the polkas, schottisches, and other immodest fooleries of the ball-room.

WILLIE'S DAY.

Morning comes, and tips the eyelids
Of the children—Willie's, too;
God hath borne them past the darkness,
Watching them the long night through.

And when kneeling by his bedside,
Willie says his simple prayer,
Thanking for the blessed sunshine,
And his heavenly Father's care,

I can almost see a trembling
Pass along the golden ray
From the window. Are the angels
Hov'ring there to hear him pray?

Such a gladness in his smiling,
Such a sweetness in his tone,
As he grasps the welcome morning
Like a plaything all his own.

Soon, while yet the sun is early,
Willie at his task I see,
Bending down his head so curly
O'er the book upon his knee.

And I hear him spelling, mumbling—
"M o—mo, t i o n—tion;"
Longer words, too, without grumbling,
Eye and mind in close attention;

Till, his lessons all conned over,
Ting-a-ling! the breakfast bell.
Breakfast over, he calls Rover,
Vexing pussy by the well.

Half-past eight — ah! "Good-bye! mother, [ute."
"I must start for school this min-
Takes up one book, then another,
And the box with luncheon in it.

Off he starts with joyous whistle,
And, in haste the wood to pass,
Shakes the dew from wayside thistle,
Starts the cricket from the grass—

For the wood is his temptation,
And he must not linger now,
So he runs in desperation,
While the nuts drop from the bough.

Just in time! The bell is ringing—
Willie's hat is on the nail—
Willie, in his place, is singing
With the children, "Hail! all hail!"

'Tis a simple morning anthem,
And they shout it with a will;
While the birds, without, would taunt them
That *their* song is blither still.

Lessons said without an error,
Willie romps in glee at noon;
School-time has for him no terror,
Play-time never comes too soon.

After school the nuts are gathered—
Ah! ye squirrels, scamper now!
Those that fall are for the children,
You must get them from the bough.

Home again. "Here, Susy, take them,
Or my pocket soon will burst;
Some for you, and some for mother,
Only take her share the first.

"Here's some moss for sister Mary,
And a puff-ball just for you.
Ah! don't break it—think I'd carry
Puff-balls home to break in two?

"Now! you naughty, little creature,
I must have a kiss for that!"
And while Willie's chasing Susy,
Rover's chasing Willie's hat.

So with Susy and with Rover,
Gaily rush the moments on;
Supper—working in the garden—
"Good-night all!"—the day is done.

Once again the sweet thanksgiving
And the earnest prayer are said,
Ere, by loving arms encircled,
Willie sleeps upon his bed. M. E. D.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

HERE'S our "Happy New-Year," to be shared by all the Twenty Thousand Cousins, and the "Three Hundred Thousand more," now on the way to join us. It's only fair that we should distribute it, for what would the years be without the smiles, the kind words, spicy letters, joyous frolics, earnest affections, and exceeding full measure of good things brought to us by our Merry circle of will-wishers, and co-workers, and players? We don't want to live after we are dead in the regards of the young, and we are most happy to see the promise of long life in that particular. And now for the Programme.

First. Uncle Hiram will give his personal countenance to all the Cousins who have good memories; that is, to all who can remember that it takes money to pay the printer and all the rest of them, and who, therefore, **pay up for 1864.** So look for his portrait in this number. If you don't find it, jog his memory by sending the money to the publisher before Feb. 1st, and then you will surely see it next month.

Second. Here is a very fair representation of the MERRY BADGE for the girls,

described in the last number; but no engraving can show how handsome it really looks. Every one who has examined this beautiful premium admires the style and the workmanship, and all pronounce it well worth the money it costs—$6. A large number of these are being made for you, and we feel sure that no one will regret the exertion required to procure the twelve subscribers in order to earn it, when the breast-pin is received.

The style for boys here represented is smaller, but equally beautiful and de-

sirable with the other. It would be a pleasant thing for a young gentleman to secure one of these for himself, and also one of the other style for some young lady friend.

These badges or pins will always be valued, not only for their intrinsic worth in gold and their ornamental qualities, but as *souvenirs* of Merry times. Golden associations will make them ever prized, and no remembrances will be more pleasant than those of the hours enjoyed in our much loved circle. We wish every Cousin may secure one.

And now, *Thirdly*, and to conclude, as the preachers say, we make way for the Chatterers.

You guessed *very* well, Jolly Jingle! Now you have the advantage of me, for I do not know who you are. Indeed, I think this Chat is like a perpetual game of blind-man's-buff, where every one is blindfolded in turn, and is never sure of his man when caught. For instance—half a dozen surround a wounded hero in bright buttons. Suddenly the disguise slips off, and a merry saucy girl appears.

Fleta, aren't you tired of looking down from that see-saw platform of yours, where you and Winnie are trying to keep the "balance of power?" Come down, won't you? Reign down, if you will; only say something!

A. N.

We shall have to teach A. N. cour etiquette. Instead of asking the quee to reign down, say "All hail!"

BATAVIA, *Nov.* 11, 1863.

DEAR COUSINS :—I am true to the old standard, and, like a bad shilling, I always turn up at the right time. Things have changed since my last *entrée*. The war of the queens, headed by Burnham and Leslie, seems to have quietly died away, and just now "war" of another kind is engrossing the attention of the Merrys.

Teaser, come and sit by me. I am considered good in the teasing line. Leslie, I see you are as fiery as ever. When do you intend to settle down quietly. Love to all. BLUE-EYES.

We all give you a war-m reception.

UNCLE MERRY :—I want to "scrape acquaintance" with somebody. I feel rather lonesome; won't you introduce me? Will no one speak to

LILLIE LINTON?

Who's ready for a *scrape?*

ALBANY, *Dec.* 5, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—Is Sadie R. B. or Ladie R. B. the correct version? I have seen it both ways, and I think about as often one as the other.

"Come again," you say. What's the use of coming again when one gets squeezed down into essence and acknowledgment?

To Aunt Sue's inquiry, I say "I!" with a good deal of emphasis. I do not imagine that any one wants my address, but if such a thing should occur, I would not on any account have it given.

You made quite a mistake in giving my "Essence," in the December number. For "man," read "name." Please correct, for I do not wish Rover to get a wrong impression. A. VAN A.

Sadie is a Lady, perhaps, though not spelled so. Only fragrant growths impart desirable essence, so be comforted.

Dec. 6, 1863.

And so the war of the rival Roses is dying out! Well, I won't mention it, as Winnie is undoubtedly sufficiently *re(a)d* on the subject.

Ah, Jasper!
It's oh, to be a man!
And oh, to get me a wife!
Soon, oh, that I were single again!
For woman's the plague of my life!

Wouldn't you like to know who Devereaux is? Ella, Josie, and "Phene F.," I was so sorry that it rained! I can not write to you, Josie, to give you my address, but Hattie Lee will do so. Aunt Sue, I was so dreadfully disappointed at not seeing you! but I'm going to try it again soon. Minerva, please don't wait for me, but write, that's a good girl! How nicely the new cousins are coming in!

Teaser, I'm not acquainted with Lieut. Ryder, and therefore am ignorant of the extent of his injuries. I think I've heard—ahem—that he—ahem—admired Winnie immensely! All of those cousins who have requested an exchange of cartes de visite can obtain my address from Uncle Robert. "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

SAUCY NELL.

If any one asks for a recipe for getting up *pickles* or caper sauce, we shall know where to send them.

BROOKLYN, *Dec.* 10, 1863.

Happy New-Year, Merrys! I hope you have not forgotten this Chatterer!

Winnie, Winnie, how *could* you do so?

Fleta and Saucy Nell, I might tell you something ever so nice if I were to try. Don't you wish I would?

"When this cruel W. A. R." returns to his senses, there will be a reign of peace in our midst, I suppose. Even "A. N.(uisance)" can not escape his notice, and the flowers are modestly proclaiming against his attacks.

Puss, you have so much trouble on account of your claws that you might find a pair of mittens convenient. Suppose you try!

Brown-Eyes, wilt exchange and give me one of your vignettes that I want very badly? please do!

At the present writing, Tiger Lily, I'm anxiously awaiting your vignette. Must I wait much longer?

Geraldine, I'm willing, if you are, of course!

Fiddlesticks, have you forgotten me?

ELLA.

Dec. 10, 1863.

WISE AND GOOD UNCLE MERRY :—I think I may venture to believe that you and your army of correspondents have heard of "Aunt Fanny" and her literary wardrobe of "Night-caps, Mittens, and Socks." If your nieces and nephews have not found out by these books that

"I love God and little children," I wish they would tell me how to show it more, and I will set to work this minute.

And now, if I and my books are old friends, the children will not be astonished at a request I am about to make I have been urged by a great many mothers to fill a big album with the sweet little faces of the children who know and love "Aunt Fanny." I have already begun this collection of human buds and blossoms. Only think what a beautiful book it will be! full of lovely children's faces! and if all of them, even the tiny little ones, will write or dictate a letter when they send me their cartes de visite, my happiness will be complete. They must tell me all about their dolls, hoops, etc.; and if they live in the country, all about the chickens, cows, dogs, and cats. One sweet little kitten (you know I mean a little girl) has called a nice red cow "Aunt Fanny," because she came from the country to see me, and has since loved me more than ever.

Each little one's name must be written on the back of his or her likeness, and each letter will be answered; and then, who knows? — some day, perhaps, "Aunt Fany's" precious collection of "Letters from Children" will get into a book! all *real true, too!*

The letters and likenesses must be directed to "Aunt Fanny," care of Mr. Appleton, 443 and 445 Broadway, New York.

Give Aunt Fanny a warm welcome, and make her promise to tell a story.

CHICAGO, *Oct.* 16, 1863.

So, Uncle Merry, you are the only one that has had to "come down?" Well, then, come down with a dollar and a half. The MUSEUM will be better appreciated then. A dollar a year isn't half enough. That's my "answer." That is a good plan, too, Uncle Merry, about ridiculous names—hope the cousins will profit by it. Thank you, Oliver, for the information about the Crusades. "Hoosier Lil," you may sit next to me, and have some of my love, providing I may call you Lily of Indiana! Sure of a welcome, Vera? Yes—positive, certain. Fred W. C. C., I *do* know, now. Cousins, think of my being in Buffalo the same time as Aunt Sue, and utterly unconscious of it! Don't I need sympathy? I was shocked at her betraying my country experiences. If I ever made any dignified impressions, they are now erased forever. Aunt Sue has a wicked way of saying, "I'll take it all back," after she has told!

Forget you, Flib? no, indeed, and don't be so long coming as to give me occasion.

Daisy W., it is you that are naughty. Nellie Van!!

I'll try, Wilforley, being one of the "antiquated." Had Grasshopper seen the extensive curtailing my last letter received, 'twould have done his little heart good.

If you love me, Phene, here's a kiss and a hug. Send your *carte*, and mine shall be forthcoming. A. E. D.

Oct., 1863.

DEAR UNCLE:—I say the same as did those cousins at your elbow, when you proposed to raise the subscription to the MUSEUM: "Charge a dollar and a half a year, and cheap at that."

Hattie Lee—

I sent a picture—lay it on the shelf;
Another time I wish your gentle heart
Would kindly bid me bring my solid self,
And not (God bless me!) send an empty *carte.*

Ernest, did you receive my letter? I have been looking for an answer.

Jasper, your photograph is received.

Oh, how proud you stand before me,
In your suit of blue!

Osceola, I'm sorry I did not get to see you. I have never had the pleasure of seeing any of the cousins.

Romance, my address is Box 112, Waynesboro, Pa. Send, and I will reciprocate. SPEC(K)TATOR.

DISSECTING ROOM, *Nov.* 2.

W. A. R., have you given up shooting birds that you take the Merrys for your mark? Are you seeking new specimens for your cabinet of Natural History? If you bring down Merrys at the rate you are shooting, you will soon have the rarest collection in the world. I don't wonder Wilforley is jealous of you, such a formidable rival as you are, ripening into a lion so quick, too. You are raising a pretty row, you are so witty and racy, wild and rollicking, waggish and roguish; I don't wonder you had to leave the good city of Troy and seek a

new home, for, as A. N. truly said, "Troy wouldn't be long with such a W. A. R. within its walls."

Oliver, what has become of you? Do you find any Merrys or P. G's in the copper region? If so, let us know it.

HENRY A. DANKER.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *Oct.*, 1863.

Teaser, please send me your photo (*via* Uncle Robert), as I would like to see the originator of such a *teasing* letter.

A. E. D., why don't you write to me?

Vera Lee, where did you receive your information in regard to the beauties at Saratoga this summer?

W. A. R(ior), would you like to see a Saratogian (on paper)? If so, send me your photo, and I will return the favor.

Tommy, didn't you forget me when you were at Saratoga?

Uncle Rob has my address, and will give it to any cousin that wishes it.

MAMIE.

WOBURN, MASS.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I should not have ventured to write to you had I not seen you at B——. I was so happy to see you! I think you have a "Merry" face as well as a "Merry" name. Please accept my *c. d. v.* I hope it will find a place in the "Album" with the "Merry" cousins, there to remind you of

M. L. R.

Thanks, Mary, for the *c. d. v.* Our Album is getting to be one of our best earthly treasures. Our visit to "B." will not soon be forgotten. Hope to meet you there again.

DEAR COUSINS:—Don't forget me. Grasshopper, why haven't you written to me? Geraldine, I was glad to see your letter.

Teaser, will you please to send me your address? I don't mind being teased a little when there is no *Nonsense* about it. Don't you think that the tribe of Fleta are all *Rovers?*

Dan. H. B., will you ever have the *face* to ask for the *c. d. v.* of another of our fair cousins as long as you live?

Flibbertigibbet, did you find out who L. F. R. was? I did. *He* is a very near relation to Saucy Nell.

IDA MAY.

Say to yourself, "*I. May* come again."

Extracted Essences.

RENE has gone to State's prison, for *good*—so she writes. We trust it will be good for the prisoners, as her father has been appointed superintendent of such an institution.

ALICE CLAYTON sends a regretful farewell. We shall *miss* her—not long, we trust.

NEVA wants to X with Wilforley, inquires who is queen, and whether there is to be a king. Let any aspirant for kingly honors remember how

"Jack fell down and cracked *his* crown,"
And never came tumbling after.

JASPER calls somebody names, and so gets crushed by the manipulator.

JULIA E. says her name is Child—lives at Glendal, N. T., and wants Romance's photo—thinks A. E. D. is daughter of a judge.

ROSE-BUD wants all to join with Grasshopper in crowding Wilforley out. He is likely to have a rural time of it between these two.

MINNEHAHA wants to change her name. Who speaks first?

IRVING thinks he had a glance at Phene F., at which he slid off, probably. He wants Fiddlesticks' *c. d. v.* Carte de violin, eh?

HENRY BOWLES.—We will endeavor and see that the P. D. spells your name with a "w," hereafter.

THE SEWING MACHINE is given as a premium for *sixty* new subscribers—not forty, as was misprinted in last month's number. We have sent off quite a number the past year, which have given entire satisfaction, and we hope many more will avail themselves of the offer.

We have received the following choice pieces of music from Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, viz.: "The Swamp Angel," "Who Will Care for Mother Now?" with variations, "Tony Pastor's Combination Song," and "Maj.-Gen. U. S. Grant's Grand March."

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

JEANNIE M. receives the prize for November puzzles, having correctly answered all but one.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

The following is a simple sum in multiplication, using letters to represent figures. If the letters are arranged in their numerical order (omitting the O), they will spell the name of a building once well known in the city of New York.

			a,	f,	t,	k,	m,	r,
						l,	y,	e.
	m,	f,	a,	k,	t,	r,	e	
f,	a,	a,	t,	l,	y,	e		
f,	o,	y,	t,	m,	t,	l		
f,	l,	y,	r,	t,	t,	a,	m,	e.

1.

2. What has a cat which everything in the world has? *W. C. C.*

3. Behead one animal, transpose, and leave a pair. *Merrimac.*

4. Behead something lovely, and leave a girl's name. *Blanche.*

ANAGRAMS.

5. A —— is generally supposed to be *a true sign*. *A. O.*

6. Did you did not see in a —— "*spare his ten* trees?" *Ella.*

7. A *dust car* is a poor place in which to make ——. *W. A. R.*

8. When you *eat cream* do you —— it? *Tommy.*

9. They *sent your misses* letters with great ——. *D. P. & W. W. W.*

10. *No! stir a vat* before you suffer ——. *Grasshopper.*

11. My first the Merrys all have; my second they all love; my whole they have all seen (provided they have carefully read the MUSEUM). *Fiddlesticks.*

12. 1500101100. *Hoosier Lil.*

13. Out of what word, by repeating some of the letters, can you get the sentence, "It is a deplorable proportion in art, and leads to disorder"? *A. S.*

14. I am a word of five letters, denoting what every reasonable person has done: transpose me and I become what a horse is, after a race. Behead and curtail me, and I am something deplorable. Behead me now and replace the tail, and I am a color. *A. Van A.*

15. I am composed of 9 letters:
Omit my 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9; transpose, and leave an animal.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 9; transpose, and leave a measure of capacity.
Omit my 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, and leave something abominable. *A. P. T.*

16. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 3, 4, 5 is an animal.
My 6, 7, 11, 4, 10 is an animal.
My 9, 2, 7, 8 is a pillar.
My 1, 10, 7 is the abbreviation of a boy's name.
My whole is one of the Merry cousins. *Schuylkill Jim.*

17. My second is what my first might be called, and my whole is a man's name. *Clark Hazen.*

18. Curtail a plant and transpose into a cover. *Golden Arrow.*

(Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed:)

19. Too many —— are a ——. *C. M. E.*

20. As he was reading the ——, a piece of —— fell upon him. *Coy.*

21. —— has gone to the ——. *Frank.*

22. My first is an abbreviated name for a young lady. My second may be heard and seen in the street, in the woods, and on the sea. My whole is required of all persons in time of war before they leave for a foreign country. *W. A. R.*

23. An animal joined to a country makes a deplorable condition. *W. C. C.*

24. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 4, 7, 1, 2, 8, 9, 11 7 is an interesting musical performance. To my 3, 10, 5, 6 the following beautiful line is appropriate:

"The day is past and gone."

My 4, 2, 6, 10, 6 is a narrow defile.
My whole is the greatest discovery ever made by man. *H. A. D.*

25. Behead a verb, and leave a girl's name; behead again, and leave what we all did yesterday; transpose, and leave what we shall all do to-day; again transpose, and leave what many of us will take to-day. *Monitor.*

ANAGRAM ON A COUSIN'S NAME.

26. Lily, I hate common law.
A. Older.

EXTRACTS OF ORNITHOLOGY.

27. A household article.
28. Two instruments.
29. A bone and spoil. *Bob O' Link.*
30. My first and third are vessels; my second is a pronoun; my whole is a well-known assemblage of buildings. *Forestina.*

31. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS, BY FIDDLESTICKS

Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of February.

Answers to Questions in Nov. No.

117. Sir Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.
118. John Percival Marvin.
119. Little pitchers have great ears.
120. Levi, veil, evil, vile, live.
121. Dew, Jew, hew, sew, pew.
122. Solder, soldier.
123. Raid, aid.
124. Bear, dear, fear, hear, gear, pear, near, rear, tear, Lear, year, wear.
125. Brag, grab, garb.
126. Potato, tomato.
127. Samphire.
128. Tangle (or maize).
129. Vanilla.
130. Chester, Hester, Esther.
131. Stops, spots.
132. Priests, stripes.
133. Dire, ire.
134. Stumble, tumble.
135. Tops, pots, post, spot, stop.
136. LIXIVIATE.
137. Pyrotechnist.
138. Huntingdonshire.
139. Estimation.
140. Heartsease.
141. Asthmatic.
142. The letter A.
143. Grandmother.

Answer to No. 32 (in the July number) is, "A little patience over apparent wrongs prevents great misunderstanding between men."

Answer to 116 (accidentally omitted): Peace of mind once secured, we may smile at misfortunes.

JEANNIE M. answers all but 143.

Merrimac answers all but 127, 128.

F. W. C. C. answers all but 127, 141.

Birdie answers all but 137, 141.

A. S. W. answers all but 127, 141.

Alpha answers all but 121, 128.

A. P. T. answers all but 127, 132, 141.

Tattler answers all but 127, 128, 141.

C. M. E. answers all but 123, 134, 137, 141.

Hebe & Phil answer all but 118, 127, 141, 143.

Blanche answers all but 127, 130, 137, 138, 141.

Florian answers all but 127, 130, 131, 137, 141.

Harry Bowles answers all but 121, 127, 128, 134, 141, 143.

Louisa Dolbeer answers all but 119, 127, 128, 137, 138, 141.

Ernest answers all but 121, 127, 129, 137, 138, 141, 143.

C. W. J. answers all but 122, 127, 128, 129, 132, 134, 141.

Coy answers all but 127, 128, 129, 131, 136, 137, 143.

May of Irvington answers all but 121, 122, 125, 129, 135, 136, 137, 141.

Mary A. E. answers all but 122, 125, 129, 130, 133, 134, 137, 141.

Forestina answers all but 122, 127, 128, 129, 131, 134, 137, 138, 141, 143.

Louise B. answers all but 117, 118, 121, 122, 127, 128, 129, 137, 138, 141.

Rena answers all but 121, 122, 124, 126, 127, 131, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141.
Charlie Little answers all but 126, 127, 129, 131, 132, 133, 136, 137, 138, 140, 141.
Ella answers all but 120, 121, 127, 128 131, 134, 136, 137, 138, 140, 141, 143.
Golden Arrow answers all but 118, 120, 121, 125, 127, 128, 129, 131, 136, 138, 139, 141, 143.
Julia E. answers 117, 123, 126, 130, 142, 143.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Chips.—We do not know.

Harry Bowles.—I wish I had time to "offer" that "advice," but I can only send love and sympathy.

Osceola.—I enjoyed your letter very much.

F. W. C. C.—Your countermand reached me just too late.

May Clayton.—"The way to get Uncle Hi's and Uncle Will's pictures" is to send yours to them. I believe they are always ready to "exchange." I know *I* am.

Clark H.—"A boy" not only *may* "answer his own enigmas," but *must*, if he would be credited for them in future; it will not be enough to answer it, "my own." We do not want puzzles that have been in print before.

Blue-Eyes.—Isn't it time that photog. arrived? I don't think "he" is yet married. The address you ask for is 251 Henry Street, New York.

Fib.—Blue-Eyes wants your address.

"*Dear Mr. Henry.*"—Allow me to renew the assurances of my most distinguished consideration.

Fiddlesticks.—I suppose I mustn't "tell" about that young lady who accompanied me to New York in the cars—the parting at the dépôt, etc. ?!

C. M. E.—After reading your letter, I mentally exclaimed, "Good for Jacksonville!"

Merrimac.—I congratulate you heartily. It is a blessed thing to be "happy."

Jasper.—A young lady informed me that she has "a bone to pick" with you. (I hope it may prove to be a "merrythought";) and another young lady (of Stamford) wants to know what has become of you.

Tommy.—Have you found our *Busy Bee?*

Tattler sends greeting to all the Merrys, and hopes they will meet with no S. *Tattler*, will you exchange with *Merrimac?*

Tillie B. (Newark).—I hope you haven't forgotten us.

Ella.—There must be something *lovable* about one whom "everybody likes." Thanks for making my hymn-book fragrant with a kiss.

Lizzie H.—"Forgotten?" No, indeed! But don't stay away so long again.

Mary A. E.—Thanks for your kind letter.

Charlie Little.—I went to Great Barrington; rode to Sheffield; saw a wild rabbit on the road; met Fiddlesticks (for the first time) on the skating-pond; his bright-faced greeting will ever be a pleasant remembrance; fired at a mark with Mr. Crosby's rifle ("Old Smoke"), and hit the bull's-eye! roamed through the woods and over the hills; was entertained royally by my friends, and left your county with regret. Letters reaching one "*on* or before the 10th" are in time for notice.

Forestina.—Thanks for your *c. de v.* I sent mine immediately in exchange. Did you receive it?

Brightie.—I am ready to "exchange *cartes*" with you, but you must send yours first, lest, when you see mine, you would'nt want to stick to your bargain.

Fred W. C. C.—*Coy* and *Jeannie M.* answered No. 141, so it was guessable. *Merrimac* answered it sufficiently well with "courteous."

Ernest.—Please return *our* kind "remembrances."

Harry P. Child (Box 4735 P. O., Chicago, Ill.)—would like to exchange *c's de v.* with any of the cousins.

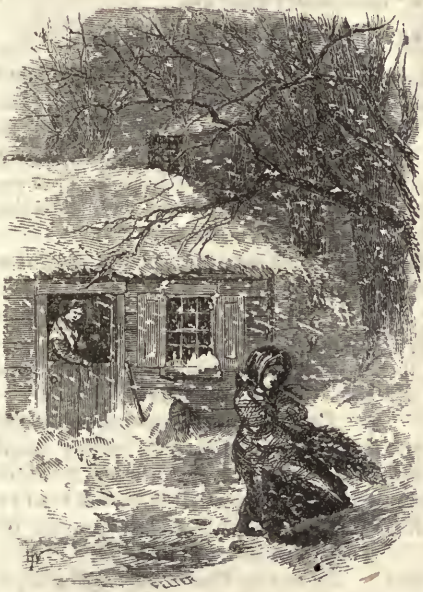
Blanche.—I must have a more definite address before I send any *more c's de v.* to "*Blanche.*"

Louise B.—I quite agree with "Ma," but the proposition came from the gentleman. Thanks for your *c. de v.*

Jeannie M.—I forgive you for "staying away so long," as your present coming relieved me from a quandary: but why *didn't* you answer 143? Please send your address.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *May Clayton, C. Hazen, Julia E., Harry Child, Golden Arrow, Fred W. C. C., A. Van A., W. R. White, Jr., Birdie,* and *Coy.*

KINDNESS.



The winter wind was whistling round,
And driving was the snow,
When Mary's tender mother said,
"I think you can not go,
My darling child, to Mrs. Deane;
The basket I'll set by—
To take it in this dreadful storm
I can not let you try."

"Oh, do not say so, mother dear,
For I am well and strong;
I will not mind the wintry wind—
'Twill help me right along.
And it will be so good to see
Lame Katy's smiling face,
When on her mother's apron clean
Your basket I can place.

"She'll lift the cover, then she'll praise
Our Bridget's nice, sweet bread—
The butter like a lump of gold,
The Spitzenbergs so red;
The little chicken and the tea,
The clear, bright jelly, too—
I'll lift the jelly-glass, and say,
'This, Katy, is for you.'

"They'll be so glad 'twill make me warm—
Dear mother, tie my hood,
And pin around my great plaid shawl,
And I'll trudge through the wood.
I shall not mind these falling flakes,
To give poor Katy cheer."
"Well, Mary, I will give consent—
Go, and God bless you, dear!"

An angel like wee Mary seemed,
White-robed in sparkling snow,
As she tugged in her basketful—
And Katy's tears *would* flow.
A happy day wee Mary brought—
And nothing is more true,
Than that the sweetest things in life
May little children do. L. E.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

It is not time that flies;
'Tis we, 'tis we are flying.
It is not life that dies;
'Tis we, 'tis we are dying.
Time and eternity are one;
Time is eternity begun;
Time changes, but without decay—
'Tis we alone who pass away.
Yet ye but die to live;
It is from death we're flying;
For ever lives our life—
For us there is no dying.
We die but as the spring bud dies,
In summer's golden joy to rise.
These be our days of April bloom—
Our July is beyond the tomb!

"GO-AHEAD." AND THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILIP SNOW'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

"I WONDER if anybody has ever been drowned in Birch Pond," said Sydney; "may-be that was the story mamma was to tell us."

"I won't never, no never, go near that bad place papa dreamed about when he was walking, till I go fishing with mamma!" said Harry, opening his lips very wide to let the last word and a sleepy yawn escape together.

"I wonder who is getting sleepy," whispered Lucy; and she pulled the fair curls down to her and folded her arms about Harry's neck.

"I don't know, Lucy—are you sleepy?" asked Harry; and in a moment more sleep had outran bedtime and caught the child fast in its folding arms.

Lucy's hands, for once, were tied about Harry's neck, and I am happy to record that she went to sleep with eleven chances for her Christmas gifts.

"I can't help thinking of it, Syd," said Fred, when the two boys were gone to bed; "it is so queer that papa should come all the way to the country to-night just to keep us from the pond; and then, do you know, when he prayed about being kept from sudden death, I peeped to see how he looked, and a great tear dropped off from his face on the chair, and I was almost sure about this, but not quite, and so, when he went to lift Harry up, I put my hand over the chair where he'd been kneeling, and I found it on the cover; it makes me feel mean."

"Feeling mean" was feeling very uncomfortable, to Fred Lake, who, although not that style of a boy that wins the appellation of a "good boy," for he was always in mischief, was, nevertheless, an honorable boy. He could not feel comfortable acting a lie.

Sydney believed in Fred; Fred was his model, and, I am sorry to write, almost his conscience.

"Well, we shan't go now, you know, Fred, so what's the matter?"

"The matter is that we were to go without permission."

Sydney Lake was very sleepy, and he scarcely heard Fred's reply.

Fred lay awake thinking the matter over in his mind, until Sydney began to breathe the deep, heavy, healthful breath of sleep. It disturbed Fred yet more; even his nightly prayers did not leave him a quiet mind.

By-and-by Fred got up, saying aloud, "There isn't but one way out of this, and I'll do it."

"What's happened?" came from Sydney's half-open mouth.

"Nothing; you keep still."

Fred went down the stairs as quietly as boys are wont to do when they think they're not making one breath of noise; and at the parlor-door he paused for a moment, half wishing himself safely back in bed by the side of Sydney.

"I am ashamed of you, Fred Lake," he said, with his hand fast hold of the knob, which he resolutely turned, and then he was fairly in the room.

"What is it, my son?" asked Mr. Lake, laying down a newspaper; "I thought you were in bed long ago."

"It's just this, father," said Fred, exceedingly anxious to have the worst over at once; "to-morrow Bill Hone.

the boy you told me not to go with, Ned Hine, Syd and I were going skating on Birch Pond. Bill says he likes us because we've got some spirit; and we were going without mother knowing it, too, because Bill said old folks were fools on ice; and, papa, I wanted to thank you for coming home."

Fred had not left the door against which he had leaned, and when his father turned to speak, the boy was gone.

CHAPTER III.

It was not daylight when Mr. Lake left his house the following morning to return to the city. He had not told his children of his intention to leave by the earliest train, and the sound of the street door closing heavily was the first sign of departure that reached Fred's ears—for, after his confession, the boy slept well.

Fred sprang up in time to see the gate close, and his father walking quickly toward the station, traveling-bag in hand.

"Who knows but I can get there before this train gets here?" thought he, and he glanced at the village clock. It was too early; the face on the clock would give no sign, and the moon was too old to light it.

Fred shook Sydney; "Syd, Syd! papa has gone to take the early train; let's try and say 'good-bye.'"

Sydney was an active, energetic morsel of humanity, and no sooner had Fred's words gotten into his brain than his feet were on the floor, and he was feeling about the room for stockings and boots as actively as any fireman.

Thump, thump on the stairs from heavy boots; a soft patter of India-rubber across the oil-cloth, and Lucy met Fred and Sydney at the door.

"I should like to know where *you're* traveling to at this hour, sis?" said Fred.

"What possessed *you* to get up so early, boys?"

"We're going to the station to say good-bye to father."

"So am I."

"Does anybody know?"

"No, boys; be careful; I just want to surprise everybody," replied Lucy, opening the door as quietly as an army of mice; "and we haven't a mite of time to spare."

"There goes the whistle! hear it shriek!" cried Sydney; and the two boys darted off, leaving Lucy with the open door yet in her hands.

"Just like boys," sighed Lucy; and I'm certain that she would have bitten off all the nails that the night had grown if her hands had not been fast in her mittens.

Lucy gave the door a vigorous pull and ran for the station.

It is not reasonable to suppose that the engineer of that train of cars knew that Lucy Lake had been ungenerously left behind by her brothers, and was running over the snow as fast as possible toward the station; but it so happened that Lucy was just in time to catch a kiss, the last one, and to hear "good-bye" spoken—and then the train was gone.

"Why, Lucy! you did get here?" said Sydney, with surprise. "You know we *had* to run," he added, feeling that some apology was demanded.

"Never mind—I got here in time," replied Lucy, as she stood beside the stove in the station-house warming her cold hands. But I am sure she felt hurt, for in an instant a fragment of a thumb-nail was between her teeth.

Poor Lucy! one chance less for your Christmas gifts.

The sun came up as the children walked homeward. His cloud-garments of crimson glory were reflected on the distant highlands, and his light lit up hills and valleys in the splendor that gilds winter mornings.

The inhabitants of the little red house on the hill were astir, for the thread of smoke was slowly weaving its embroidery from the chimney to the clouds.

As the three children were passing the house Bill Hone rushed out, throwing his cap on in a hurry, and accosted Fred.

"Birch Pond, this afternoon, at two o'clock; don't fail, and we'll show you city urchins how to skate," he said.

"I can't go, nor Syd," replied Fred, stopping for a moment; "I was coming to tell you so."

"Given up, have you? just as I expected."

"You don't understand; it isn't safe. Father doesn't wish us to skate there yet."

"I saw him going off this morning, and I thought he'd been up to some mischief. I wish he'd staid where he belonged, and not come up here to spoil the fun."

"You're a bad boy to talk so about my father, and my brothers shan't play with you, *ever*," said Lucy, her face getting rosier than the clouds.

"Hush, sister, *do*," said Fred.

"Then you tell him yourself."

Bill Hone, for once in his life, was astonished; this direct encounter with Lucy was not according to his style of warfare, and the big boy was at a loss. He had no words to use, and his fists, which were always in order for immediate service, were of no avail against Lucy.

"It is all decided that we can't go; and I'd advise *you* not to," said Fred, taking Lucy's hand, as if in silent approval of her late speech, and walking on.

"Come here, I want to speak to you," called Bill Hone; but Fred did not stop an instant, and even Sydney only looked back.

"I wish you wouldn't speak to that boy; he's horrid-looking. He doesn't look as if he *ever* loved anybody; he's got red hair, and I don't like red hair," said Lucy.

"He didn't make his hair, Lucy," replied Fred.

"I know, and I suppose I'm naughty; but I hate him for speaking so about my father — your father, too, Fred. If I'd been a boy I'm afraid I should have struck him."

"Fie! Lucy."

"Then I don't believe you love father as well as I do."

Lucy said this with unwonted vehemence, just as she reached home. Mrs. Lake had heard the unusual noises of the early morning, and divined their meaning. She met the children at the door.

"What has happened, Lucy?"

"Why, mother, that big, awful-looking boy with red hair said, right to us, that he wished father had staid where he belonged."

"My dear, don't let that excite you; it can't harm your father in the least."

"Well, then, it hurt me, because it made me angry."

"No, you made yourself angry. You shall wait until you've had your breakfast, and then you shall tell me all about it."

It so happened that after breakfast Lucy looked at the matter in a different light, and felt herself to be very

much in the wrong, especially when her mother made it very clear that Bill Hone had no father to love, and could not by any possibility know what a good, kind father was, especially a father like Lucy Lake's; and, in her repentance, she came very near losing the third chance—but her mother caught her rising hand just in time.

"Oh, dear, dear! mother, I never shall remember; here is only one day and one night gone, and I've but ten chances left."

"Then you must be ten times more careful."

"I will."

Lucy truly meant to be very careful, exceedingly cautious, and to this end she drew a fragment of wool very tight around the finger that was always the first to sin, and said to her mother, as she tied the knot for her, "Now, mamma, I shall surely remember."

This string was a fortress in Lucy's mind, and she relied on it with security.

"I think," said Lucy, after breakfast, when she had Fred to herself for a moment, "I think you ought to tell mother that you were going to the pond to-day, and that father's coming home saved you."

"Why, sister?"

"I don't know—only I think so."

"So did I; I told last night."

"When?"

"After we went up to bed I came down and told father."

"Good! Fred," said Lucy, putting her arm around his neck and trying to look into his eyes. But Fred wouldn't look up—Fred was looking down.

"What's that thread of wool on your hand for? Red, too!—to keep you from the rheumatism?"

It was Lucy's turn to confess, and she told Fred the story.

"I'm glad of it; I hate to see you biting your nails, and I'd break myself of the habit if I were you."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," said Lucy; "boys are different—but I *can't* remember."

"Now, mamma, the story — the story about the letters on the big beam in the kitchen," said little Harry, as he saw his mother enter and prepare for the lessons of the morning—for Mrs. Lake deemed the education of her children the highest duty of a mother.

"Not now, Harry; you must wait until 'our time' comes."

"Our time" was the children's hour after tea, the hour that, the evening before, had been so happily interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Lake.

Harry was obliged to be content, and to wait. His impatience was greatly lessened when Fred whispered, close to his curls, "You may have my new sled all to yourself this morning."

"Not the 'Flying Dutchman'—you can't mean me to take *it*, Fred?"

"Indeed I do, all to yourself, for a whole hour."

Harry's eyes began to glow like the fire, and he could scarcely wait to be fitted up for the snow and the cold.

Harry went to slide, and Fred, Sydney, and Lucy to their lessons. Lucy studied very intently, utterly absorbed in committing to memory a difficult lesson in history. Fred's pencil dashed over his slate at a rapid rate; now, he would cover it with figures, and then rub them away and begin over again; while Sydney tried in vain to remember how many cases Latin nouns were possessed of. Suddenly came the sharp sound, nip, nip—click, click.

Lucy's teeth were hard at work on her finger-nails.

"Lucy, Lucy!" shouted Fred.

Lucy looked up, and answered very meekly, "Well, Fred."

"You were clipping your nails."

Lucy looked down; there was unmistakable evidence of Fred's statement, for on the open page lay the fragments, and the red flag was on her finger.

Lucy said not one word. She went on with her lesson, but her eyes filled with tears, and her lips quivered over the dates they tried to form.

Mrs. Lake lost nothing of this, and she sent up a voiceless petition that her child might have patience to conquer.

By-and-by Lucy became much interested, and again her thumb found its way as far as her lips; Lucy caught it back in time, and, looking up, she met her mother's look of approval.

The day went by, and Lucy had at evening but eight chances remaining when "our time" came. The night was very beautiful—no clouds, no moon, all deep-blue and stars. The firelight filled the room. The window shades were drawn up at Harry's request, and the little group waited for the story.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BE TRUE.

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

It is a popular delusion that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as in the barrel of a musket—assists her to go off.

MY OXALIS,

OR "BIT OF GREEN."

It standeth on the window-sill
In such a tiny pot of earth,
You'd scarce believe there was enough
To give a little bulb its birth.
The fragile leaves I often count,
And never find above a score;
Yet blossoms bright ope every day,
And buds come peeping more and more.
But when the sun withdraws its beams,
And night comes creeping o'er the sky,
Each leaf is quickly folded up,
And every flow'ret shuts its eye.
The frosty air hath touched it oft;
And, oft forgotten in the night,
The cold and bitter northern blasts
Have frozen plant and earth alike.
Yet when one warm and genial ray
Comes gleaming through the window-pane,
The velvet, heart-shaped leaves unclasp,
And freshen to new life again.
It never seems to doubt or dread;
Adapts itself—as well content
To bloom or freeze—as God thinks best;
And thus its little life is spent.
Oh, heart! long chilled, and suffering long,
May-be by friends, may-be by foes,
Think as my flower, 'tis but the night;
Fold up thy heart in sweet repose.
Think that the morn will surely dawn,
Revealing new and glorious things;
The Sun of Righteousness will rise,
With light and healing in his wings.
Endure and trust—endure and trust;
Look upward, watching for the light;
Look up with faith, and hope, and love,
Thy Sun is Christ—the Infinite!

AUNT MARTHA.

A SINGING MOUSE.

A SINGING MOUSE! who ever heard of such a thing? I hear some of my readers say with surprise. But do not be startled, my friends; a singing mouse is not merely a dream of the imagination nor a fairy fable, but may be numbered among the realities of life; and although not of very common occurrence, yet there are those, perhaps, among your friends, who will vouch for the verity of the fact, that such an animal as a singing mouse does really exist. Listen for a moment, while I tell you the short history of one that came under my own observation.

One evening, as we were just preparing for a refreshing night's sleep, and were in a dreamy state of half-unconsciousness as to what was going on around in the material world, we were awakened from our reveries by a succession of trilling notes, which came apparently from the center of the room. The singing resembled very much the notes of the canary; but we

owned no canary, and, besides, no ordinary bird swells forth with such a strain of music at the dead of night. On our jumping up, the song gradually subsided into a suppressed twittering, and then ceased altogether. After lighting a light and searching around, nothing could we find that in any way tended to explain the source from which the notes came that we had just heard. What could it mean? Surely it had not been an hallucination, for there were two of us that had heard it. What else could it have been but—spirits? No wonder that, as we stood there by the midnight taper, we conjured up in our minds all the stories that we had ever heard in regard to the visitations from the spirit-land; but among them all we had never heard of a singing one. On retiring again, and after all had become still as before, the song was repeated with still more clearness, and with more variation.

Every night these same noises were repeated, so that the last sound which greeted our ears, as we left the outward world for a roam in the brilliantly lighted chamber of dreams, was the bird-like notes of our midnight visitor. At last we made the discovery that the sounds were always accompanied by the scratching and usual gnawings of a mouse; so we resolved at least to catch the little fellow, and see if he had any connection with the disturbance. Accordingly, setting a trap that would catch him alive, we waited impatiently for the morning to reveal the fruits of our efforts. The morning came at last, and with it a little mouse with a sleek coat of fur in the trap. He differed none from ordinary mice, and we laughed at ourselves for ever supposing that the innocent little creature before us could be the author of the nightly song. But hark! Was it not he made that chirp? Yes; and sure enough the little fellow is chirping and singing away to himself at a great rate—the very sound that had troubled us so during the past nights. Our difficulty was solved.

We had an open wire cage for our little songster—whom we named Fido—with a bed of soft cotton in one corner, where he would roll himself up and sleep for hours at a time. He was a great curiosity and pet with the neighbors, who often came in to hear him sing.

Soon he became so tame that we allowed him to run around where he wished, and he was so attached to his cage that he always returned to it again.

One day Fido jumped out of the third-story window—which happened to be open—and ended sadly his career, as we thought, upon the pavement below. We did not find his body until two or three days after, when a dead mouse was found quite near to the spot where he had fallen. Supposing it to be our Fido, we buried him with all the honor of a fallen hero. A slab of marble marked the place in the corner of the garden where his mortal remains lay, on which was inscribed an appropriate epitaph.

Several weeks after, however, we were startled from our sleep by the same notes of our bird-mouse which had greeted us on our first acquaintance; and, sure enough, the next morning we found our pet running round and chirping vociferously, as if he was highly delighted at finding himself once more at home. Where he had been during the interval, and how he had escaped death from the fall from the third-story window, still remains a mystery. You may be sure we

were glad to welcome back our "lost sheep." For a long time after this he continued to amuse us with his songs, until one day he was seized with convulsions and died. Thus was ended the career of this singular and amusing little animal. The marble slab was all ready in the corner of the garden to welcome the true Fido to his final resting-place. D. F.

FEED THE BIRDS.

When the fields are white with snow,
And the cold winds roughly blow,
The little birds forget their fear,
And to the cottage door draw near.

Well they earn the food they ask;
Through the summer, theirs the task
To pursue with ceaseless care
Insects swarming through the air.

Quick they snap the stinging gnat,
Grub, and caterpillar fat;
Orchard, garden, and fair field
Many a dainty morsel yield.

Thus are saved the fruits and grains
Which have been grown with toil and pains.
Freely, then, the birds we'll feed
With welcome crumbs and chosen seed.

Then, when Spring shall come again,
To scatter flowers along the plain,
The thankful birds will sweetly sing,
And make the air with music ring.

Hope and Courage.—True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of human events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself. It is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object; and if at least it should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth.

SLEIGH-RIDING.

BY UNCLE WILLIAM.

A HISTORY of the sleigh-rides of the Northern States of America would contain more genuine fun and frolic than anything except the sleigh-rides themselves. In the *first* place, sermonically speaking, there is the snow, spread out like a great sheet of white paper on the lap of mother earth, on which you are invited to draw just such figures as suit your fancy, with horses to do the work. You can take a dull jog trot, and leave behind you regular hoof dots, just so far apart, between two straight parallel lines, made by the sleigh runners, that is, if you have a level road. If you happen to live where nature is frolicsome, she will give you many a sly "jounce" as you go plodding along over some concealed little hollow, which lies like a wrinkle of laughter on her face. But that's not the way sleigh-rides are conducted in the MERRY family—for, *secondly:* there are the horses, as full of spirit as oats and rest in good stables can make them; and then there are the bells that make music for them to prance by, and behind them is a whip with an extra long "cracker" for the occasion, and all things are complete for making curves and flourishes, first this way and then that, as you overtake a rival party, or from sheer extra locomotiveness go spinning over the whole road, having a glorious time. What a fine group is sometimes thrown into the snow picture when some saucy drift on one side pokes out its foot just before your sleigh runner, and away go the whole party into the arms of another saucy drift on the other side, and are rolled over and over, as if Winter had sent his imps to give them a frolicsome shaking! And, *thirdly:* though it's hard work to keep on track under such circumstances, we come to the good folks in the sleigh. Who isn't good on such occasions? A man may be selfish on the broad cushion of a carriage rolling in state over the highway, or he may be mean as he sneaks along perched on a sulky, or he may be savage as he stumps it over the road afoot, but pack him into a heaped-up sleigh-load, with plenty of straw beneath and buffalo robes above, where heads, feet, arms, and bodies are all common stock, and his surliness will be thawed out, his selfishness mellowed, and his meanness will depart for want of disposition or room to exercise it. Talk about the solemn season of Winter—why, the very air is like the sublimated essence of champagne—it thrills through the frame like an electric shock, tingling to the very fingers' ends, sends the brightened current of life to the cheeks till they glow as with the flame of love, and wakes in the most sluggish brain the very sparkle of life, cheerfulness, glee, wit, and outgushing merriment. Away go the sleighing party, cleaving the dismal night with peals of happy laughter, and leaving joyous echoes of song dancing in their wake. The lights of the cottages here and there seem to twinkle more brightly as they throw a cheerful gleam upon the gay party, and never does the moon smile more placidly than when breaking from the clouds she gives her countenance to the innocent revelry. Ah! such rides we have had! May their memories never perish. Who'll drive around this way upon the first good fall of snow?

THE INDIAN FRIEND.

BY M. E. D.

[CONTINUED FROM JANUARY NUMBER.]

IT was nearly dinner-time in the Hedden cottage. Farmer Hedden sat in the doorway, equipped in his hunting dress, for he generally spent his Saturday afternoons in the forest; and it was only at his wife's solicitation that he had consented to wait and "take a bite of dinner" before starting. Every now and then he raised his head from the almanac over which he was bending, to listen to the merry song issuing from the cottage, or to cast an impatient glance in the direction of the streamlet. Within, all was neatness and cheerfulness; the clean deal table was arranged with its row of yellow platters and shining pewter mugs—even the stools were standing round it, ready for the hungry household that usually assembled at noon vociferous for dinner. "Father's" and "mother's" places were at either end of the table; Rudolph's and Kitty's at one side (Kitty had a high chair made by "father" out of young oak branches); Bessie's opposite; and, beside hers, the prettiest plate and the brightest mug for big Tom—for, of course, he must be asked to stay. Everything was ready. Far back in the big open fire-place the fagots were blazing and snapping. Hanging above them, the great iron pot threw forth a circle of noisy steam around the loose lid, while the potatoes within seemed in a great state of commotion—little ones tumbling pell-mell over big ones, and the big ones rocking mournfully backward and forward in the boiling water as though they felt sure their end was approaching.

"Blow the horn again, John," called out Mrs. Hedden, as she cut another slice from the big brown loaf that had been rapidly growing less under her shining knife. "Ha! ha! they can't help hearing *that*," she laughed, as her obedient husband blew a blast even louder than usual.

After waiting a moment Mr. Hedden came in, throwing the almanac on a low wooden settee as he entered.

"No use waiting any longer, wifey, let's sit by. I don't see a sight of the youngsters—though it did seem to me I heard some of 'em screaming and laughing in the distance a bit ago. 'Twon't do, though," he continued, shaking his head, "we must make the crazy little cubs mind the horn closer. Play's play, and all well enough in its way—but you must teach children regularity from the very outset, or they'll never be good for much."

"That's true enough, John," answered his wife, as she "dished" some of the steaming potatoes, leaving a goodly number in the pot for the little folks—"that's true enough; but you know this is a day of extra frolic for the children. They're having such fun, I expect they've no notion how the time is passing. As for the horn, who could expect mortal ears to hear *that*, with Bessie and big Tom laughing and singing, and Rudolph screaming with fun, as I know he is; and little Kit, bless her! just frantic with delight—I think I can see them now, the merry madcaps!"

Ah! happy, unconscious mother, if you *could* see them now—if their wails of anguish could but reach your ears!

Finally neighbor Hedden arose, shoving back his stool on the sanded floor.

"Well, well, wifey, you're right

enough, no doubt; but I tell you it aint best to be too easy with youngsters, though ours are the best going, if I *do* say it. A good trouncing all around when they come in wouldn't be a bit too much for them for being so late;" and, half in fun, half in earnest, he shook his head rather fiercely at his wife and stalked out of the cottage.

Presently she laughed outright to hear the loud, impatient tones issuing from the great tin horn.

"That'll fetch them, I reckon," said neighbor Hedden, showing a laughing face at the window.

As another hour passed away the songs grew fewer and fainter upon the mother's lips—at first from vexation, and, finally, from weariness and a vague feeling of anxiety.

"Bessie should know better," she thought to herself, "than to stay so long. I wish I had not let Kitty go with them." The next moment she smiled to think how hungry the children would be when they returned, and half wished that it would not be "spoiling" them to make them a good sugar-cake for their supper.

Not until the shadows grew longer upon the edge of the forest, and threatening clouds grew thicker overhead, did her heart quail or her cheek grow white with sudden fear. "Oh! what *can* keep them, I wonder. Why didn't I ask John to go look for them?" she asked herself over and over again. But Mrs. Hedden was not one to sit weeping with folded hands while anything remained to be done.

It was not long before their nearest neighbor, who was still at work, enjoying the coolness of the afternoon, leaned upon his spade to wonder what on earth neighbor Hedden's wife was up to now. "Why, look there! Bob," he called out to his son, "if she aint leaping over this way like a year-old colt!"

In the mean time, neighbor Hedden himself was having but sorry sport in the forest. He saw nothing worth even pointing his gun at, and felt altogether so ill at ease and so fidgety as he trudged along, stepping now upon the soft moss, and now upon fallen branches that crackled even under the stealthy tread of his hunting moccasins, that I doubt whether half the bears hidden in the depths of the forest were not in a livelier mood than he; not that he had anything to make him feel especially ill-humored, unless it was the disobedience of his children in having failed to appear at dinner-time — but it seemed to him that there was something going wrong in the world, some screw loose in his affairs that, unless he turned it tight in time, would cause his happiness and the prosperity of his home to fall in ruins about him. After awhile this feeling became so strong that he seated himself down upon a stone to think.

"I haven't been as neighborly lately as I might have been," he reflected; "there's many a turn been wanting by those new comers, the Morrises, that I might have helped in, if I hadn't been so wrapped up in my own business. Come to think, almost the only kindness I've done for nearly a year past was in giving a bag of potatoes to that sick fellow, Logan, who seemed to me to be a good fellow, if he was an Indian. However, it aint much kindness to give to those murderous red skins when there's plenty of white men wanting help. Heigho! if I aint agoin' to shoot anything, guess I'd better go toward home."

With these last words, uttered half

aloud, neighbor Hedden arose and walked a few steps in the direction of his home. Presently he paused again, muttering to himself—

"It's blamed queer I haven't heard the youngsters coming down with the scow; I certainly would have heard them if they'd passed—guess I better walk on a little way up stream." So saying, he turned, with a new anxiety upon his countenance, and moved with rapid strides toward the rivulet, that still ran rippling on, though the bright sparkles that lit its surface at noon had vanished. Indeed, by this time the sunshine was fast vanishing too, for heavy clouds were gathering overhead, while those in the westward were gilded on their lower edge by the approaching sunset.

Neighbor Hedden, now intent upon his new thoughts, hurried along the bank of the stream. There were pretty tassel flowers and Jack-in-pulpits growing there, which at any other time he might have plucked and carried home in his cap for Kitty; but he did not heed them now—something in the distance had caught his eye, something that, showing darkly through the trees from a bend in the streamlet, caused his breathing to grow thicker and his stride to change into a run—*it was the empty boat!*

Hastening toward it, in the vain hope that he would find his little ones playing somewhere near the spot, he clutched his rifle more firmly and gasped out their names one by one. Where were they?—his sunny-hearted Bessie, his manly little Rudolph, and Kitty, his bright-eyed darling? Alas! the only answer to the father's call was the angry mutter of the thunder, or the quick lightning that flashed through the gathering gloom!

In frantic haste he searched in every direction. "Perhaps," thought he, "they have become frightened at the sound of bears and hidden themselves in the thicket. They may even have fallen asleep from weariness. But where is Tom Hennessy?"

Again and again he returned to the boat, as though some clew might there be found to the missing ones; but as often he turned back in despair, trusting now only to the flashes of the lightning to aid him in his search. The sharp twigs and branches tore his face and hands as, bending low, he forced himself where the tangled undergrowth stood thickest. Soon his hunting-hat was dragged from his head as by some angry hand; he knew that it had caught upon the branches, and did not even try to find it in the darkness. The heavy drops of rain, falling upon his bare head, cooled him with a strange feeling of relief. Soon his gun, which he had leaned against a tree, while on hands and knees he had forced his way into some brush, was swallowed up in the darkness. In vain he peered around him at every flash that lit the forest—he could see nothing of it. Suddenly a bright gleam, shooting across his pathway, revealed something that instantly caught his eye—it was a small bit of blue ribbon such as Bessie often wore. Bending to pick it up, he started back in horror. The light had lasted but an instant, yet it had been long enough to show him that the ribbon was stained with blood, while near it the stones and leaves shone crimson! Even the gnarled roots of a fallen tree were dabbled with a fearful stain—he could see it all distinctly. With upraised arms, he knelt and poured forth an agonized prayer—"Great God! where are my children? Oh, have mercy! have mercy!"

Flash after flash threw its lurid light upon the kneeling form. Presently loud voices resounded through the forest: "What, ho!" "Hedden! Hedden!" "Hennessy! Tom!" "hilly-ho! hilly-ho!"

Hedden stood upright. The voices were familiar; he shouted back lustily, and hurried toward the approaching lanterns. Alas! he came upon faces almost as pale and inquiring as his own—no news on either side. His neighbors had eagerly responded to the mother's appeal, but so far had searched the forest in vain. If Bouncer could only be found; and, for almost the first time in years, Hedden called, "Bouncer! Bouncer!" without seeing the great fellow leaping toward him. What wonder, though, even Bouncer could scarcely have recognized that voice now!

"Hark!" cried one of the neighbors. They listened. There was certainly a panting sound from some spot not far away.

"Bouncer! Bouncer!" cried the poor father. The panting again; they lowered their lanterns. What was that lying upon the sward?—lying there close by Bouncer? It was Bessie! They rushed toward her, catching their breaths as they saw her white dress streaked and dabbled with blood. She was lying very still, but Bouncer was alive.

They raised her from the ground.

"Bessie! Bessie, my darling, speak to me!" cried the father.

Her eyes opened slowly; for an instant she did not know who held her.

"Bessie, child, it's father—speak to me!"

She looked at him an instant, then with a pitiful cry buried her face in his bosom.

Bouncer staggered forward, and now by the light of the lanterns they could see a broad gash upon his shoulder and another upon his head. He looked up at Bessie with a mournful whine.

"Oh, Bouncer, dear Bouncer! can't *you* tell me where they are?" cried Bessie, turning suddenly and gazing upon him with streaming eyes.

The brave fellow tried to wag his tail, but his strength was failing fast.

"He only came to me a little while ago," sobbed Bessie. "I had lost my way; he came so slowly I knew he was hurt; I put out my hand and felt him all hot and wet—I can't remember anything since then. Oh, father, don't let poor Bouncer die—see, he is falling! Dear old Bouncer!" and she threw herself down beside him.

The poor fellow turned his head and tried to lick her hand; then started up, growling with something like his old savageness, and fell over. They tried to lift him; they called his name—Bessie even tried to arouse him with a cheerful call. There was no answer—Bouncer was dead!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHRISTIANS MINGLING WITH THE WORLD.—Christians who wish to preserve the spirituality of their religion should be very careful how they mingle with the world. He who is *pleased* with the company of ungodly men, no matter howsoever witty or learned, is either himself one with them or is drinking into their spirit. It is impossible to associate with such by *choice* without receiving a portion of the contagion. A man may be amused or delighted with such people, but he will return even from the *festival of wit* with a lean soul. Howsoever contiguous they may be, yet the Church and the world are separated by an impassable gulf.—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

THE WOLF IN DISGUISE—A FABLE.

DESIGNING hypocrites frequently lay themselves open to discovery by overacting their parts.

A wolf, who by frequent visits to a flock of sheep in the neighborhood began to be extremely well known to them, thought it expedient, for the more successfully carrying on of his depredations, to appear in a new character. To this end he disguised himself in a shepherd's habit, and resting his fore-feet upon a stick, which served by way of a crook, he softly made his approaches toward the fold. It happened that the shepherd and his dog were both of them extended on the grass, fast asleep; so that he certainly would have succeeded in his project if he had not imprudently tried to imitate the shepherd's voice. The horrid noise awakened them both—when the wolf, encumbered with his disguise, and finding it impossible to either resist or flee, yielded up his life an easy prey to the shepherd's dog.

MORAL. — There would be little chance of detecting hypocrisy were it not always addicted to overact its part.

IDA'S BIRTHDAY.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

I'M going to tell you about my birthday, auntie; it was just as queer as you can think.

When I waked up in the morning I was nine years old, and the birds sang as if they knew all about it, and I couldn't have slept another minute, for I was going to turn over a new leaf.

Thinks I, "I'll have everything done before that horrid sun gets so high and hot!" So I went and fed my canary. He looked so surprised to see me at *that* time in the morning! Then I went to hunt for eggs; but, I declare, the hens didn't appear to be fairly awake. It seemed as if everybody was so lazy that day—because I got up so bright and early, I suppose. I didn't want father to say, "Good-morning, my little buzzard lark!" when it was my birthday, and I was going to turn over a lot of new leaves, you know.

Then I went out in the garden, for the house was as still as a fly—no, a fly buzzes—as still as a mouse, I mean, I went out into the garden, and there I found my little trowel all sticking in the dirt, and thinks I, "This won't do. I've got to take better care of my things! Why, how forgetful I grow!"

And then I wondered if folks began to lose their memories ever, when they were nine years old. I'm sure grandma must have lost hers ever so long ago, for I don't know when she could find her glasses, or anything else, without hunting.

Oh, I felt just as good and pleasant! I saw a toad, and I smiled at him, but he didn't know it, and poked his head under a leaf. Thinks I, "I ain't going to wonder what my presents will be. Why, if it isn't anything but a mean little stick of cough-candy, I'll be good all the same!"

But there was one thing I forgot—I didn't say my prayers. You see, I got up in such a hurry, and I don't know but that was what made things go every which way all day.

The first I knew, I was almost starved, and why wasn't Agnes up getting breakfast?

Oh, dear! before we sat down at the table, I was all of a scowl. We had waffles. Mother knew how I liked them better than muffins, you see, and it was my birthday. But I shan't get through my story, if I don't hurry.

I had a new hat; that was from mother, of course—all fixed off with pink ribbon. Father gave me a writing-desk; but—well, I won't stop to tell how I spilled the ink over it. Jane gave me the nicest kind of a doll; but what I liked best was my beautiful gold necklace, with a wee bit of a cross on it, from you, auntie. Oh, it was elegant! I felt so ashamed to think that I had scolded so sharp, when I saw all these presents, and ever so many more.

I was looking at my necklace, for I couldn't keep it on. I had to keep taking it off to look at—it was so shiny and splendid! Well, I was looking at it, when somebody knocked at the front door. I dropped it on the sofa, and ran to see who could be knocking, that didn't know that we kept a bell that could be pulled, and there at the front door was Johnny Bell, with strawberries; and I suppose

he didn't know he must come to the back door, so I let him walk through the parlor with his dusty boots on, and mother bought the berries—I believe there was ten quarts—because it was my birthday, you know, and I never should be nine years old again just as long as I lived.

Then he went off after awhile, and I got to eating strawberries, and forgot how my beautiful necklace wasn't on my neck, till all of a sudden I clapped up my hand, and then I remembered.

I went and looked on the sofa, and if you'll believe me, it wasn't there; it wasn't anywhere! I looked, and looked, and everybody hunted, too. Then I cried, and they couldn't stop me, and I said:

"It's that horrid Johnny Bell; he was walking next to the sofa, and I wasn't watching. Oh, why didn't I watch, and not let him steal my beautiful new present!"

Mother nor anybody didn't believe it was Johnny; and then I was angry because they stood up so for Johnny. I didn't say what I was going to do, but I went right out into the cornfield, and I dried up my eyes, for there was Johnny sitting up just as innocent, eating a cucumber.

"I knew you always brought your luncheons in your pocket, Johnny Bell," says I, "and now I've found you; and who do you s'pose stole my necklace? *You* did!"

He looked just as scared; but I didn't pity him a speck.

"It was a present to me, you horrid Johnny Bell!" said I, "and I should think you'd hide your head, you naughty, wicked, hateful boy! When they take you up, and lock you up in the jail, and swear you by the jury, and '*dite* you, and everything, then I'll be right down glad! If you don't give that necklace up to me this minute, I'll call a p'liceman, and then——"

Oh, dear! how Johnny did tremble and shake, and keep saying "I never!" all the whole time! but he didn't try to run away. He said he never did such an awful wicked thing as to steal, and his mother was so poor that it had been dreadful ever since his pa went to the war; but he would have his hands cut off before he would steal and break his mother's heart.

I don't believe but he was hungry all the while he was talking, and oh, I've wished since I'd given him some of the plum-cake I had under my apron, for, you see, I was eating all day long, and was dreadful sick that night. I wished I'd given him some cake, for he never stole the necklace, and didn't know I had one till I told him.

I'm *sure* he never took it, for Agnes found it in the toe of father's slipper, and I just know the baby tucked it in, for who else would do such a thing, I'd like to know?

Oh, I kept crying by spells all that day; there were so many things happening; but there wasn't anything made me feel so bad as the way I talked to that good, darling, nice Johnny Bell; and mother said it was just as awful as can be, to go and suppose that people did things. She said we must be very sure before we tell a person they *did steal*. Then she read something in the Bible about thinking no evil, but I was so sick that I can't remember.

I don't think I had much of a birthday, do you, auntie? I'm glad, for my part, that I shan't be nine years old again, for I shouldn't want to be if I should live to be as old as Methuselah.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST.

"I WILL help hold the book," said little Bertie, "while mamma reads us the story."

"And I will help hold mamma," said laughing little Bess, as she clasped the fattest pair of white arms around her. Mamma sipped a kiss from the little rose-bud mouth, and then opened Bertie's new book at the picture of three sleek painted mice.

"Kind mother mouse," she went on to read in her sweet loving voice, "had brought home an uncommon fine cheese-rind, a piece of soft bread, and some crumbs of soft ginger-cake, on New-Year's eve. She had got them out of the chickens' scrap-pan, in quite a lawful way for a mouse, and she hoped the two little brownies she had left in her nest would be quite pleased with the treat which had cost her so much trouble; and so little Eyebright was, but Lightfoot snuffed at the wholesome food in a very discontented way.

"'I am tired and sick of such fare,' he said, 'why can we not have some of those nice white New-Year's cakes I saw in the store-room to-day.'

"'Ah, naughty Lightfoot,' said the good mother, 'you have been peeping, instead of making up those copy-book leaves into a new coverlet, as I bid you. Take care, my poor child. You don't know what a fierce old Maltese there is up there, though she does wear such a nice Quaker coat. She always sleeps with her eyes half open, watching for any stray mice.'

"Mrs. Mouse, having done up her work, shook up her bed which the children had tumbled, and was soon sound asleep after her hard day's labor. Lightfoot had a particularly sweet tooth, and he had a very foolish plan in his foolish little mind.

"How much discontent and unhappiness he had got by peeping where he had been forbidden! How one act of disobedience paves the way for another, and what dangers and troubles disobedient children get into!

"As soon as his mother was fast asleep, Lightfoot stole away as still as a mouse to the store-room. He peeped all about cautiously, at first, from his little hole behind the raisin-box; but he saw no signs of old pussy; so he decided at once that his mother was full of old-fashioned notions. He was 'going to see a little of the world, and nibble around among the New-Year's cakes, till he found which he liked best, and then he would make his meal.'

"But just as he had set his tiny foot on the first loaf, and his sharp teeth gave one scratch on the hard

frosting, dash—bound, went the quick-eared watchman, and poor little mousie's career was ended."

Whenever you are tempted to discontent, or to think that mother does not know best, remember poor little Lightfoot's sad New-Year's eve.

J. E. McC.

FINISH THY WORK.

Finish thy work, the time is short—
The sun is in the west;
The night is coming down, till then
Think not of rest.

Yes, finish all thy work, *then* rest;
Till then, rest never;
The rest prepared for thee above,
Is rest forever.

Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow,
Ungird thee from thy toil;
Take breath, and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work, then sit thee down
On some celestial hill,
And of its strength-reviving air
Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work, then go in peace;
Life's battle fought and won,
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,
"Well done! well done!"

Finish thy work, then take thy harp,
Give praise to God above;
Sing a new song of mighty joy
And endless love.

Give thanks to Him who held thee up
In all thy path below,
Who made thee faithful unto death,
And crowns thee now!

The Chinese say that going to law is losing a cow for the sake of a cat.

HELP YOUR MOTHER.

We have seen from two to six great hearty boys sitting by the kitchen stove, toasting their feet and cracking nuts or jokes, while their mother, a slender woman, has gone to the wood-pile for wood, to the well for water, or to the meat-house to cut frozen steak for dinner. This is not as it should be. There is much work about a house too hard for women—heavy lifting, hard extra steps, which should be done by those more able. Boys, don't let your mother do it all, especially if she is a feeble woman. Dull, prosy housework is irksome enough, at best. It is a long work, too, it being impossible to tell when it is quite done; and then on the morrow the whole is to be gone over with again. There is more of it than one is apt to think. We wish some busy, all-day houseworker, the arrangement of whose house is about as inconvenient as it can be—a no common state of things—would count her steps for one day, and let us have the result in miles; let it be noted how many times from the stove to the wood-pile, to the pump, up and down the stairs, and especially how many times from the stove to the buttery.—*Morning Star.*

Don't Brood over Trouble.—Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a slight sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

An Eloquent Saying.—There is much meaning in the following, which we cut from an exchange: "No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts."

MY TOOTH.

This tooth hath done its work. Wrenched from its place,
It can not serve me more; yet not too mean [thought.
Has it become to make a useful It leads our reason back to that great Cause
From whom all beings sprung. No stroke of chance [form,
Could e'er have wrought it into proper
And polished it for use. No toss of chance [required.
Have set it firm, just where my wants
In miracles like this let fools believe,
Those doubting fools that with a sneer reject [wrought!
Such wonders as a living God has
This tooth reveals contrivance; such its form, [signed
And such the place it held, it was de-
To take, to grind, to labor o'er the food
And fit it to repair the wastes of life.
It therefore was the work of mind; the work [names of God.
Of wisdom, power, which are but Fixed in its niche by that disposing hand [tooth
Which deals to every man his lot, this
Has done its office well. It long has been [friend,
As a good servant; like a faithful
Afforded aid and comfort. Thus, did men [perform
Keep in their proper niche, and thus
The duties of the place to each assigned,
What concord, peace, and bliss would bless the world! [here,
As good and ill are often mingled
So has this means of pleasure been as well [have made
A source of pain; of pain that would
A Stoic hold his cheek and pace the room, [pain itself
And ask the doctor's aid. Though
Is not a good, yet good may from it spring.

It may to patience, meekness school our hearts.
It warns us, too, to regulate our lives
With prudent care; for oft we suffer pain [will,
Because, for want of thought or holy
We wrong ourselves, and break our being's laws. [which some
And pain recalls that awful truth,
Would fain forget, or blacken as a lie,
That man is guilty and condemned. He hence [frame
The wrath of God endures, and in his
Feels proof of penal woes. He hence has lost [weak and frail,
His ancient strength and grace; is
And bears within, too deep to be expelled, [death.
The germs of ruin, of disease and
Before me lies a token of my doom.
Decay has touched this bone, and soon decay [it down
Will steal o'er all my frame, and bring
To those calm chambers where the weary rest. [sun
Decay's still work on all beneath the
Goes irresistless on. Naught here is fixed; [of time.
Naught hardened to the wasting tooth
Should I recoil from my approaching doom? [bone,
As down to dust I cast this worthless
So, when I reach the limit of my days,
I'll freely give this mortal back to earth. [has passed
The grave alarms me not, since Christ
Before me through, and triumphed o'er its power. [more.
Though solemn still, 'tis awful now no
The vale where death its darkling shadow throws, [peace.
Is but the way that leads to light and
Then let me pass—my hope shall not expire. [pear,
Though lost awhile, I shall again ap-
And reach the glories of an endless life.

The Old Major.

FRANK'S MORNING LESSON.

FRANK ALLEN loved play full as well as study any time. He was much pleased to know he could study at home one winter, and recite to his father, who was something of an invalid. There would be no boys to laugh at his mistakes in recitation; and he imagined study would be very easy work in the warm, pleasant parlor, with little Bessie to play with, and mother to run to when he got into trouble. But soon he found that study was the same up-hill work, if he ever wished to accomplish anything.

"I can't get this example right if I try a thousand times, mother," he said one morning. Frank and arithmetic were never very friendly.

"When you have tried half that many times I will help you," said mother, smiling. It was only a very long example in simple multiplication, requiring only close and steady attention.

"You need attend to but one figure at a time, remember; do not look at the rest, or it will confuse you. Multiply all through by the units first, very carefully indeed. Then you have only to take the tens in the same way; then the hundreds, and so on. Take 'one at a time' for your motto, and work will grow a great deal simpler."

Frank followed his mother's suggestion; and after a good hour's faithful work he had the example all completed, and copied neatly on his little black-board. How proud and happy he felt when father gave him back his book, after a careful inspection of the work, with a "Very well done, indeed, Frank."

He learned more than his arithmetic lesson that morning. He learned the pleasure of hard work, and of conquering difficulties, and what a good rule "one thing at a time" is to work by.

J. E. McC.

GOOD-NATURE is one of the sweetest gifts of Providence. Like the pure sunshine, it gladdens, enlivens, and cheers. In the midst of hate, revenge, sorrow, and despair, how glorious are its effects!

FOUR things come not back: the broken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

So many letters have been received the past month containing substantial proofs of your love for the Museum, and kind words to us and the Cousins, that we will only return our thanks to all who have remembered us, and devote all the space we can to the Chatterers. If any who have sent their subscription in advance do not receive the engraving of Uncle Hiram and will notify us, we will send it in the next number of the magazine. It will be sent to all who forward their dollar promptly in advance. And now a word about the Merry Badge. It is already an established institution, and has been worn and admired by a large number of the Merry family. It is a beautiful ornament, as well as a sign of recognition; and as so many wish it who have not the time or are not able to obtain the new subscribers, we have decided to sell it to those who desire. The girl's gold pin will be sent on receipt of six dollars, and the boy's gold pin for three dollars and fifty cents.

We are making a gold pin for girls a little smaller than the engraving in the January number, but the same shape, for five dollars.

Dear Uncle Robert:—As I'm in the parlor, I 'most know you'll bid me welcome. How did I get in? Didn't you forget to mark the "free ticket" given to Pocahontas "Forfeited, if transferred?" Never mind, Uncle; take my hand (I'm a little one), and introduce me to this vast assemblage of Chatterers. Dear Aunt Sue—first of all, let me see her. How *good* she is to all the Merrys! No wonder such a throng around her chair! Winnie, A. E. D, Daisy W., May Clayton, Phene F., Orange Blossom, Saucy Nell, Down-East Girl, and Brown-Eyes, can't we be friends? Ella, I like you *ever* so much. Jasper, I hope we'll meet some time. Leslie, methinks I see you upon skates. Fiddlesticks, come often. Spec(k)tator, I heard of you the other day. I've seen your *c. de v*, too! *Haven't* I the advantage? Here's love and a kiss for all the girls, and love to all our Merry boys in army and navy, and to those who *have* been in defense of "The Flag of the Free."

Merrys, all remember Jessie Bell.

Come in, Jessie. Here's our hand. We have taken a special liking to little ones lately, and can't refuse you. We give you the privilege to give all the boys "particular Jessie."

College Green Barracks,
January, 1864.

Ah! ye many young masculine Merrys, when you want a glorious time, sail down to New York, in season to be there on New Year's morn, with a native Merry boy for *companion*, *guide*, and *usher*; and then ye shall fare as well as I did on my late affair with Jasper and Wanderer, upon an unfair New Year's day, making calls on the fair Merrys, which was well worth all disbursements in fare on sundry cars and coaches running through the thoroughfares of New New York city, Brooklyn, and Green Point.

Yes; many thanks to all you "Merrys" who contributed to my enjoyment on the gala day I passed in your midst!

Ah! ha! Ol., you are the isolated one *now*. You can't make my solitude irksome with your graphic accounts of New York, this time. Sharpshooter.

Cousins All:—For the last two months I have been chopped, manipulated, mangled, barbarously hacked; in fact, have undergone every awful ordeal that uncles and aunt saw fit to send upon me. Having partially recovered, though still feeling the wound occasioned by the manip's right eye-tooth, I have determined to inform you that "I still live."

Mary E. S., thank you. Welcome to our circle. Teaser, I have finished that extremely interesting publication; in fact, am acquainted with the old lady herself. Have you ever attended "T. G. I.?"

A. N., what are you in favor of, any way? Show your colors!

Oliver O., yours was received.

Yours, manipulatorily,

Fiddlesticks.

FORRESTFELLS.

Now, *Merrys*, I've a word to say! Here I have had but one letter in the magazine in two years. What do you think of that? Knowing Uncle's passion for *essences*, I have waited long and patiently for my turn, so stand aside every one!

W. A. R., really you made me quite catch my breath! You ought to be "tossed in a blanket ninety times as high as the moon." No need for you to write again, you have immortalized your name. Indeed, you've quite surpassed yourself!

Pussie, you darling, come here and let me kiss you. I always love pussies.

Ol. Onley, not one word for me? I shall not say "*splendid*" to *your* letter!

Ah, Ellian! I'm glad to see you back. I saw a letter written by you once, and have loved you ever since. Romance, if your "kitty" is the most beautiful and every way the best of kittens, then it is in a measure like Daisy, as she among all girls reaches the height of perfection.

Dan H Burnham, a friend was kind enough to give me a peep at your illustrated phiz. I like your face very much, but not your phraseology. Will you send me a *c. de v.?*

Auntie Sue, what was it Jean Du had for your ear? Have you been ill with the ear-ache?

Oh, Pertine! Pertine! just show yourself in the Chat again, that's a darling!

Willie Coleman, I always liked you, and am happy to see you again; let us shake hands and be friends.

X, of Providence, I have a great desire to obtain your *c. de v.* or vignette; will you gratify me by sending it *via* Uncle Robert?

Wanderer! "weeping sad and lonely?" C. Fred Warren, so you have got into office, have you? Thank you very much for your welcome. As to the "scarlet tulips," I can not tell whether they would be acceptable until I have seen your "face smile." Send me a *c. de v.*, or I'd prefer a vignette.

Saucy Nell, do you like Jean Du Casse? Why don't you write?

Marian, what has become of Winifred and Saucy Nell?

Fiddlesticks, will you make music for an Elf to dance? I'd like your *c. de v.*

Mon mignon Daisy! Rainy days and umbrellas come none too often to be made the best of. How fares the *Sargeant?*

D. P. W., who are you? Do you belong to the "Crusaders?" I hope so, as we may be friends in disguise. I have belonged to the "Band of Love" this many a year.

I despair of obtaining the Merry badge, as I can not possibly obtain twelve subscribers. Has any one a right to manufacture the badges except yourselves, Uncle?

Now, Uncle, don't dissect this, please. It's nothing very witty or wise, but you must confess I come seldom.

Mortals, adieu! ELFIE DRYAD.

Certainly, any one can manufacture a Merry badge, but you will find it difficult to make them like those we have. We were at much expense to have a "die" made of the open book and "M. M.," but are thus enabled to have them all alike, so as to be easily recognized. We have decided to sell them to those who can not obtain the subscribers, as we wish all to have a badge.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, *Dec.*, 1863.

DEAR MERRYS:—Here I am with a dollar in my hand.

When I last addressed this assembly there was a wrangle in our midst; now there is open war with all the attendant vices.

Wilforley, which name do you prefer, Bess or the present?

Why should I be burned, Teaser? I make nothing of swallowing tea, sir—red hot.

That is right, Leslie. I always encourage boys in playing W. A. R. Do you remember the character in *blue*, in Pickwick? You will find what I allude to in the bagman's story. He was accustomed to lay his hand on his sword every five minutes, exclaiming, "Death and lightning!" but the singular point was, he never *drew*.

I *have* a photograph of our regal queen.

Down-East Girl, your point shall be decided with Wanderer if you only wait for my photo, on condition that you tell me what's under discussion.

Good-morning, Oliver, how do you stand the camp, old fel? Ha! Osceola, Fred W. C., Jasper, how are ye all?

Nell of B, Grasshopper, Jean du Casse, May of Irvington, and *all*, I am going to see you and keep open door to the magic badge myself.

If any one happens to meet a little

fellow in his travels, about four feet two and a half, wearing a Merry badge, let him cross himself and say his Ave Maria, then ask if 'tis DAN H. BURNHAM.

BROOKLYN, *Dec.*, 1863.

"Musquito" need not have promised a serenade, as I have received dozens of them this last autumn, and the donors did not take the precaution to promise; and I only wish that musquitoes (the insect tribe), with others of their caliber, might be thrust as easy under the manipulator as DEVEREUX.

Merrys, "these are times that try men's" soles. (I mean the soles of their skates, of course!) Isn't it glorious! this gliding over the surface? But when the surface is thin, and the skates fall in, and draw you down into the cold, *cold* water—*oh*, how cold!

Nell of B,
You owe to me,
(F. W. C. C.)
Your *c. de v.*
And can it be
That I by thee
Forgotten am?

For the benefit of all other "gentle readers" who can apply this to themselves, I would say that I still continue "at the old stand," Box 166, Newark, N. J. FRED W. C. C.

ATHENS, *Dec.* 18, 1863.

DEAR UNCLES, COUSINS, ETC. :—I've come again, as you see.

Puss and Winnie, how do you like your seat-mate?

Flibbertigibbet, I will send you my *carte*, when I get it taken. In the mean time send me yours. Ditto, Wilforley, Saucy Nell, Mignionette, and Daisy Wildwood, Puss and Winifred, and W. A. R. Think the last-named "somebody" *had* a letter "written at random" in the December number.

Uncle Rob, give me a list of all the handsome girls and boys in the Chat, and I'll have 'em in my album in less than no time—that is, if I can get them.

Uncle Hi, I claim your portrait, too, for I am going to send my dollar in advance.

Aunt Sue, my best respects and love. Please let the cousins know my address.
MINNIE.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have before me the January number of the MUSEUM, containing the engravings of the badges. They are certainly very pretty. Will you sell them outright? It would take me forever to get eight new subscribers, and I doubt if I could do it any way; but I must have a badge, no mistake.

Lillie Linton, welcome! I am also rather a new arrival, and can sympathize with your lonesomeness.

Minnehaha, did you authorize Uncle Merry to make that startling announcement in the January number? I wish you success in finding (a civilized) Hiawatha.

Sadie R. B., will you *ever* give me your address? Please do!

I am ready to X with any of the cousins who may desire it. A. VAN A.

GLOVERSVILLE, *Dec.* 19, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:—May I commence by wishing you all a happy New-Year? for I want to come in and see you a few minutes, if I haven't got much to say.

The Merrys will see that I have finished my wilderness school, and come out among civilized people again. Harrie would like to get acquainted with some of the cousins; how would Mignionette do? She is very homespun, and easy to get acquainted with. Will you write? Uncle Robert has my address, and you may be sure that anything coming from you will be promptly answered.

Uncle Hi, I suppose I shall see you before long, as Uncle Robert promised to send you on certain conditions, that I have complied with. Yours with love,
MIGNIONETTE WILDWOOD.

FOREST HOME, *Jan.* 7, 1864.

Cousins, what do you think of the badge? Isn't it splendid?

Teaser, I like you. See if you can tease me. I think I'm "proof positive."

Geraldine I've heard of you before—guess how!

Fiddlesticks, Tommy, Phene "F.," and all those that wish to exchange with me, can have my address by applying to Aunt Sue.

"X," have you ever seen me, that you wish to exchange so soon? Send, and I'll reciprocate. Love to all.
"COUSIN FORESTINA."

PAW PAW, *Jan.* 3.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—Truly a happy greeting came to me with the birth-day of this glad New-Year in your kind letter and the photo of yourself inclosed. I had not expected it so soon, and there was a world of pleasure in the cheery face which, though unseen, I have learned to love. I have listened to your words coming through the pages of the MUSEUM so long that I could not feel that I looked in the face of a stranger.

I like *you*, Uncle Merry, and I am very much in love with our Merry band, and I hope to prove a worthy member of it.

The greeting number of our MUSEUM came also on New-Year's, and was met by a right cordial welcome. It always comes laden with gladness for us all.

Will you please ask Aunt Sue if I may have her photo? You will find mine inclosed.

I have just been made happy by receiving the "*carte*" of one of the cousins; but I want *all*. So all of you that will condescend to exchange with Muriel, send your photos to Box 347, Paw Paw, Van Buren Co., Michigan. Love to all,

MURIEL.

GRASSHOPPER takes a high flight; hear him sing.

Leslie's terrific tongue I hear;
Minerva fronts me with her spear.
"Take back those insults, sir!" they cry,
"Or we'll have vengeance!" Answer I:
"I here will my position take,
No threats can my foundation shake;
Yea! let them bawl, scream, roar, and yell,
Rain flaming balls and red-hot shell,
Besiege the world with grape and shot,
Poor little things, I'll heed them not."
So, Winifred, you think I'm "vain."
I'll never speak for *you* again.

GRASSHOPPER.

The Poet Laureate, whoever that may be in these parts, or his green *baize*, as Mrs. Partington spells it, will be nipped by this Grasshopper.

COTTAGE HILL, GERRY, *Dec.* 24, 1853.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS :—It is quite a while since Puss "mewed" her way into the "Chat." But although she has said nothing, she has been watching you all the time through the "*cat*-hole." I heard all you said about me, good or bad.

Down-East Girl, do you really think I scratched harder than Romance's kitty? If that is the truth, I don't believe she scratches very hard. I will certainly exchange with you as soon as I have any "*cartes*" taken.

Romance, will you too send me your photo?

Mignionette W., I am waiting very impatiently for that promised phiz. *Do* hurry.

Daisy W., I haven't heard from you lately. Have you got so far into the "wildwood" that you can not find your way out? I shall have my "*cartes*" all ready next month. Meanwhile, cousins, send along your photos. Love to all, from PUSS.

DELAWARE, OHIO.

DEAR COUSINS :—If I may call you so, how do you do, all of you? I am afraid you will think I am rather "saucy" to write to you when I am an entire stranger to you all. But I don't mean to be, so I hope you will excuse me. Nina Gordon, Cherrie Wildfire, and Minnie, I hope we shall be friends, and all the rest of you too. Write to me. Uncle Merry has my address. Good-bye.

Your cousin, MOSS PINK.

MONROE, MICHIGAN, *Dec.* 30, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I wonder whether I am the only "auntie" among the scores of misses who cluster about your easy-chair once a month, and whose wit, and puns, and laughter echo through the vast room so cheerily? But because I am addressed by a couple of black-eyed little pets in so dignified a manner, it does not follow that I am old, or ugly, or out of *short dresses*, it only means that I have transferred my right and title in the "MUSEUM" as a Christmas gift to the little damsel who calls me "Aunt," and who puts on airs, and thinks she knows as much as I!

But I am not the less *your* niece, am I, because the "MUSEUM" comes in another's name instead of mine? I shall read the "Chat" as admiringly as ever, and wonder as usual over the brilliancy of so many "Black-Eyes," and "Blue-Eyes," and "Gray-Eyes," and all the shades of eyes, as well as the multitude of flowers, who write so charmingly.

Love to "Aunt Sue" and all the many cousins. Your affectionate niece,

FANNY N.

WENTWORTH, N. H., *Dec* 13, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Please allow me to enter the Merry circle and become a member of its famed band. Don't it possess, like omnibuses, the property which makes it able always to contain one more?

I live in the old Granite State, beneath the shadow of lofty mountains. I suppose many of the cousins have visited the noted White Mountains to witness the glorious sunrise or sunset view, and have clambered to the top of Mount Washington, and have beheld with wonder and awe the Old Man of the Mountain, which the Indians worshiped as the Great Spirit. But it is not alone in the summer time that this part of Uncle Sam's domains possesses attractions. In winter we have sleigh-rides, and skating, and coasting. Skating is a grand amusement. I should like to have some of the *fair* cousins join me some bright evening. EUSTIS.

I would gladly exchange "Union Pond" skating, or even Central Park, for one of the good old times when we used to coast and skate, wild and free, among the much loved mountains of the old Granite State. Take a game of "I spy" on skates some of these moonlight nights, and charge it to the account of Uncle Robert.

LAWNVILLE.

Eighteen hundred sixty-four—
How strange the figures seem!
Can it be?—is it true?
Or do I only dream?

But hush! Phene, don't get excited at the style of your commencing. You are not a "poetess;" hence, please, make no pretensions.

Uncles, aunt, and cousins, all of you, a "happy New-Year."

Please remember me kindly to Aunt Sue. I was highly pleased with her *c. de v.*

Wilforley, accept my thanks for your phiz.

A. E. D., I certainly do appreciate your "hug," and willingly send you my "*carte.*"

Geraldine, we have not heard from from you lately.

Jasper, Leslie, Pontiac, and all of you, have you not yet become reconciled to your "sell?"

Flibbertigibbet, you shall be accommodated with dispatch.

Wanderer, have patience. I don't intend to be wander(er)ing after a "slow match"—will ignite and go off, willfully of course!

Fiddlesticks, "thou art gone from our gaze like a beautiful dream." When am I to receive your shadow on paper?

W. A. R., do behave yourself—don't ——. Osceola, we are friends—call again.

Saucy Nell, I sincerely regret that I was prevented the pleasure of meeting you on the day mentioned. No matter; try again "next fair day."

Irving, did I see you pass by "one day?" Don't do so again, but drop in.

Uncle, pray excuse me! I know I have taken more than my share in the Chat. But you know PHENE F.

You know you attempted to "sell" your "uncle" with your cousins; but having a slight knowledge of geography, he knew at once the location of Lawnville, and declined being sold. Please spare the feelings of Jasper, Leslie, Pontiac, etc., and hereafter allude to the subject as delicately as possible.

PHILA., *Dec.* 13, 1863.

DEAR COUSINS: I have long wished to become a member of the Chat, and have at last made up my mind to ask for admittance, being certain that as a Merry cousin I will have a hearty welcome from all the Chatterers.

Cap Davis, Saucy Nell, and Harrie, I would like to have a *visite* from each of you—Uncle Robert has my address.

I was looking over some back numbers of the MUSEUM (1856) not long since, and I see that very few of the present contributors were heard of then. I noticed a few familiar names, as Willie H. Coleman, Black-Eyes, and a very few more.

Uncle Robert, I am glad you have a "Badge" among the premiums. I will certainly get one by raising the eight subscribers.

Wishing you all a happy New-Year, I bid you adieu. MARCUS.

Letters should be sent previous to the tenth of the month to be in season for the next month's number.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE, 1863.

Merrys all, a *happy* and a *merry* New-Year; and now one more letter to our beloved Chat before 1863 leaves us forever. Cousin Nell, you must think you have been neglected this time you have been to New York; but if you had seen the gathering at "111" Fulton the other day waiting your arrival you would think differently. W. A. R, your puzzles are a little too puzzling for common folks—give us some easy ones. Gipsy and Margarita, have you forgotten us entirely? Are the Merry meetings at an end? Wanderer, a great many were wishing you would wander in at "111" that *other day* I speak of. Josie, may I hope for an exchange? Gold is scarce, Uncle, and you should be careful how you use it. I am merrily,

GOLDEN ARROW.

The finest gold will bear the greatest hammering, while short and sharp arrows rightly sent reach the mark and do the most execution.

The *Dev—or oh!* you are a particular acquaintance of mine, so you can not be the old fellow! But really, I do not think I *cavil* when I complain of the manner in which you handle names.

I suppose, now that you're in, we may as well give you (if our friend from Troy will help us) a WARm reception.

You must excuse *him* if he is a little awkWARd at first, for it will soon WeAR off

I have often noticed cousins, in writing to the Chat, inquire particularly "why so and so does not write oftener?" Could they only look in the basket under the desk, they would find them (as I am afraid *this* will be if I do not stop) labeled—*hic jacet!* JASPER.

You see we had mercy on the "neese," so you may rise.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY.—I have been a constant reader of the MUSEUM for nine years, and this is my first attempt to write you a letter; so *please* let me have my "say" this time.

I think the Buckeye State has but few representatives in the Chat. Mattie Bell, where are you? Ditto, Buckeye Boy; not *forsaken* us, I hope?

Yours, truly, RIO.

Extracted Essences.

SARAH E. W., all letters for the MUSEUM, whether for the Chat or on business—for Uncle Robert, or any of the Editors—should be addressed to J. N. Stearns, 111 Fulton Street, N. Y. City.

NED L. comes with "Merry Christmas," and would like to exchange *c's de v.* with Saucy Nell, Forestina, and Cap Davis. All those who desire to exchange will be welcome to the Merry Album, and receive ours in return.

ROMANCE desires Mary E. S., of Binghamton, to send her address. Thanks for *c. de v.* received.

M. E. W., we will bind your numbers for last year for fifty cents. The postage on the bound volumes is twenty cents each For four subscribers with the money, and one dollar and fifty cents extra, we will send the Boy's Gold Badge.

NEWCOMER, May Flower, Frank, Virgil, Lockwood, etc., will please send their address. We have so many letters from known subscribers that those from anonymous ones usually cultivate the acquaintance of the Basket.

FAIRY desires a seat beside Saucy Nell, and an introduction to Black-Eyes, Daisy Wildwood, etc. She will please take note of our answer to Sarah E. W.

DAISY W., so you have found out my little friend Nellie. I shall try and take you both by the hand as soon as I can. "Auntie" has told me about you both.

MARY E., we will send the Girl's Badge for six new subscribers with the six dollars, and three dollars additional for the balance of the pin, and in the same proportion for any number of subscribers. The same will apply to the Boy's Badge.

NEB, walk in, and not stand there growling and barking at the door. We have a cat, and why not a dog, in the Chat? You are not too small to be merry.

MARSH'S DIARIES.—A large assortment of these neat and convenient diaries can be found at Stearns & Beale, stationers, Fulton Street, New York city. They have also all sorts of stationery of the best quality, which we can recommend.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.—A full length portrait of this beautiful woman has just been engraved on steel by J. C. Buttre, 48 Franklin Street, New York, in the best style of mezzotint. It is one of the finest engravings ever published, and should be in the house of every lover of Washington and his country. It will be sent free by mail on the receipt of the price—$3 for prints, and $5 for India proofs.

JEWELRY.—If you wish the genuine article go to Johnston & Co., 150 Bowery, New York city, where you will find a full assortment, fair prices, and polite clerks. All are desirable, and having tried, we can recommend them to all the Merry family.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

ALL the December puzzles have been answered by other than their authors, except No. 159, but the longest correct list (which is sent by A. S. W.) lacks five of the complete number.

Coy answers No. 167 with the word "dent-is-try," which by a singular coincidence answers all the requirement. I am often puzzled to decide between the relative merits of the "guess" and the original solution; but no one has yet complained of my verdicts.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

32. Transpose what we see every day into what we all have, but never see. *Harry Child.*

33. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 7, 8, 11, 11, 10, 9 is a medical instrument.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 is part of a plant.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 is a theme for poets.
My whole is the name of a large city. *William R. White, Jr.*

34. Add a letter to a poet's name and make a poem. *Clementina.*

35 I am composed of 17 letters:
My 15, 6, 9 is a boy's nickname.
My 15, 11, 9, 8 is a quantity.
My 2, 3 is a pronoun.
My 1, 11, 7 is a weight.
My 13, 14, 15, 16, 5, is something very agreeable.
My 12, 8, 3 is a reward.
My 17, 4, 7, 7, 10 is a small box.
My whole is a building in New York. *Juliette.*

36. My first (in sound) is exalted; my next is a messenger; my last, by doubling one of the letters, is part of a house; my whole is personal. *Fred W. C. C.*

37. I am an adjective in which may be found (1) a weapon, (2) a tittle, (3) a knot, (4) a man's name, (5) a roll, (6) heat, (7) a celebration, (8) an interjection, (9) a reward, (10) wrath, (11) pedestals, (12) empty, (13) spirit, (14) a conjunction, (15) a chink, (16) a plant, (17) indemnification), (18) a row, (19) a coin, (20) a strainer, (21) to impair, (22) a cleft, (23) to avoid, (24) a fugitive, (25) a coquette, (26) a hobgoblin, (27) a preposition), (28) eager, (29) skin, (30) a fish, (31) to float, (32) a chain of rocks, (33) a machine, (34) a reptile, (35) a surname, (36) a pronoun. *E. D. Holden.*

(Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed:)

38. A —— often goes through many ——. *C. M. E.*

39. Every —— has a ——. *Fred. W. C. C.*

40. The husbands of —— and —— have gone to the ——. *Blanche.*

41. As to the ——, that is but a —— to the startling —— that he will —— bills of credit. *Coy.*

(The two following are anagrammatical, the second blank containing small words made from the original one.)

42. To the first one of the Merry —— who answers this correctly, will be —— photog of *Louise.*

43. A fisherman doomed by his lass to obey,
Sold all the —— he caught in a day;
And bought, with the sum, a gift for the Miss.
On presenting —— she gave him a kiss. *W. A. R.*

44. Behead a name familiar to us all, and in Sambo's phraseology, proclaim freedom to a slave. *Coy.*

45. Change my head several times and make (1) an island, (2) a coin, (3) a townsman, (4) to close up, (5) becoming, (6) to suit, (7) a fiddle, (8) a verb, (9) an egg, (10) an abyss, (11) to rest, (12) a bird, and (13) sense. *Birdie.*

NAMES OF PLACES.

46. A piece of money, and a boy's nickname.

47. A girl's name, and *terra firma*. *Irving.*

48. Why is a General taking a large army over a river like an Editor correcting a manuscript for the press? *A. Older.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

49. Vessel intended. *Grasshopper.*

50. Four. *Bertha.*

51. Hasten an old man. *Alpha.*

52. Equality skillful. *E. W. W.*

Coy is responsible for the following puzzle:

53. Stew teas, shout thorn!
4 3 2 1

54. What letter added to a spice will describe an animal's foot? *Aunt Martha.*

55. In the following puzzle the letters represent figures in addition. Numerically arranged they are familiar to us all:

A L O S O N
R N C E R S
T H C T L H
———————
H R L N N S S
——————— *A. Van A.*

Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of next month.

Answers to Questions in Dec. No.

144. Red Riding Hood.

145. TENET: toot, eye, nun, ere, tit.

146. Riverhead.

147. Horsefly.

148. Gubernatorial.

149. Charity covereth a multitude of sins.

150. Nebuchadnezzar.

151. Napoleon Bonaparte.

152. Elisha Kent Kane.

153. Embargo—O grab me!

154 Don, nod.

155. Lovely.

156. Violin.

157. Hallow-eve.

160. Share, hare, are.

161. Anonymous.

162. They all worshiped (were shipped).

163. Tehowaghwengaraghkwin was the father of the Indian chief Thayendanagea. (The chief's English name was Joseph Brant. *W. A. R.* answers this—"Nix cum rouse was the father of Zebedee's children." [!])

164. File, life, lie.

165. Reap, rape, pare, pear.

166. Lead, dale, lade, deal.

167. Amputate.

168. Canton.

169. Antietam: ten, ant, tea, Maine, net, mitten.

170. Tulips.

171. Clove-pink.

172. Marigold.

173. Canterbury bell.

174. Peony.

175. Land, rand, sand, band, hand.

176. Time and tide wait for no man.

A. S. W. answers all but 146, 159, 161, 163, 174.

Blanche answers all but 145, 147, 157, 159, 162, 163.

Mary A. E. answers all but 146, 147, 157, 163, 171, 176.

H. H. B. answers all but 147, 157, 159, 161, 163, 171, 174.

Florian answers all but 153, 154, 157, 159, 161, 162, 163, 171.

W. A. R. answers all but 144, 145, 158, 159, 161, 162, 163, 164, 171.

E. W. W. answers all but 144, 145, 147, 157, 159, 161, 162, 163, 171.

Merrimac answers all but 144, 145, 146, 151, 152, 154, 157, 159, 162, 174, 176.

Golden Arrow answers all but 145, 153, 154, 157, 158, 159, 161, 162, 163, 165, 174.

Tuttler answers all but 144, 147, 154, 157, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 172, 174, 176.

Coy answers all but 144, 145, 146, 147, 151, 154, 157, 159, 162, 163, 168, 169, 172, 176.

Louisa Dolbeer answers all but 144, 145, 146, 147, 151, 152, 157, 159, 162, 163, 168, 173, 174, 176.

A Van A. answers all but 144, 145, 146, 147, 155, 157, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 174, 176.

May of Irvington answers all but 144, 145, 147, 153, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 161, 163, 167, 171, 174, 176.

Grasshopper answers 146, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 156, 158, 165, 166, 168, 170, 172, 175.

A. R. S. answers 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 160, 164, 168, 170, 171, 172, 173, 175, 176.

Forestina answers 147, 149, 150, 152, 155, 156, 158, 170, 172, 173, 175, 176.

John C. F. answers 148, 149, 150, 152, 155, 156, 160, 164, 170, 175, 176.

Kansas Boy answers 149, 150, 160, 164, 169, 170, 172, 175, 176.

Muriel answers 148, 149, 150, 152, 160, 166, 167, 175, 176.

Brightie answers 149, 150, 151, 152, 170, 171, 172, 173.

Mercury answers 150, 154, 158, 160, 164, 165, 172, 175.

Hero answers 150, 154, 158, 160, 164, 165, 172, 175.

Maria W. M. answers 148, 149, 150, 152, 156, 168, 175.

Fiddlesticks answers 148, 153, 155, 156, 168, 170.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Louise B.—You surely didn't think I should be so self-sacrificing as to give away the one I liked best! I do not know "his real name," I might very easily find out, but I have no curiosity in the matter.

Golden Arrow.—Your list of answers was so nicely written, that it was a pleasure to contemplate it.

Hermena and Maria W. M.—We are glad to welcome you to the ranks.

Lark.—I am sorry your answers came just too late to be credited. Come earlier next time.

S. L. C.—I shall think of you with a great deal of interest.

May.—I am glad you thought it "improved."

May of Irvington.—There was no signature to your letter; but "the lady in brown" gave me the clew.

Albert S. T. will be happy to "exchange" with the cousins, "especially with those who live in Albany, N. Y." Of course we will give you a seat in our parlor, Albert; walk right in, and make yourself comfortable.

Geo. T. McK. sends his love to *Winifred*, *Vera Lee*, *Elfie Dryad*, and *Minerva*, and best respects to *Tommy*, *Osceola*, *Leslie*, *Wilforley*, and *Jasper*. He wishes to know if Brown-Eyes and Blue-Eyes have received his photographs, as he has received no answer since he sent them. (They are keeping me waiting, too, George; I am not going to send my photog. *first* any more, but I *exchange promptly*.)

Fiddlesticks.—I wish you many happy returns of the 2d.

Sans Souci.—I will "exchange" with pleasure *as soon as* I receive yours.

Titania.—Ditto.

W. A. R.—Wouldn't they let you stay in Newark?

Beauclerc.—Have you deserted from the puzzle ranks? The money was forwarded to 111 Fulton Street.

Many thanks to "the brothers and sisters of E. J. Hoopes" for sending Aunt Sue his obituary. "Eddy's" monument will be found in the hearts of his grateful and loving countrymen.

A. Van A.—Your answers to the Nov. puzzles came too late to be credited; answers must reach me on or before the tenth of the month.

Forestina.—I am glad you were "pleased" with the vignette." What *were* you thinking about when you answered 151?

Tuttler would like to exchange with *Winnie* and *Forestina*. I suppose, *Tuttler*, that the "P. D." "reversed" the S as well as he could; he couldn't very well get it wrong side out, so he put it upside down. Vignette received and forwarded.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *D. H. B.*, *Grasshopper*, *W. C. C.*, *Fiddlesticks*, *C. M. E.*, *May of Irvington*, *Sans Souci*, *Blanche*, *W. A. R.*, *A. Van A.*, *Forestina*, *Aunt Martha*, and *Coy*.

Answers received too late for notice from *F. W. C. C.*, *Julia E.*, and others.

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

A FABLE.

A HUNGRY spaniel, having stolen a piece of flesh from a butcher's shop, was carrying it across a river. The water being clear, and the sun shining brightly, he saw his own image in the stream, and fancied it to be another dog with a more delicious morsel; upon which, unjustly and greedily opening his jaws to snatch at the shadow, he lost the substance he was carrying.

MORAL.—An over-greedy disposition often subjects us to lose what we already possess.

No support, when we are right, can be derived from those who are ready to yield to us when we are wrong.

"GO-AHEAD." AND THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILIP SNOW'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

"WHEN I was a little girl I had four brothers, all older than myself. Then, girls never dreamed of skating; all the grandmothers in the town would have been horrified at the suggestion of a girl's fastening on a pair of skates, quite as much so as they would now be if you, Fred, were to go out with your sister's hood and muff."

"A likely thing for *me* to do, mother," interrupted Fred.

"Quite as likely a thing as putting on skates when I was a child. Well, all my brothers were famous for skating, swimming, fishing, climbing, and in fact for all the feats that boys enjoy. I was just ten years old when the mill was built below the fall, and the water thrown back to form the pond. Then, the shore of the pond was covered or lined with the white birch-trees that gave the pond its name. We all went down to see the water let in, and we watched it fill, fill — slowly, slowly. First, a stone where we had cracked our nuts was covered; then the water rose higher and higher, getting gradually above this landmark and that favorite cluster of woodbine or shrub of hazel-nut— until, at last, over our darling Dell, as we had called it, lay a dark sheet of water. It seemed almost like the filling up of a grave; and so we saw the pretty place buried forever out of our sight, and we came home. I confess that I cried; but the boys would not cry; they scolded and denounced the man who had built the mill and the dam.

"For awhile, every day when it was pleasant, we went down to watch it. I think it was two or three days before any water ran over the fall. After awhile a boat was talked of, and that comforted the boys. The river was too far away to have a boat on it, and the mountain stream that now fed Birch Pond would not stay still long enough for a boat to find room to rock on its surface; but now, the pond, that was different. And so the boat came up the river one night in a sloop —and, the day after, it was brought across, and we had a grand launch on Birch Pond, and the 'Stout Oak,' the name of the tiny boat, was introduced into its new home.

"Well, the autumn came, and the silver birches let their leaves fall over the pond, and the currents eddied them into wreaths, that lay right over our buried Dell. And finally, in his time, old Winter came treading down from the north pole, and he shook his white pall, fringed with icicles, over the grave of the Dell that he missed— for he had laid up a large amount of snow in that vale year after year. Then he hushed the earth with his breath of cold, and Birch Pond became a glimmer of ice one sunny morning.

"My brother Ned came in, exclaiming, 'Father! old Mason didn't do such a bad thing, after all, with his pond; we're to have skating on it.' 'Who?' asked my father. 'Mr. Mason,' said Ned; Ned never said old Mason after that.

"The sun came out one fine day to see what winter had been doing, and melted all the snow and cracked the

ice into bits—and for a long month the boys waited and waited in vain for skating. Christmas came, and New Year, and the earth was brown and green—no white anywhere. My birthday came in the end of January, and I had a party, my first party—I remember everything about it perfectly well. The party was over, and that same night it came to be cold, very cold, so cold that we couldn't keep the house warm. The wind seemed to be playing at hide-and-seek in every room, and winter had come back very angry, and very much determined to do his work right over again. The next morning Birch Pond was frozen. Then came a great snow-storm. It blew right across from the Highlands, and covered us up very deep. It was a week before the boys got to the pond; they reported it safe and sound. Father said 'no;' and the first morning that he could get away, he started in the mail sleigh for New York. Just as he was leaving he cautioned the boys, saying, 'Don't venture on the pond yet.' My brothers thought they were wiser than father, and that very afternoon they were missing from the house.

"'Where can Ned and Heber and Winslow be?' asked mother, coming in where I was reading Robinson Crusoe with straining eyes by the light of the fire. 'Gone down to look for a vessel,' said I, intent on my book. 'Shut your book and answer me,' said mother, at the same time taking the precious volume from me; 'the boys, where are they?' I told her that I saw them go out over the hill early in the afternoon, and that was all that I knew.

"It grew quite late, only it was light—moonlight. I remember very well how large the moon looked that night. Supper was on the table, and nobody to eat but mother and I. Mother sat down, and poured her cup of tea and my milk; then she got up very suddenly from the table and clasped her hands together very tight, and I couldn't think what had happened to her. She stood so still, right in the middle of the room, with her eyes shut and her hands so fast together, and such a look of pain in her face that I jumped up and took hold of her. 'Mother! mother! has anybody hurt you?' I cried.

"'Oh, the pond, the pond!' she said two or three times; then she took me in her arms for a minute, and held me very tight. 'There, my child, you sit here by the fire till I come back;' then she gave me my Robinson Crusoe, called Jacob from the kitchen to go with her, and went away without saying another word.

"After she had gone, I opened my book and began to read; but I couldn't live in it any longer, so I shut it and went to the window. I saw mother and Jacob hurrying on up the hill, and before I really knew what I was doing, or remembered my mother's command, I had my cloak and hood on, and without saying a word to grandmother, who lived with us, I ran after mother.

"When I found myself alone, on the lonely road, I was frightened, but I only ran the faster.

"Mother and Jacob kept on through the snow toward the pond. I was afraid mother would send me back, so I kept a little way behind, so that she wouldn't see me. A fire had been made on the pond, of the dry shrubs and bushes that had been cut out before the dell was filled, and the fire lit up all the pond. On it were a crowd of men, it seemed to me; and sitting down close to the fire, moaning and

crying so that we could hear him long before we got there, was my brother Ned. The men were all so busy down at the lower end, where the fall was, that I don't think one of them saw my mother; but she walked right across the ice and knelt down behind Ned, and threw her arms around him, and said she, 'Ned, Ned, what is it?'

"'Winzie! Winzie! Oh, mother, mother, it is all my fault—I've drowned him!' sobbed Ned; and with the words he jumped up, threw off mother's arms, and almost knocked me over as he rushed past me to the group on the ice. His clothes cracked as he ran; they were frozen stiff. Mother started after him, and I ran to her and put my hand in hers. She didn't seem to know me, but she held it very fast, and ran. Just as we got near, one of the men cried, 'Don't, don't let him jump in again;' but then came a splash—and Ned was in the water. Then mother shrieked, and would have gone in after him, but Jacob held her back, and I clung to her with all my strength.

"'Save him, save my boy!' mother cried; and many voices replied, 'He shall be saved.' Ropes were stretched across the chasm of water, and tree branches held out on every side, but Ned did not come up. By-and-by there arose a great shout down at the very fall, where the ice was broken. All rushed to the spot, and we saw Ned drawn dripping and senseless from out the black water. They laid him on the ice an instant, then ran back and peered intently into the blackness that the moon lit up but feebly. Another splash made mother scream again. Some one had gone in. He was a brave swimmer; he struggled severely in the water—he came to the icy shore, and twenty hands were outstretched to draw him in. He was not alone—the moon shone down on the white face of my brother Winzie!

"'Oh joy, joy!' shouted Heber, whom I had not seen until that moment—and the men almost made room for him, and let him receive poor Winzie in his arms. I turned to look for Ned. Some of the men had lifted him up and carried him to the fire. Mother would not be held back; she snatched Winzie (he was her youngest child) from Heber, and with Jacob's help she bore him to the fire.

"Ned was restored to consciousness. 'Let me go, let me go—I got him; I found him tangled in the grape-vine, but I lost him—let me go!' he cried, just as mother with Jacob and Winzie reached the fire. I shall never forget Ned's look as he saw the burden that was laid down by his side. Coats had been spread on the ice for the living Ned and for Winzie.

"'I can't have him here; home—take them home,' said mother; and over the white snow, in the white moonlight, the black procession slowly moved, bearing Winzie and Ned. The half mile seemed very long, but this was the nearest house to the pond. The stiff little figure of my brother was laid at last on mother's bed. The kind neighbors who, alarmed by the cries of the boys, had rushed to the pond, had done all they could to bring back life. Winzie was dead, and his body was all that they had borne home. Ned had found him tangled in a vine—with whose long tendrils we had so often played—and brought him to the surface; then, he lost consciousness, and both were brought to land by the kind man who plunged in to save them.

"All night the still, white face of Winzie lay on mother's bed, and Ned

was calling piteously to those about him to let him jump in once more. 'I shall be certain to save him—certain to find him; let me go! let me go!' he cried. Heber went from one to the other with a sad face, that told of sorrow and reproach, and I could only follow him. Sometimes I ventured to touch his hands; I wanted to have him take some notice of me, but he only drew away quickly, as if it troubled him.

"It grew very late, and one after one the men went away. The doctor staid with Ned, who was unconscious of everything beyond the pond and Winzie in the water, and the thought that he must save him. When the house grew still, mother took me on one side and Heber on the other and went into her own room, and led us straight to the bed where Winzie lay. Then she kneeled down beside it, and Heber and I kneeled, one on either side. For one minute she buried her face in the bed, then she looked up, and taking one of the cold, dead hands in hers she began to pray. I shall never, never forget it. It seemed as if she was looking straight into heav

en, and saw something that took away all the sorrow and the pain. I had heard a great many prayers, prayers for everything, it seemed to me, but I never had heard anybody pray as she did. She told her kind heavenly Father that so long as her boy was in the water, and not drowned, she was wicked and rebellious, but that she thanked Him now for taking Winzie out of the world, for giving her the joy of knowing that she had one child safe in heaven; and then she prayed for Ned—that he might be forgiven and restored to her; and for Hebet and me, and that our father might be comforted in his sorrow. That prayer of mother's made me believe in God, because it calmed her so. She went about after that with a face so sweet and happy that no one would have thought that the cold little boy, who lay like marble in the house, was her child. 'He is God's, now,' she said—when she left a kiss on his forehead and went out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NOBLEMAN AND HIS JESTER.

THERE was a certain lord who kept a jester in his house (as many great men did in olden days, for their pleasure), to whom the lord gave a staff, and charged him to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself; and if he should meet with such a one, to deliver it over to him.

Not many years after, his lord fell sick; and, indeed, was sick unto death. The jester came to see him, and was told by his sick lord that he must now shortly leave him.

"And whither wilt thou go?" said the jester.

"Into another world," said the lord.

"And when wilt thou come again? within a month?"

"No."

"Within a year?"

"No."

"When then?"

"Never."

"Never! and what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there whither thou goest?"

"None at all."

"No," said the jester, "none at all? Here, take thy staff, then. Art thou going away forever? Hast thou made no preparation for a journey from which thou shalt never return? Take my staff, for I will not guilty be of such folly as this."

THE INDIAN FRIEND.

BY M. E. D.

[CONTINUED FROM FEBRUARY NUMBER.]

IT seemed hard to leave the body of the faithful creature lying exposed in the forest, but this was no time to bury him. All that they could gather from Bessie's confused account of the surprise by the Indians, and her own escape, served to make the party feel that further effort was almost hopeless—still they would not despair. It was decided that one of their number should take the rescued girl back to her mother, while the rest should proceed in their search.

The fury of the storm had by this time abated, though the rain fell in great, splashing drops, and the wind muttered angrily among the trees in answer to the distant rumbling of the thunder. Drenched to her skin, and shivering with excitement, Bessie begged that she might go with her father.

"We will find them soon," pleaded she, "I'm sure we will; and then we can all go home together. It will frighten mother so dreadfully to see me coming alone, without Rudolph and Kitty, and with all this blood upon me, too—Bouncer's blood."

The man whose lantern had gleamed upon her, hastily shaded the light from her dress with his great rough hand, and in a voice as tender as a woman's urged her to go with him at once.

"Go, Bessie," said her father, hurriedly, on seeing that she still resisted, "we are losing time."

This was enough. "Good-night, dear father!" she sobbed as she was led away; "don't tell Rudolph about Bouncer until he gets home, father; it will almost break his heart."

A voice that even Bessie could scarcely recognize called back through the darkness: "Good-night, my child. Go easy, Joe, and keep a sharp look-out."

"Aye, aye!" answered the man, in a suppressed voice, as he grasped more firmly the little hand in his and hurried on.

After a wearisome tramp they at last reached the edge of the forest. Bessie started to see a tall, white figure rushing with outstretched arms toward them.

"It's the mother," said Joe, pityingly, raising the lantern as he spoke.

"Oh, Joe!" screamed the poor woman, "have you found them?—tell me, quick!"

"Well—no, Mrs. Hedden," he shouted in reply, "not exactly that—but we've got the gal safe an' sound, not a scratch on her."

In another moment Bessie was in her mother's arms.

"Only me, mother," she sobbed, "only me; but father's looking for them—and, oh! mother, Bouncer is dead."

The next day brought no better tidings. At noon the men returned from their search, jaded and dispirited. After the first explanations were over, Mr. Hedden called one of the party aside and whispered, huskily—

"Give her this, Dennis—I can't; and tell her how it was the only trace we could find."

The mother's quick eye caught sight of the object before her husband had fairly drawn it from beneath his hunting-jacket. "It's Kitty's hood," she cried, stretching forth her hand as she fell fainting to the floor.

That evening, and for many a day afterward, the search was continued, but without success; no trace could be found of either Tom Hennessy, Rudolph, or little Kitty.

We will now relate what befell Tom and the little ones on the fearful day of their sail up the beautiful stream. Bessie's eyes had not deceived her when, in one agonized glance, she had seen Tom dash into the forest bearing Rudolph and Kitty in his arms, closely followed by the two yelling savages. The chase, however, was a short one; before Tom had advanced many steps his pursuers closed upon him, and tearing the children from his embrace, bound his arms close to his body with long strips of bark. The children, screaming with terror, struggled in the arms of the Indians and called frantically upon Tom for help; but he, poor fellow, could only turn his pitying eyes upon them and beg them to remain quiet, and thus, perhaps, save themselves from some terrible fate. By this time several more savages, darting from near hiding-places, had surrounded them, and Tom abandoned all hope of escape. Bessie's screams had died away, and he felt sure, as doubtless did his captors, that she had been killed and scalped by the Indian who had first rushed upon her.

After holding a moment's council, the Indians began a rapid march, hurrying Tom on in their midst, and almost dragging the terrified children—who, each with its tiny hand clasped in the grip of a painted warrior, ran panting by their sides. Hurrying on, faster and faster, until even Tom was nearly out of breath, the savages, without exchanging a word among themselves, continued their flight (for such it seemed), carefully avoiding even the breaking of a twig, or anything that might furnish a guide to any who might come in pursuit.

Soon Kitty, who could run no more, was snatched angrily from the ground and carried, like a bundle, under the great muscular arm of one of the savages. But when Rudolph showed evident signs of exhaustion, the wretches paused, evidently consulting together whether they should not tomahawk the children at once. Tom could stand it no longer; determined to die on the spot rather than have his charges butchered before his eyes, he stood obstinately still, declaring that he would not go another step if the children were injured a hair.

"Let me carry them," he cried; "I am strong enough to bear a dozen youngsters — unbind me, I say, and hand 'em over."

Some of the red men knew enough of English to understand his meaning. With a contemptuous sneer one of them tossed Rudolph on Tom's back; they then set one of his arms free, and drove him onward with many a brutal kick. It was hard work for Tom, shackled as he was, to bear the frightened boy, who clung to his throat so tightly as to sometimes almost strangle him.

"Hold on, Rudolph, boy," he whispered; "lower down — there, that way. Now don't cry; you're father's little man, you know."

"Oh, Tom," sobbed the poor boy, "they'll kill us, I'm sure, like they did little Annie Green. See, now, how they carry Kitty — how they scrape her face against the bushes; oh! oh!" and Rudolph hid his eyes in Tom's hair, crying as if his little heart would break.

"Hush!" muttered Tom, sternly, "or I'll put you down."

This silenced the child, and it was well it did, for more than one of the Indians had laid their hands on their tomahawks with a view of quieting him once for all.

In an instant one of the red men whose look, though grim and fearful enough, showed less savageness than his companions, quietly took Kitty from the Indian who was carrying her with such brutal carelessness. The change comforted the child, and in a few moments the exhausted little creature was sleeping soundly upon his shoulder, never waking even through the thunder-storm that ere long seemed to rend the forest.

In this way the Indians hurried on, pausing once to change their captive's bands, so as to leave his right arm free instead of his left. Now and then Tom would put Rudolph upon the ground for awhile, and when the little fellow flagged he would lift him up to his shoulder again.

At nightfall the party halted and made a large fire of brush, by which they cooked some venison and hominy, which had been carried by them during the march. After partaking of their meal, and giving their prisoners a liberal supply, they disposed themselves for the night, first taking care to fasten Tom's hands and feet securely, and even to bandage the children's ankles so that they could not stand. In vain Tom peered about him for a chance of escape for himself and his charges—for he would on no account have left them behind — but there was no hope. His knife had been taken away from him, and all night long he was watched by two Indians, who remained near him in a sitting posture. Even when their dusky faces were lost in the darkness, he could see the gleam of their piercing eyes as the firelight flashed and faded. Once, when the pain from his fastenings became insupportable, he complained to one of the watchers and begged him to relieve him for a moment, while a wild hope rushed through his heart that he might then, quick as a flash, seize Rudolph and Kitty and fly through the darkness out of the reach of his pursuers. Vain hope! no chance occurred, though the Indian readily complied with his request. Almost every warrior raised himself upon his elbow in an instant, and he felt the glare of a dozen eyes upon him at the slightest motion he made. After the Indian had loosened the fastenings somewhat, and given Tom a drink of pure spring water, he even offered him some parched corn, and in no unfriendly way motioned to him to try and sleep; but all this show of kindness did not reassure Tom. He knew enough of Indian warfare to feel that any consideration they might show their prisoners at first was often but a proof that they were reserving them for the greatest cruelties afterward.

Long before daylight the next morning the march was resumed, in the same manner as on the previous day; and, indeed, for three or four days it was continued over a country dense with cedar thicket, and becoming more and more rocky as they journeyed on. At last, after traveling westward for a distance of about a hundred and fifty miles—as nearly as Tom could estimate it—they saw, rising from the lowlands, the smoke of an Indian encampment.

Some one had evidently been on the lookout for them. Before they reached the spot, they were welcomed with loud whoops and halloos. Presently the entire community, as it seemed, turned out to receive them—hundreds

"ON THE LOOKOUT."

of savages, men, women, and children —who, when they saw the prisoners, pierced the air with wild shouts of joy—and, surrounding them like so many dancing fiends, appeared anxious to wreak instant vengeance upon them.

The men were painted in every conceivable way, with hideous daubs of color upon their limbs and faces, or tatooed so as to look more fearful still; their leggings and clubs were trimmed with human scalps, and their heads were shaved closely, leaving only a lock on the crown, called the scalp-lock, which was twisted up so as to hold tufts of brilliant feathers. The women, scarcely less hideous than the men (excepting here and there a young maiden, the joy of her tribe, standing apart from the rest), crowded fiercely about, and the children, naked and dirty, whooped and yelled like so many little fiends.

The scene was certainly not likely to inspire the prisoners with any keen sense of security, indeed Tom expected instant death at their hands, and only hoped that he and his companions in misery might be spared the fearful tortures which he knew were often practiced by the Indians upon their victims. As for Rudolph and Kitty, the poor little creatures were stupefied with terror, and clung to Tom in a way that seemed to make the Indian children half mad with delight.

Suddenly all the warriors arranged themselves into two long lines, facing each other — and, brandishing their tomahawks, switches, and clubs, called upon Tom to run the gauntlet! One of the savages proceeded to set free the limbs of the captive, at the same time explaining to him, in broken English, the nature of the ceremony about to be enacted. This was nothing less than for Tom to run between the lines, along their entire length, with the chance of receiving a blow from each Indian as he passed.

"Run like deer!" said the Indian, as he jerked off the last strip of hide from the captive's arm, "then he get more few knock."

Casting one despairing look about him, and seeing not a possible chance of escape, even if he were not bound to the spot by the presence of Rudolph and Kitty, poor Tom commenced the fearful race. All his weariness was forgotten as, in very desperation, he flew between the lines so rapidly that for a short distance the blows fell but lightly upon him. Soon a crushing stroke from the back of a tomahawk fell heavily upon his shoulder, but he did not falter; the yells and blows of the savages lent wings to his feet— until, at last, when the end was nearly reached, a tall chief struck him a blow with his club that felled him to the ground. Springing up instantly, Tom dashed forward, when one of the wretches threw a handful of sand into his eyes. Blinded with rage and agony, he staggered on; but, no longer able to evade the strokes falling thickly upon him, he soon sank again to the ground, and was beaten until he became insensible. Up to the last moment he could hear the shrieks of Rudolph rising above the din. The poor child had been forced to witness Tom's sufferings from the first, and now, when their victim lay senseless upon the ground, the savages brought both children to look upon him, and seemed to enjoy the pitiful cries of the little creatures upon finding that they could gain neither look nor word from their old friend.

As soon as Tom opened his eyes his glance fell upon their pale, tearful faces. "Don't cry, youngsters," he gasped; "be good, and we may get home again yet."

"Oh, come *now*," urged Kitty; "come tell mammy — mammy'll 'ip 'em for hurtin' 'oo; nassy Indins!"

Rudolph, forgetting his misery for an instant, laughed outright at Kitty's words. The next instant he shook his head solemnly at her — "No, Kitty, mother couldn't whip 'em; they'd kill poor mammy the next instant. Oh, I wish we were home! I wish we were home!" he screamed, giving vent to his terrors again, as he saw a group of red men moving hastily toward them.

After dashing water upon Tom's wounds and laying him upon a bed of deer-skins, the savages seated themselves in a ring, and held a council to decide the fate of the prisoners. The warriors sat in silence while a great war-club was passed around the circle. Those who were in favor of burning them alive struck the ground heavily with the weapon before handing it to the next warrior, while those who objected to putting them to death in that manner merely passed it on in silence.

Tom saw all this from where he lay, and he knew its meaning well. With a sinking heart he heard the heavy thump of the club as each warrior gave his cruel vote, until at last one chief, holding the club in the air

pointed with a meaning gesture—first at Tom, then at Rudolph and Kitty. The chiefs responded with a grunt of assent to his inquiry concerning the latter, but shook their heads when their attention was directed to Tom. Then the noble fellow knew that not his fate, but that of the children was being decided; while they, unconscious little creatures, looked on half amused at what seemed to them some singular game.

"Hi!" whispered Rudolph to Kitty, "didn't that fellow hid hard, though?—he'll beat, I guess."

A moment more and the council was ended. One of the Indians approached the children and daubed their sweet little faces with black; it was a fatal sign, for it proved that the vote had been against them—Rudolph and Kitty were to be burned to death!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY-THOLOGY.

DIANA may have roamed the woods,
Armed with a bow like Nimrod,
But still, I rather sorter guess, [too,
She spelt the bow—b-e-a-u.

And Æneas made a dreadful muss,
To leave Carthago's queen and pride—oh!
Cut her acquaintance, but he thus,
In my opinion, "cut a Dido."

I can't believe that "one-hoss" story,
Which says Ulysses did employ
A wooden horse to win the glory,
And make a cavalry charge on Troy.

And then that narrative of Argus,
Who had a hundred eyes—what whoppers! [eyelids,
Just think—when dead—to close his
'Twould take a dollar's worth of coppers.

S. W., JR.

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

OH, the friends we've loved and cherished
In the happy days of yore,
Some in youth's bright hour have perished,
And will be with us no more.

A lovely fair-haired sister
We have laid within the grave,
Only God knows how we missed her,
Wishing she with us had stayed.

And a kind and loving brother
We have almost idolized,
Who was always our protector
In our pleasant walks and rides.

Shall we ever, ever miss them?
Shall we ever for them pine?
Mourn the loss of a dear father,
Or a mother 'twas so kind?

Or a friend we've trusted always,
One who knows our inmost heart,
Sharer in our joys and sorrows—
Must we ever from them part?

Ah! they say farewell forever
To this cold and cheerless world.
Let us meet them in another,
When our last dark hour is told.

NELLIE M. B.

GOOD-NIGHT.

THE sable curtain of night droops low,
And vails the day from sight;
But ere we close our weary eyes,
We wish our friends good-night.

Thus many days may come and go,
And years may take their flight,
And then we'll bid our friends adieu,
And wish the world good-night.

MYRA J. GLOVER.

HOME-LIFE IN THE ANIMAL WORLD.

THE LITTLE FISHERMEN.

A VERY respectable old otter had settled down with her family on the banks of our pretty mill-stream. Their house consisted of one long gallery in the rocks, hollowed out in some past time by the action of the water. Here they passed their days in great content, snug and warm in their soft fur overcoats, through the winter, and supplied with an abundance of fine fish through the summer.

"Come, my little dears," said the mother one day, "I will take you beyond those little rapids to fish to-day. Always hunt in still waters, when you can. If you go with the strong current, you'll be sure to overshoot your game, and if you swim against it, they can easily keep out of your way."

So the three dove in to the clear rock-bottomed stream, spreading out their broad-webbed feet like fins, and speeding on as swiftly as a fish, with just the tips of their noses above water.

What a start they gave little Alice Lee, as she was tripping across the stepping stones in a shallow part of the stream—a far more desirable crossing, we children thought it, than the substantial bridge by the mill. Alice threw up her hands in surprise, but quickly thought:

"I am sure these are otters, like the one brother Dick caught in his steel-trap. I will tell him, the minute I get home, and perhaps he can catch them and get another three dollars for the fur. How glad he would be, for then he could get the other books he wants so much."

The little animals sped on, quite unconscious of the designs on their life and liberty that were brewing. And when they came to a calm, fine fishing spot, the mother proceeded to instruct her little ones in the art by which they were to get their living.

Presently there was a great commotion and cry of trouble from little

Brom Brownie, and his mother hastened to see what was the matter.

"What! tangled up in a fishing-net, Brom? You must be a little sharper than that, my child. However, such sharp little teeth were meant to be of use to you. Set to, now, as you see me, and tear yourself loose."

So she gave him a pretty lesson in spoiling fishermen's nets, which would have enraged poor Izaak Walton still more against those "villainous vermin," as he was accustomed to call them.

The fishing frolic went on swimmingly, many more fish being caught and laid on the shore, minus their heads, than even these voracious little fellows could eat.

But, with all her shrewdness, the old mother fell a victim at last to Dick Lee's superior cunning in setting his snares, and left her two children to "shirk for themselves." She accomplished much good, though, in buying some useful books, which Master Richard greatly needed.

I dare say, too, that her fine, soft fur saved its wearer many a cough and cold through the winter; and as she had brought up her children so well, and qualified them to take care of themselves, we will not mourn over her.

J. E. McC.

A TRIP TO ST. LOUIS.

PERHAPS there are *some* among the many readers of the MUSEUM who have never enjoyed the felicity of visiting the famous "city of St. Louis." Would they not like to go there in imagination with the writer, as he reviews his "late sojourn in that emporium of trade?"

A short ride in the cars, with its usual delays, stoppages, and "all aboards," brought our party from a beautiful prairie home to East St. Louis, and there on the other side of the "Father of Waters" we got the first glance of our place of destination.

Before us is the identical spot where, exactly one hundred years ago, Pierre Laclede and his little company of merchants founded a trading post. But what a change has one century wrought! The little cluster of log cabins has grown into its present miles upon miles of massive blocks of buildings, its palatial residences, its splendid hotels, and its one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants.

A few words will suffice to tell of our ride in a crowded omnibus (and right opposite to a bevy of laughing girls just home from boarding-school, to spend the holidays) across the ferry and through the streets to our abiding-places.

It will not be necessary for me to mention the many city sights which were new to us "rusticuses," the strange and novel cries of boys and men, the unceasing rattle of all sizes of vehicles, the never-ending stream of passers-by, etc., etc.

Pleasantly, and with nothing "passing strange," time sped on until "Christmas" morning. Upon that day we left our lodgings at four A.M. (think of it, ye late risers!) and hied us away to the Catholic College, to see the ceremonies which had begun there at midnight. The spacious edifice was almost jammed with worshipers and lookers-on.

Surrounding the altar, and towering above it, was a perfect pyramid of lights (colored and plain), bouquets, and imagery.

The services were commenced before we arrived. The robed priests with their attendants, accompanied by the college youths, read, or rather sung, the liturgy and prayers, the people responded, the choir chanted, the organ gave forth its sweet tones, the incense ascended heavenward, the holy wafer was distributed, and the service was over.

Was that the religion taught by Jesus Christ? Was there true piety in that Latin, unknown praying?

"Christmas Day" was celebrated with the usual banging of fire-arms, giving of presents, compliments of the day, etc., etc. It was soon passed, and we began to visit the "great things" of the city. Of course the great "Lindell" received our attention, but, oh, words would fail me to describe its magnificence. It is enough to say that it is splendidly furnished, from the first to the fifth story.

What a capital place for promenading is the hall on the second floor, its rich carpeting running from one street to another! Its dining-halls are beautifully frescoed, and here, at the fashionable five-o'clock dinner, can diamonds, dress, and beauty be seen in abundance. But let us pass on and enter the ponderous doors of the county court-house. After reaching the center, we will ascend, viewing on our way up the beautiful historical paintings, and the portraits of distinguished men which adorn the walls of the famous dome. When we arrive at the cupola, what a sight is below us! The whole city lies stretched out before us. The piles of buildings, the many churches with their fingers pointing heavenward, the river "rolling rapidly," the steamers dotting its turbid waters, and the seemingly insignificant multitude of vehicles and pedestrians are at our feet.

It is a grand view! To those who are of a classical turn of mind, the rooms of the "Mercantile Library Association" furnish mental "pabulum" for many an hour, without opening the lids of any of their many thousand volumes. I refer to the sculpture of Miss Hosmer and others, the paintings and portraits of many artists, the curiosities and coins which are there to be found. To the gentlemanly officers of the M. L. A. we were under many obligations while visiting them.

Within a short distance of the city are "Benton" and "Jefferson" Barracks. We visited the latter, and found the "quarters" and hospitals well furnished and neat.

The brave men who stay there are well cared for and protected against the inclemencies of the weather.

We *enjoyed* the novelty of the ride part way home in an ambulance, facing a storm of sleet and wind. Would that greater sufferings might never be experienced by those who have to ride in them.

And so I might go on and tell of other places of interest which could be visited in this great metropolis, but I will have pity for the feelings of the readers of this paper. Before our company left for "home, sweet home," "old Boreas" and "Jack Frost" came and kept us snow-bound there. A "natural bridge" of solid ice was erected, and we walked across the mighty Mississippi upon it, with no fears of sinking.

Upon land all was buried in snow, and sleighs of every description, from the handsome turnout of the wealthy citizen down to the simple "*goods box*" on runners, were filling the air

with the chimes of their merry bells, while the merry inhabitants (not of the bells) were in raptures as they glided swiftly and smoothly over the soft carpet that so bounteously covered the earth.

And thus did our visit end. Notwithstanding the rain, sleet, wind, snow, and cold to which we were treated, we voted the trip a grand success.

In hopes that this may have been of interest to some who have never seen, "with their own eyes," the things described, I subscribe myself,

Your Merry Cousin, C. M. E.

FLOWN AWAY.

TWO little birds had a nest in the bushes in the back part of the garden. Julia found the nest. It had some speckled eggs in it—one, two, three, four. But she did not trouble the nest, or distress the dear little birds. One day, after she had been away some time, down she ran into the garden to take a peep at the four little speckled eggs. Instead of the beautiful eggs, there were only broken, empty shells.

"Oh," she said, picking out the pieces, "the beautiful eggs are all spoiled and broken!"

"No, Julia," replied her brother, "they are not spoiled; the best part of them has taken wings and flown away."

So it is when a child dies; its little body left behind, is only an empty shell; while its soul, the better part, has taken wings, and flown away.

A LITTLE child, seven years old, one day said to her mother:

"Mother, I have learned to be happy, and I shall always be happy."

"My dear," said her mother, "how can this be done?"

She said, "It is by not caring anything about myself, but trying to make everybody else happy."

CAPTAIN TOMMY.

BY UNCLE TIM.

IT is a question not as yet fully decided by our philosophers, to what extent the education of our domestic animals can be carried, as it is a little more than we can do to educate such of us as walk on two legs, without trying many experiments on those who walk with four.

It is not my object to speculate on the uses or abuses of education. Goodness knows that it is abused enough by animals walking on two legs, to say nothing of its use or abuse by animals walking on four legs. One thing is a fixed fact, that kindness to animals will bring out their good qualities far better than cruelty will their bad ones.

I want all my Merry friends to understand that I am not a professor of catology, neither am I going to spin a cat's tale; that the hero of my story was not educated in a cat college, but had nothing more than a common country education, some portions of which had better have been left out, and that the principal items are strictly true, having been narrated

to me by the brother of the lad who gave the cat his education or training.

Some twenty-five or thirty years ago there lived in the mountains of western Pennsylvania a family consisting of father, mother, and two sons, whose names were William and George.

It is sufficient to our purpose to state that at the distance of a quarter of a mile, over among some chestnut trees, lived the grandmother of those lads, who had made William the favorite of her declining years.

One day, while the boys were visiting at their grandmother's, a bright, active gray kitten came frolicking into the room, which played off so many antics before them, that William persuaded his grandmother to give him the kitten. The kitten was carried home, provided with a soft bed and plenty of fresh, new milk, and soon became the pet of the family. Tommy, as he was called, would run round after his own tail so fast as to make a complete striped ring, and yet, with all his smartness, never could quite catch it. It was always a mystery to Tommy why he never could catch it, for the faster he ran, his tail seemed to go just fast enough to keep out of his reach. The education which Tommy received was decidedly military, and his disposition, like most military heroes, quarrelsome.

He would, at the command of his master, shoulder a miniature wooden gun, and go through the use of the musket probably much better than one half of the militia of the State.

To add to his appearance, he was dressed up in a little blue coat, with red lappels, cuffs, and collar with white facings; a cocked-up hat, after the fashion of those times, was put on his head, in the top of which stuck a splendid blue feather, borrowed from the tail of a young rooster.

Tommy, of course, like all military heroes, was taught to walk on two legs instead of four. Captain Tommy could face to the right or to the left, march and countermarch, and form a line of one very readily.

But Captain Tommy's military talents did not center in wooden guns or chicken feathers, for he was taught to make assaults on the pigs, calves, and colts, which he did in a real gouging style with teeth and toe nails, for his master had taught him to assault pigs, cows, calves, or anything which came in his way, and such a squealing and scampering was never heard or seen as when Captain Tommy mounted them in his terrible style of giving battle.

It made no difference with him as to size, for he would attack great and small, and the only difference Tommy's master could see was, the bigger the animal the louder he would *holler*.

About the time that William brought Tommy home, one of his uncles caught a young raccoon, brought it home to

the old place, and made a pet of it, which, in process of time, became much attached to the family. It would follow them round like a little dog, picking up chestnuts or whatever suited his taste, minded his own business, and let his neighbors alone.

About half-way between the two houses was a cool, sparkling spring, which supplied both families with water.

One day William and George went down to this spring for a pail of water, with Tommy, as usual, following them. At the same time their grandmother came down from the opposite direction, with the raccoon followiug her.

"Now," said William to George, "we will have some fun, and put Tommy after the raccoon."

In the mean time, the raccoon was over head and ears in business, running his nose along on the ground, hunting for chestnuts, wholly unconscious of danger.

William spoke a word or two to Tommy, when with a few bounds he lighted on the back of the raccoon in his usual gouging style. The raccoon gave one fearful yell, and up the nearest tree he went, with Tommy close to his heels. Up, up, up they went, until they reached the top, when the raccoon leaped down to a lower limb, then on another, then on to a small limb of another tree, and Tommy gave up the pursuit.

As Captain Tommy grew older, he became the more attached to his young master, following him everywhere he went, and sleeping with him at night. To this William's parents objected, and shut Tommy outside the house at night; but he would climb up on the back shed to a window of William's room, burst in a pane of glass, and lay down by his side, with his paws round his neck.

William would, at times, in the warm days of summer, lay on the ground in the shade of an apple-tree, when Tommy would come, get his arms round William's neck and lie by his side.

The cat was so fond of his master that he got above a cat's business, and would not touch a rat or a mouse unless told to do so by his master.

But the time came when the boys must go to school, and such a thing as a cat attending school could not be tolerated, and Tommy was kept at home. But Tommy kept up such a moaning and crying for the loss of his young master every day he was away at school, that William's father one day was compelled to shoot him to get rid of his tormenting noise.

Captain Tommy's great failing was in getting too much above his business, and in trying to catch rats and mice with gloves on his hands.

Small Vices.—Most men are the slaves of *small* vices. We hold that by every evil habit—if it is nothing more than putting his hands in his pockets—a man's power and efficiency are so much weakened. A man is not physically perfect who has lost his little finger. It is no answer to say that such a man can do many things as well as before his mutilation. Can he do *every* thing as well? So every bad habit cripples in kind though not in degree, and when they are numerous enough, such small vices deprive us of appreciable power. We remember that Gulliver was effectually bound and made helpless by the Liliputians, though every cable used was but a thread.

THE FAIRY COBBLER.

BY COUSIN ADA.

ALMOST all the fairies live now in Wales and Scotland.

There still you may find in the grass the green circles made by their moonlight waltzes, and every wood, hill, and hollow has some lingering fairy left.

One of the most noted of these is Kopperkin, the little, old, fairy cobbler. Often when the Welsh children have a holiday they wander into the woods by threes and fours, and look through all the shady hillsides for cobbler Kopperkin. They hear a sound—tap, tap, tap! It *must* be the fairy's hammer! No—only a beetle or woodpecker. A soft, sweet song comes through the stillness—hush! the fairy is singing over his work! No, it is only a little hidden brook, telling the pebbles how far it has come to kiss them. Then the children wander on, hand in hand, hardly speaking, with a kind of eerie, fairy look in their own eyes.

Presently the small hands clasp each other more closely! There he sits on the hillside, hard at work, not looking up to see them. Tap, tap, tap goes his hammer, as if he could have no supper till that shoe was finished. Tap, tap, tap—he doesn't mind them; but the children climb toward his place, and the boldest one whispers—"Kopperkin." Then the little, old cobbler looks at the children with such a bright pair of fairy eyes, and says, "You are welcome here in the greenwood, little ones. What can I do to make you very happy?" and he throws down his lapstone and leather. "I'm the richest fairy in all the world. I can give you anything, and take you anywhere I please."

So one child asks for one gift, and one for another, while the fairy promises without end. How lucky they were to find old Kopperkin!

"But," says the fairy, "be sure and keep your eyes on me, every one;" and a mischievous, fairy-like look shines in his own.

"No danger of losing this old fairy firefly," says bold Hal; "I must have a nearer look at that bird's nest." So he climbs a fir-tree, and when he comes down — Kopperkin, children, and all are gone. He goes through the wood shouting, but never a voice comes back.

"Hal should have been more careful," says little blue-eyed Nellie, who holds the fairy's hand fast in hers. "But, oh! what a pretty flower!" She stoops to pick it, and lo! when she looks up, fairy and children are gone. The little one begins to cry, but the brook calls out that he can lead her home, though he can't overtake fairy Kopperkin. And so Nellie creeps down to the edge of the brook and fills her hands with flowers, while it guides her into the fields. So it happens to nearly all the children. One by one they turn for a bird, a blossoming bough, a berry, or glimpse of sky, and thus lose old Kopperkin

and all his promises. Only once in a great while some child is bright enough to outwit the wily old fellow, and *then* there is no end to what he will do for them.

Cobbler Kopperkin has crossed the sea, sits on *our* hillsides, and sings by *our* brooks. Opportunity is his real name. Does not that give beautiful things and lead into beautiful paths if we keep our eye upon it? And if we turn away, doesn't it flicker out of sight—lost, lost?

Do you remember the time when you meant to take your little sister out to walk and make her happy, but just waited to speak to your schoolmates, or walk part way home with them, and so lost sight of fairy Kopperkin?

Do you remember that lesson you meant to learn *so* perfectly, but ran out to chase a butterfly, and so failed —never went back to the head of your class — never found cobbler Kopperkin?

PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

THERE's a voice that speaks within us,
If we own no craven heart,
As we press along life's pathway,
Taking our appointed part;
And it bids us bear our burden,
Heavy though it seem and feel,
And with strong and hopeful vigor,
Put our shoulder to the wheel.

Folded hands will never aid us
To uplift the load of care;
"Up and stirring" be your motto,
Meek to suffer, strong to bear.
'Tis not chance that guides our footsteps,
Or our destiny can seal;
With a will then, strong and steady,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

OUR WILLIE.

WE'VE had an angel with us;
We did not know it quite,
For that the human semblance
Vailed the supernal light,
Till, at the call of Jesus,
He vanished from our sight.

He wore the form and features
Of a most lovely child,
As bright, as sweetly winning,
As innocent and mild,
As pure to us, and faultless,
As are God's undefiled.

We loved to call him Willie;
Name now so sweet and dear;
It seems to have the meaning
Of angel in our ear,
Because our cherub wore it
The while he tarried here.

He was a constant sunshine,
A sweet perpetual hymn;
But now we hear the stillness,
And feel the daylight dim,
And the house is full of absence,
That was so full of him.

"I think I feel like dying,"
With calm, sweet tone he said,
As if he saw the Saviour
Bend smiling o'er his bed;
"I want to be with Jesus"—
Then some one whispered—*Dead.*

H. H.

IS IT YOU?

THERE is a child—a boy or girl,
I'm sorry it is true—
Who doesn't mind when spoken to;
Is it you? It can't be you!

I know a child—a boy or girl,
I hope that such are few—
Who told a lie—yes, told a lie!
It can not be 'twas you!

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP BAG.

THE HERMIT OF NIAGARA.—I have been much interested in the story which is told of the person who made himself a recluse, that he might live upon Iris Island, and constantly enjoy the beauties of the surrounding scenery. As many of our readers I know have not read it, they may, perhaps, be entertained by a repetition of it.

It seems that in June of 1839 a well-dressed stranger entered the village of Niagara on foot. He was apparently a young man, and had with him a flute, a portfolio, and a book, which constituted the whole of his baggage. At first he took lodgings at a small inn on the American side of the river, but afterward removed to a small cottage about fifty rods below the great fall. He became gradually very secluded in his habits, and in the end withdrew almost entirely from intercourse with men. He conversed enough, however, with those who approached him to show that he was a man of accomplished mind. He used several of the modern languages with fluency and grace. He was learned in the profounder principles of science and art. He sketched and painted with accuracy and taste, and performed with an unusual degree of skill on various musical instruments. Having traveled, also, over the greater part of Europe and the East, he was a lover of the sublime and beautiful in natural scenery.

There were times when he would hold no communication with men except by means of a slate. He would go with his beard unshaven for several months together—his head without covering, and his body clothed in a coarse woolen blanket. He would seek the deepest solitudes of the desert, and often at midnight he might be seen bathing in a small eddy just above the great cataract, or hanging by his hands and feet from a piece of timber projecting from the Terrapin bridge, as it is called, some distance over the torrent. In the wildest and most tempestuous days he would pass with a quick movement over the most dangerous places of the neighborhood.

On the 10th of June, 1831, he was observed by the ferryman who plies below the falls, bathing in a favorite resort. It was the last time he was seen. His clothes were found where he had laid them, near the water, and a few days after his body was taken from the river below Fort Niagara. When an examination was made into his hut, his dog, who had so often borne him company in his secluded rambles, was found faithfully guarding the door; the cat was mewing quietly in his bed; flutes, violins, guitars, and music books were distributed carelessly about the room; but not a note or scrap of paper was discovered to give information of his history or his name.

It has since been ascertained that he called himself Francis Abbot, of England, and that he sprung from a very respectable Quaker family, residing in the neighborhood of Plymouth. The reasons of his extraordinary separation from society and his friends have never transpired. Whether he had become disgusted with the ways of civilized men, whether he was touched in the intellect, or had suffered a grievous disappointment in love, which is the interpretation given to his conduct by all the young gentlemen and ladies who visit this place, will remain,

no doubt, for ever unknown. It certainly gives a romantic turn to the incident to believe in the latter supposition, and I am, therefore, naturally disposed to adopt it.

A HOP on the "light fantastic toe" may be pleasant, but not when you hop on the fantastic toe of your neighbor.

THE EFFECT OF A STRIKE.—A cotemporary says he finds among his exchanges the following paragraph:

"The prInterS aIE on Y Strike for hiGher waGeS. We Have concluded tO sEet o ≷ r o ≷ n tYpes in ≷ tUre; It is EAsy enou3H."

SPANISH PHILOSOPHY.—The day after my arrival at Vittoria I went to a shoemaker's to get some repairs done to my boots. There was nobody in the shop; the master was on the opposite side of the street, smoking his cigarito. His shoulders covered with a mantle full of holes, he looked like a beggar, but a Spanish beggar, appearing rather proud than ashamed of his poverty. He came over to me, and I explained my business. "Wait a moment," said he, and immediately called his wife. "How much money is there in the purse?" "Twelve *pesetas*" (about two dollars and a half). "Then I shan't work." "But," said I, "twelve *pesetas* will not last forever." "*Quien ha visto mañana*" (Who has seen to-morrow?), said he, turning his back on me.

IT was stated by a leading dentist of Chicago, in a recent address to his brethren, that the value of gold plate and leaf used in the United States for the replacing and repairing of defective teeth is $2,250,000. This is a fact that tests the existence of a high civilization and a good deal of toothache in that blessed land.

HOW TO GET ASLEEP.—Dr. Binn, author of the "Anatomy of Sleep," says that the great point to be gained, in order to secure sleep, is escape from thought—especially from that clinging, tenacious, imperious thought which in most cases of wakefulness has possession of the mind. This, the doctor says, he always effects by the following simple process:

"I turn my eyeballs as far to the right or to the left, or upward or downward, as I can without pain, and then commence rolling them slowly, with that divergence from a direct line of vision, around in their sockets, and continue doing this until I fall asleep, which occurs generally within three minutes, and always within five, at most. The immediate effect of this process differs from that of any which I ever heard to procure sleep. It not merely diverts thought in a new channel, but actually suspends it. Since I became aware of this, I have endeavored, innumerable times, while thus rolling my eyes, to think upon a particular subject, and even upon that which before kept me awake, but I could not. As long as they were moving around, my mind was a perfect blank. If any one doubts this, let him try the experiment for himself."

CURIOUS FACT.—The following curious fact is related by Sir W. Hamilton, from personal observation: "Of those who perished under ruins in the earthquake in the south of Italy in 1783, the males were generally found in an attitude of struggling, while the females had their hands clasped above their heads, as if in hopeless despair, unless their children were with them, when they were always discovered in the act of endeavoring to protect them."

ON GARDENING.

BY DAISY WILDWOOD.

ONE morning in spring, when the leaves were unfolding their tiny wings and dancing all over the trees, I rose early to walk in my garden. The sun had just arisen, and

"Up the heaven's azure street
Streamed golden shadows from his feet."

And the east was all aglow. The faint, fading moon and stars shone palely on the scene, growing dimmer every moment. The sky was full of soft fleecy clouds of every lovely hue —white, rosy, russet, golden; and on the clear, cool morning air rang out the sweet songs of the dear little birds, praises uttered in a thousand different notes, in that fullness of joy with which all nature seems alive in early day.

Oh, it was glorious! I stood and looked and listened, drinking in the spirit of the hour, and for a time utterly unconscious of the work before me; then, with a sigh, I turned to my morning task.

It seemed to me, as I toiled on, that the birds were singing encouragement to me, for they came and fluttered near me, and poured out their songs in my ear; and I thought of the beautiful lines—

"Hark! how Creation's deep, musical chorus
Unintermittingly goes up to Heaven!"

Then, as I dropped the seed into the ground, I heard a still, small voice, which said to me, "Other work you have to do; another garden to cultivate. Plant with care; let no bad seed mingle with the good—plant patience, hope, charity, meekness; these shall be your roses. Plant the sweet lily of purity, and the fragrant mignonette, good-nature. Plant the daisy, faith, ever looking upward; the fair violet, modesty; and the heartsease, love. Root out the weeds diligently—the rank, poisonous weeds of petulance, envy, and pride. Train your plants, and prune them till you have a fair, pure, and sightly garden, in which the Master shall take delight."

The matin of the birds was over, the sun high in the blue heavens, and my morning's work done—but this new work is to last forever!

It matters not how oft you stoop, if what you stoop for is worth picking up.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THE cold, bleak winds of March whistling around the sanctum bring rumors of war once more to our ears.

The spring campaign opens with an extensive raid by Queen Fleta into the "heart of the enemy's country." Listen to her

PROCLAMATION!

BY HER MAJESTY, QUEEN FLETA.

Clad in habiliments of deepest woe, [dry,
With weeping eyes, which none can claim are
I come—as who shall choose to say I go?—
To charge you, Merrys, with forgetfulness!
Who can't remember, hath no memory!
And *who hath none at all, hath even less!*

My soul is troubled, troubled is my soul,
When I do think what, thinking, I have thought,
Since *taking part is not to take the whole*,
That 'twas unwise to thus divide my throne,
For Winnie, choosing half, with wise forethought,
Left "THR-" and chose *the whole* in ONE!

A lion's share is much the larger half,
Just as a loaf is bigger than a slice;
Or cow full four times larger than a calf!
"But for these tears, the worst impediments
Unto my speech," *I'd tell the outrageous price*
I paid for exile which my soul resents!

Did ye "so hunger for my empty chair,"—
Which was not vacant while I yet was in it,
That ye could not one short half hour forbear
Before proclaiming Winnie in my stead?
Because, forsooth, I, in an evil minute,
Hurled from my height, lay stunned, and seeming dead?

Yes! human nature will be nature still—
Women be women, greed be greed as ever—
Confiding ones be duped and sold until
The blind shall see, the deaf consent to hear,
The backbone of rebellion broken be forever,
And twelve months cease to constitute a year!

He who wears "specs" looks darkly through a glass!
Yet, Wilforley, thou mightest see me, Fleta,
Dethroned, usurped, deceived, undone—alas!
And Dan, my doughty, leal, and trusty knight,
Rides no more forth with bristling steel to meet a
Foe, or put his myrmidons to flight!

True as a needle to the distant pole,
Wanders my Wand'rer, roves my gallant Rover!
But, when I call, I hear no answering sole!
I listen; not the first faint squeak I hear!
For aught I know, they skim the wide seas over,
And can not come, thus *failing to appear*.

Up from my feet there riseth one shrill note
Where that "higa-elbowed grig"* the livelong day
Doth warlike chirp, and tune his rusty throat
To battle strains! Long since a windy rhyme
Out from the desert came, as Pertine passed away!
Say, at the roll-call, will she "come to time?"

Ah well!—*the absent can not present be;*
That which is silent can not well be heard;
The eye sees naught where there is naught to see;
They can't be blamed to whom blame can't attach!
If Fleta chose to never write a word,
You're not to blame for finding ne'er a scratch!

Thus my rhyme closes, thus my complaint ends;
For *when the finis comes, the end must shortly follow!*
Who mends the least, soonest the matter mends!
That which was mine by right is none the less *my own!*
No longer wavering like a homeward swallow,
I'll wave my scepter AND POSSESS MY THRONE.

* * * * * * *

Emerging from the drift of circumstances, in which I have been considerably lost for a year past, I thus present myself before you.

Having tuned my harp beside a Jordan of tears, and hung it on a willowy page, I proceed to prose.

I am not so vain as to style the above vein "*my* style." I only borrowed a little in a lead discovered by one worthier than I. It is enough that being *proverbial*(ly) *philosophy*(cal) as well as poetical, I chose to lament after another's fashion.

This, however, is not to the point.

I have been mild, benign, pacific! I am now about to show you that I can be wrathful, cruel, revengeful!

"Heaven knows"—I don't, my friends, "by what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways I met this crown!" But having met it, I shall appropriate it, and wo be to him who dares to quoth me *nay!*

A. N.—thou of the "mortified bonnet!"—say on!

"I am the Merry Queen; and think not, Winnie,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere!
Nor can one Chat thus brook a double reign,
Of Winifred and Fleta Forrester."*
Meanwhile, who stands or falls with their rightful Queen Fleta?
The land is burning, Leslie stands on high,
And either they or we must lower lie!

* Dost recognize thyself, Grasshopper?

* For my authority, consult Shakspeare's King Henry IV., Act V., Part II.

NEW YORK, *Feb.* 6, 1864.

DEAR OLD FRIENDS:—Is there still a "vacant chair" for Willie? So many months have passed away, and so many new cousins have joined the circle since last I entered the good old sanctum, that I have thought perhaps my place has been better filled by a fresher face. Yet I believe you are among those who love "old wood to burn, old books to read, and old friends to talk with," and will therefore welcome back the "oldest inhabitant" of the Chat—if ten years of pleasant intercourse will justify the title—to the cheerful group so dear to him of old.

Since the Ex-Nurse left the Hospitalic Halls of Washington he has been a wanderer through the great West; rattling over the broad acres of Illinois; staging it across the green swells of Iowa; painfully steamboating it up the Mississippi; fishing and hunting on the crystal lakes of Minnesota; and last, but not least, attending the great fair at Chicago, and wondering at the energy and endurance of the Western women. But why, oh, why, was not the idea of a *Merry Badge* conceived a year ago? Had I possessed that token of my belongings during this Western tour, how many a dear cousin might have taken me by the hand who, for lack of knowledge, has passed me coldly by! It will be long ere I shall have such an opportunity again.

Do you ask whether the attractions of the Western land have been strong enough to win me to a settlement in Prairiedom? Not quite; and yet I recall a wooded nook by the bright waters of Lake Calhoun, in Minnesota, near which I lingered for many days, well-nigh persuaded that there should be my future home, and needing but to say the word which should make it mine. Yet I resisted the temptation, and have returned to settle down in good old Orange County, in sight of the beautiful hills up whose sides I clambered in schoolboy days. And there, if God prospers me, I hope some time to welcome many of the dear Aunts, Uncles, and Cousins of the MUSEUM to the homely hospitalities of Ridge Farm. Meanwhile, a seat in the circle may occasionally be filled by your old friend, WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

No, not "vacant," Willie, for the "chair" is well filled by *our* "oldest inhabitant," and, we trust, will be as long as we are permitted to have charge of the "seats." Here's our hand for Ridge Farm, and a prosperous and happy settlement. Hereafter "Orange County" shall not be to us the "milk-and-water" affair of former times, for we shall know that it produces the genuine article—at least in the *Cole*-region.

February, 1864.

Here, Uncle Merry, is another infliction—my *c. de v.* Serves you right, though, for offering to settle the P. G. question. Didn't you know that every mother's daughter of us would think herself the prettiest, and you would have an avalanche of 10,000 *cartes?*

Please, mustn't Grasshopper and Rosebud stop crowding. Isn't the Chat made of rubber?

No use of trying to crowd Wilforley out. With the aid of a few whalebones and a little cotton, he will turn up some one else, and we shall be sending him hugs and kisses, which he will quietly appropriate *à la* Bess. TATTLER.

Glad to receive our deserts. Chat and Album are both made of rubber; and as you are comfortably settled in both, you have the privilege of *Tattling* to your heart's content. Wilforley is made of *oak*, and can stand the pressure.

YELLOW SPRINGS, O., *Jan.* 27, 1864.

DEAR MERRYS ALL:—I am glad to see you again. Have you quite forgotten me? Jog your memories, and if Nellie V. has had no place there, please reserve a small corner for her. (Fleta, do you think a *small* corner would answer?)

Uncle Hiram, did you know that you had misrepresented me in one of the old Chats? According to the gospel of Mr. Hatchet, I come out in this style:

"Fleta, I am glad you didn't see those 'languishing gray eyes,' etc., for I like you better than Sybil Grey."

Now, Cousin Sybil, I am sure I never said any such thing, and although I dislike to lay the blame on the shoulders of others, yet I won't take it myself, myself not being guilty.

Uncle Hiram—*poor* Uncle Hiram—who bears our reproaches so patiently, must receive the burden. How hateful I am to blame you, am I not?

Uncle, if I knew of anybody else upon whom to "visit my wrath," I would surely do it.

The mistake is in the April number of 1862.

Black-Eyes, "write again," did you say? Indeed!

Didn't I write to you in the year 1 (comparatively speaking), and have you condescended to say, even, "How do you do, Nellie Van," since?

J. J., are you "*spunky?*" Have you outgrown the childish folly, etc., or do you mean to retaliate upon me for being so slow? Hurry up, for I have something to scold you for.

Fred Warren, to what affirmation do you allude? Please explain, and I will tell you whether you are "right" or not.

And Saucy Nell, what can you mean by telling me to beware of dogs? I know of no dogs in the Chat or out of it. I am careful to keep out of the way of them.

L. W. C., may I write to you?

NELLIE VAN.

We send you "Uncle Hiram" in your number; now look him in the face and see how much *cut* up he feels by your reproaches.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS ALL:—I wonder, if I *talk fast*, if I can not say a *few* words. First allow me to introduce a new cousin to you all—"Edie Linden." I know you will *all* give her a kind welcome.

Alice Clayton, I am getting *impatient*, waiting for a letter; why don't you write?

Fiddlesticks, will you exchange *c's de v.?* But "short and sweet," so love to all. *Every* one, write to their cousin,

MAY CLAYTON.

DEAR UNCLE:—If I may call you so, have *dared* to venture into the pleasant Chat. Do not send me away, but give me a seat near some *pleasant* and *lively* cousin. I have been a reader of the MUSEUM for the last year, and feel as if I already knew you *all*. Love to all.

From your niece, EDIE LINDEN.

February 8, 1864.

I must write, dear Uncles, to thank you for that beautiful pin. I feel amply paid for the little trouble I had in obtaining the requisite number of subscribers. Father has taken the MUSEUM for a number of years, and since I have been able to handle a pen, have been going to write you, but on account of my timidity have delayed doing so until the present time. I am neither smart nor witty, Uncles, but won't you introduce me to the cousins, and allow me to come often to the "Merry circle?" JUNO.

You are welcome and "Merry," and now that you are "pinned" to the circle, shall expect to see you always present.

HERE, *Jan.* 20, 1864.

Yours keenly! Indeed, Uncle Hiram, it seems as though those words were meant expressly for me. The very idea of cutting *me* up! *Me!* such a short, take-up-no-room sort of a fellow as me!

Yes, Mr. Manipulator, I *did* have a glance at Phene F., and a little *more* than a glance, too.

Many thanks, Fiddlesticks, for that "*carte de violin*," as the nipper calls it. My letter *did* do some good, though it was so *horribly* mangled. It was *quite* impossible for me to answer that note *on* or *before* the 2d, as I did not receive it till the 9th.

Fred W. C. C., be patient; that'll come soon. I haven't received any answer yet.

Uncle Merry, you tell A. Van A. that "only fragrant growths impart *desirable* essence. But I don't know about that essence being so very DESIRABLE. Is it, cousins? IRVING.

PHILADELPHIA, *Feb.* 3, 1864.

DEAR MERRYS ALL:—I am about to try (again) my luck in writing a letter to the Chat, as the one I wrote before came in contact with that horrid "cutting machine," and got so terribly manipulated that when I looked for it I could not find it, for all that was left of it was the "essence."

Sharpshooter, I have met you before. I should like to have your photo.

Irving, Leslie, and Fiddlesticks, I should like to have yours also.

Pocahontas, Ida May, and Geraldine, I am waiting anxiously to hear from you.

Forestina, that badge is "dreffful purty."

Uncle Robert, do not cut me up quick; let me get past that "orful" machine.

Yours, ESSIE J. B.

Any of the cousins wishing to know my address will find it at 111 Fulton Street, New York.

AIRY CASTLE, *Jan.* 5, 1864.

DEAR CHAT:—Here I *is*, "knocking at the door." May I enter?

I am glad to find that some of the Merryites are fond of horseback riding. Will not some of them come and ride with me?

I would not be afraid to try my pony with any of those that have been celebrated in the Chat. It makes no pretense to fame, but is simply "Flo." For all that, I think her worth her weight in gold.

By-the-by, I called at No. 111 Fulton Street not long ago, and advise all who can to do likewise.

While looking at the album, the wish was engendered that I had some of those Merry faces in mine.

Will not Romance, Homely Face, Saucy Nell, the Wildwoods, and the rest of you (not excepting Aunt Sue, the Uncles, and my Merry neighbors), *visite* me, *via* box 140, Orange, N. J.?

Mrs. B.-E., may I not have your photo, and dear little Nelly's?

Ha, ha! Uncle Hi, you look as if you wanted to sound *my knell*. Don't disturb yourself, dear Uncle; I am going—gone.

SANS SOUCI.

DAN-BURY, CONN, *Feb.* 9, 1864.

DEAR COUSINS:—As the Merry-man says, "here we are again."

This *crewel* W. A. R. is not yet *worsted*, if he does *yarn* it occasionally.

Doctor D., you are a terrible fellow. "Dissecting Room!" your next will, I suppose, be "*raw* head and bloody bones" By-the-by, who was that young man I saw at the opera with *S*omebody *N*ameless?—was *N*y-*ack*nowledging my presence, but the young man was *so taken* with a copy of *Devereux bound in muslin*, "could not see it"—*pressed* my *cot*ton 'kerchief to my eyes and vamosed. Jasper, thou art avenged.

Phene F., I always behave myself, that is, bad as possible. You say don't—I have accordingly *donted*—what next?

Elfie *Dry*ad, what do you know of being tossed in a blanket? Did you ever belong to the Sons of Malta?

Minnie, Mamie, Romance, and others who wish to exchange, I have a list of you all in the vest pocket nearest my gizzard, and as there is a *picture-man* "just come to town," you may, before this *carthage* falls, see a jolly old

W. A. R.

MILTON, *Feb.* 8, 1864.

DEAR MERRYS:—It is some time since I have written to you, but I have read every MUSEUM, and know that you are all alive, and just as "Merry" as ever.

Mignionette Wildwood, there should be a bond of sympathy between us, as we are both teachers. May we not be friends, and will you exchange *cartes* with me? I would like it very much. If Cousin Phene F. will inform me of her address I would be pleased to give her my "phizo"graph in exchange for hers.

Merrily yours, MARIAN.

HOMER, N. Y., *Feb.* 4, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE:—You see I am around again; and this time I wish to ask you if you received the *c. de v.* I sent you to forward to Forestina? I have not received hers yet, and thought perhaps mine was lost on its way to you. Julia E., of Glendale, and Spectator, I have sent you my *c. de v.*, and hope to receive yours in exchange soon. Muriel, I think you have a very pretty name; will gladly exchange photos with you.

A. Van A., please send yourself on a carte(e) to box 110, Homer, Cortland County, N. Y.

Puss speaks of watching the proceedings through the cat-hole; it is a good plan to have that mode of entrance stopped in some way in cold weather, lest the wind should blow in—don't you think so, cousins? ROMANCE.

NEW IBERIA, LA., *Jan.* 5, 1864.

DEAR COUSINS:—Having been admitted into the Chat, I take this opportunity of paying another visit, after a long absence.

Minerva, I am happy to make your acquaintance. Brown-Eyes and Blue-Eyes, have you received my *c's de v.?* I sent them a long time ago, and have received no answer. Lucy W. C., have you had any photogs taken yet? if so, please send me one.

Vera Lee and Winnie, I am very much obliged for your kind wishes. Tommy, I should liked to have seen you when you were in New Orleans; write and let me know where you are.

Osceola, I received your letter safe, with the MUSEUMS; on my return to camp I will write again, soon.

Winifred, Vera Lee, Mary, and Osceola, accept my thanks for letters written to me. Elfie Dryad, will you exchange *cartes* with GEO. T. MCKINNEY?

TREE-TOP, *Sometime* 1, 1864.

DEARS :—Isn't it queer that I didn't meet Osceola or C. F. Speck when I was "off" with a New York regiment hunting for a speck of something to eat, and that in Waynesboro', too?

If I am *airy* on account of my windy situation, it follows that my moustache (?) does not *make* me 'airy. Somebody says that I am *flighty*, but that has very little weight in the a(i)rgument.

A. Van A., will you X with me?

Forestina, the badge is *gold did* as well as "*splendid.*"

F.ene ph, do you sell Jaspers? I'll buy one.

Eustis, skating is *a-n-ice* amusement; *slay*-rides (*vide* cavalry) are not, especially when they are *cōsting.*

Now, markus! (M. arcus) we'll have no queens in *this* Chat. Would the Newcomer like a cucumber?

M. E. W., the spirit stirs my muse.

But "fare thee well, and if forever, still forever fare thee well," but don't forget Yours, *dully*, BOB O'LINK.

U. S. SHIP COURIER,
BROOKLYN, *Jan.*, 1864.

UNCLE MERRY :—Once more I am waiting at the door for admittance to the circle. While at New Orleans I had the good fortune to meet our "soldier cousin, Geo. T. McK." I supplied him with some late MUSEUMS, and after having a good long chat we parted.

Harrie, I am willing to X; send your *carte* and address to me, care of Uncle Merry.

Vera Lee, I am waiting patiently.

W. A. R., I am ready to pitch (or tar) in.

H. A. D., the "Dissecting Room" was quite a novelty.

Phene F., I am waiting *im*patiently; remember it is leap year.

Ida M., how is "Fanny A. C.?"—heard from her lately?

Essie J. B., if you have left B., don't forget us.

Pocahontas, have you yet found out how I discovered your true name?

Devereux, shake hands. I have discovered your true name.

Jasper, has the rolling sea no charm for thee? We sail for Pensacola soon.

Pontiac and Irving, what is the matter?

Tiger-Lily, are you willing to X?

Hattie, help me through that machine. Yours truly, OSCEOLA.

MAPLE GROVE.

DEAR COUSIN MERRYS, AND AUNTS AND UNCLES, TOO :—Won't some of you please say Come in and take off your bonnet? I have been an attentive reader of the MUSEUM for about ten years, if I am not very forgetful, having taken it ever since I was five years old, and as this is the first time my head or name has ever entered the Merry circle, please let me get speedily acquainted.

Daisy, Teaser, Rover, Josie, Leslie, O. O., and about a dozen others, won't you, some or all of you, exchange photos with me? I want to see some of the cousins. I don't believe I know one but Black-Eyes, and I am not certain about her. I only live a few miles from the capital city (of O.). SUE FRIEND.

PROSPECT PLACE, *Jan.*, 1864.

DEAR MERRYS : — A happy greeting from Cousin Flib!

Why, Uncle, how your family is growing—so many new faces! Welcome all! Our parlor is like an omnibus, for there's "always room for one more."

Oh! Blue-Eyes, did I not hear you wish for my address? Well, put your ear down close and I'll tell you: if you direct a letter "Flora P. Stearns, West Hartford, Conn.," it will reach your humble coz, Flib. And, listen! there's a place in my album for another *carte.* Ditto, this, to all.

Yes, Golden Arrow, I think I did meet you in the sanctum.

Pertine, whisper it to none, but did we not have a nice time—you and I—on that December afternoon? FLIB.

Extracted Essences.

TOMMY and JASPER would like to exchange with any of the "Merryites" who may feel disposed to give themselves away (on card); and by sending their address to Uncle Merry, they will send on their *cartes*, particularly "Heartease."

COY, I do, "certain true."

A. VAN A., the February number was unavoidably late, and as the edition is large, it takes several days to get it all mailed. We shall send as early in the month as possible.

VERA LEE, TATTLER, ROMANCE, and ALFRED R. SEABURY will please accept our thanks for *c's de v.*

WM. H. HAMBLING comes under his "true colors," which we like. Take a seat near the table. Many more would receive a place in the Chat if they did not leave their names behind.

BLACK-EYES, the "hints" were not correct.

KATE HALLOCK, LILLIE, NORTHERN STAR, WOODLAND WAIF, are welcome to our circle. Come again.

STARLIGHT shines over Shady Hill into our Merry circle, and promises to stay long enough to "hear a story from Aunt Fanny" and exchange photos with Romance.

NEB, speak.

CHARLIE, we give a bound volume as premium for *three* new subscribers this year, and you must send twenty cents to prepay postage.

POSTAGE.—The postage on the MUSEUM under the new law is one cent a number if paid in advance, or twelve cents a year. No more than this can be charged. It must be paid at your office.

SNOW-FLAKES, a Chapter from the Book of Nature, is the title of a new book just published by the American Tract Society of Boston. It is neatly printed on the whitest of paper, and beautifully illustrated, and numerous specimens of the many forms of snow-crystals, with a brief and clear description of each, given. The snow structure, its unity in diversity, its purity and beauty, its weakness and power, and its beneficence and instruction, is given with its moral lessons, which should inspire every beholder, and makes the work one of superior attraction and worth.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

FRED W. C. C. wins the prize for the January puzzles, having correctly answered all but two.

The following is a simple sum in division, in which letters are substituted for figures :

56. ENJ)MENRMC(JJFF$\frac{JNT}{ENJ}$

ENJ

OOR
ENJ

JTFM
JORF

JTFC
JORF

JNT

A. Van A.

57. My first is used for food by almost every nation;
My second is produced by the mammals of creation;
My whole is just the poorest stuff to save us from starvation.
W. A. R.

CIPHER.

58. Juvu ap I hayjuv yoxxmu,
A jeyu gjig aq samm ymuipu zeo,
Foq ab zeo ivu anyiqaudq,
Aq huvqiadmz samm quipu zeo.
A. S.

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed :

59. I saw —— boiling a —— in ——. *Hero.*

60. The man with a —— —— caught hold of the animal's —— and shouted ——. *Grasshopper.*

61. Who will furnish —— to the poor ——— who ——— his wounds in shady ——? *C. M. E.*

62. The —— —— —— who —— for the——. *Tattler.*

63. Curtail a vegetable and transpose into a kind of meat.

64. Curtail a fruit, transpose and leave an animal. *May of Irvington.*

65. 4080250500. *F. W. C. C.*

ANIMALS, BIRDS, PLANTS, ETC.

66. An animal, article, and part of the earth. *C. F. W.*

67. Part of a vessel and a propelling power. *M. of I.*

68. A fruit and an instinct. *H. A. D.*

69. A reptile, an article, a fragment, and a pronoun. *A. S. W.*

70. A tree and a fruit. *Florian.*

71. Change the first letter of a magistrate and make one of the coins that he uses *Clementina.*

72. Behead an article of furniture, and leave what assisted in making it.

Geo. T. McKinney.

73. I am composed of 9 letters:
My 9, 1, 3, 6, 8, 5 belongs to a ship.
My 5, 4, 6, 3 belongs to my 1, 6, 8, 9, 2.
My 3, 6, 4, 5 is a measure.
My 3, 4, 8, 7 is to defeat.
My whole was a distinguished historian of olden time. *Hawthorne.*

74. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 3, 1, 7 is an animal.
My 13, 9, 7, 2 is part of a tree.
My 7, 4, 3, 8 is a kind of clay.
My 13, 12, 9, 14 is part of an animal, so is my 11, 5, 9, 10.
My whole is a well-known personage. *Melnotte.*

75. I am composed of 27 letters:
My 20, 13, 4, 11, 15 is a girl's name.
My 24, 9, 6, 12, 27 is a tool.
My 22, 10, 15, 7, 26, 5 is a beverage.
My 18, 25, 3, 17 is a fabric.
My 24, 19, 8, 7, 21, 23 is a boy's name.
My 14, 2, 16, 1 is an animal.
My whole is a proverb. *Nedloh.*

76. Why is a coal fire like Washington's tomb? *A. Older.*

77. I am composed of 56 letters:
My 13, 15, 28, 5, 1, 32, 35, 6, 37, 45—
My 9, 16, 50, 49, 41, 47, 45, 13, 39, 40, 53, 44, 29, 46, 19, 5—
My 27, 24, 15, 29, 38, 24, 37, 12, 33, 25, 19, 53—
My 21, 48, 52, 33, 7, 23—
My 10, 50, 14, 17, 30, 18, 36, 9—
My 22, 43, 8, 44, 48, 45, 21, 42, 26, 20—
My 38, 55, 54, 3, 56, 15, 52, 37, 51—
My 11, 2, 8, 51, 13, 9, 24, 4, 8, 42, 34, 17, 50 were all battles which have been fought within the United States; and my whole are the words of one who had no sympathy with disunion. *Julia E.*

78. What is the *bravest* year in a man's life? *K. C.*

79. Hieroglyphical Rebus.

Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of next month.

Answers to Questions in Jan. No.

1. Fly market.
2. A name. (The letter T—beginning and end—existence, etc.)
3. Tapir, pair.
4. Truth, Ruth.
5. Signature.
6. Parenthesis.
7. Custard.
8. Macerate.
9. Mysteriousness.
10. Starvation.
11. Heartease.
12. IDIOTIC (Idi-"ought"-ic).
13. Disproportionable.
14. Tried.
15. Lucrative.
16. Grasshopper.
17. Johnson. (Benson, Sinbad, and many other solutions answered the requirements.)
18. Dill, lid.
19. Pets, pest.
20. Psalter, plaster. (This was answered variously with "Notes-stone," "Tales, slate," etc.)
21. Master, stream.
22. Embark.
23. Stagnation.
24. Vaccination.
25. Skate, Kate, ate, eat, tea.
26. William Hoyt, Coleman.
27. Nut-cracker.
28. Razor-bill.

29. Osprey.
30. Vatican.
31. Modesty is one of the chief ornaments of youth.

ANSWERS ACCIDENTALLY OMITTED.

158. Lackey.
159. About.

Fred W. C. C. answers all but 3, 22.
Louise B. answers all but 22, 24, 31.
A. P. T. answers all but 11, 14, 24.
Mary A. E. answers all but 1, 13, 24.
Bertha answers all but 12, 22, 24, 31.
Anna W. N. answers all but 11, 12, 19, 22.
Tattler answers all but 15, 22, 23, 24, 30.
A. S. W. answers all but 1, 11, 12, 15, 19, 22, 30.
Merrimac answers all but 1, 12, 15, 21, 22, 23, 24, 31.
May of Irvington answers all but 4, 11, 19, 21, 22, 23, 29, 31.
Peter answers all but 4, 11, 13, 15, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 26, 30, 31.
Sally Water answers all but 3, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 22, 24, 26, 28, 31.
Kate Foster and *Addie W.* answer 1, 4, 12, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, 26, 29, 30.
Grasshopper answers 4, 6, 7, 10, 14, 16, 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, 25, 27, 28.
Golden Arrow answers 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 14, 16, 18, 25, 27, 28, 31.
Hero answers 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 14, 16, 17, 25.
A. Van A. answers 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 14, 16, 25.
Murid answers 4, 7, 14, 16, 25, 27, 28.
Sun Flower answers 2, 7, 10, 14, 16.
Minnehaha answers 14, 16.
A. B. answers all but 2, 11, 22, 23, 26, 27, 30, 31.
Valentine Riker answers all but 3, 11, 15, 18, 22, 24, 26, 28, 29, 30, 31.
Titania answers all but 3, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15, 17, 19, 22, 24, 26, 31.
C. W. J. answers all but 1, 11, 12, 13, 15, 19, 23, 26, 27, 30, 31.
Birdie answers 1, 2, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 16, 20, 24, 25, 27, 28, 31.
Coy answers 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 16, 18, 20, 21, 24, 25.
A. P. answers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 16, 18, 20, 25.
A. R. S. answers 2, 5, 7, 8, 10, 14, 22, 31.
Fairy answers 10, 14, 16, 25.
F. W. answers 14, 22, 25, 31.
Schuylkill Nell and *Jim* answer 7, 10, 16, 19.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Louise B.—It so happened that I had not thought about it, as the gentleman had sent me a liberal supply of postage stamps wherewith to forward his exchanges.

Fred W. C. C.—I didn't think that "turnspit" was a sufficiently "well-authenticated animal." I have not seen the "prize rebus."

May of Irvington.—On the 23d of last January you and I passed each other upon the road (between Irvington and Tarrytown), and "made no sign!"

A. Van A.—If you examine the list of answers sent in, you will find that No. 15 was guessed by five or six cousins. Did you ever tell a joke and then have to explain it?

Fairy wants to know what has become of *Saucy Nell.*

Coy.—It is hardly fair to make an anagram on an abbreviated word. *Coy* wishes to say "How d'ye do?" to *W. A. R.*, and to ask for an exchange of *c's de v.*

Sally Water—You are very welcome to our circle.

W. A. R. writes that he is in a village that "nestles among the hills," and that it "nestles" because all the houses have wings. I think there is yet hope for *W. A. R.* when he leaves punning and indulges in *jeux d'esprit* of a higher character. Don't give him up, Merry cousins; that's rather pretty about the "nestling."

Nellie Van.—It was quite refreshing to see your handwriting once more.

K. C.—Ditto.

Vera Lee.—Thank you, dear, for your photog; the other was forwarded. *Vera Lee* sends love and good wishes to all the soldier and sailor cousins.

A. P. T.—The reason for not acknowledging your enigmas may be found in the last paragraph in the April MUSEUM of 1863 (page 128); we do not want enigmas composed of figures, having already more than we can use in four years.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *A. S. W.*, *Louise B.*, *Fred W. C. C.*, *Grasshopper*, *Tattler*, *James*, *Merrimac*, *Neva*, *May of Irvington*, *A. Van A.*, *Hero*, *Birdie*, and *Aubrey.*

BE CONTENT.

Christian children, high and lowly,
Try like little flowers to be;
Day by day the tall tree's blossom
Gives to God its fragrance free;

Day by day the little daisy
Looks up with its yellow eye,
Never murmurs, never wishes
It were hanging up on high.

God has given each his station:
Some have riches and high place;
Some have lowly homes and labor;
All may have his precious grace.

And the air is just as pleasant,
And as bright the sunny sky,
To the daisy by the footpath,
As to flowers that bloom on high;
For God loveth all his children,
Rich and poor, and high and low;
And they all shall meet in heaven
Who have served him here below.

FLOWERS.

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer!
They are Nature's offering, their place is there! [heart,
They speak of hope to the fainting
With a voice of promise they come and part.
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers!

"GO-AHEAD." AND THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILIP SNOW'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

THAT was a long week, and Winzie was in his grave when father came home. There was neither railroad nor telegraph to rush and fly with news of joy or woe, and so the slow mail sleigh carried the story to him that his youngest boy had been drowned in Birch Pond.

"Ned was well when father came, but so terribly excited at the thought of seeing him, and of hearing the truth —that he had killed his brother by going to the pond, forbidden — that mother went out to meet father, and they two walked up and down the walk many times before they came in; and then father went straight up to Ned and put his hands on his head, and all that he said was, 'My poor boy, I pity you!' and never, so long as he lived, did any one hear him say one reproachful word to poor Ned. This was harder than if he had censured him; Ned felt it more deeply—but the lesson taught him obedience. After that I think he never disobeyed father or mother; and I one day heard mother say to father, 'I think we have two children saved, Winzie for heaven and Ned for earth; and I can not be sorrowful with so much to be thankful for.'"

"Hark, mamma!" said little Harry, lifting up his head of curls, "I hear somebody knocking."

"I thought my little mouse was asleep," said Mrs. Lake.

"No; I heard every word," said Harry, and just then all heard a knock at the hall door. Fred opened it, and a poor woman walked in. She was without a hood or any covering to her head, and she stood still in the middle of the room, the firelight shining on her face, and looked at Mrs. Lake an instant before that lady could see who it was.

Mrs. Lake arose and went toward her, saying, "What has happened?"

"I had a little boy, an only one, and he's in the pond," said the woman.

"My dear friend!" said Mrs. Lake (who had never seen this woman before, and did not know her name even), "let me go with you."

In a moment Mrs. Lake was in readiness for the long walk, and Lucy had silently covered the woman's head with a hood and wrapped a shawl about her. They went out very quickly, Fred going with them.

"Now, Lucy, isn't this queer? just as mother was telling us about Uncle Winzie—and I believe I know who this woman is."

"Who, Sydie?"

"Don't you know Bensie Wood?—that pretty little boy that was sliding down Briar Hill one day, dressed in such a thin, poor-looking coat, and the big boy that you don't like asked him if 'twasn't most time for him to shave?—and then he took hold of Bensie's curls, and Bensie turned round and said, 'My mother wouldn't have them

to kiss every day if I lost them.' Do you not remember how prettily he said that, just as he started off down the hill?"

"Well, Sydie, you don't think this is Bensie Wood who is in the pond?"

"I am afraid so, because this woman looks like him, and I thought of him all at once, as soon as she spoke."

"He had curls just like our Harry's," said Lucy; and for awhile the three children were very still, Lucy looking into the fire and thinking very intently.

"Sister Lucy, don't bite your nails," said Harry, suddenly; "it sounds like ice cracking."

Poor Lucy! her eyes filled with tears, and she got up quickly, saying, "Come, Harry, it's a long while past your bed-time."

Harry said his prayer, "Our Father," that night with a new feeling, and then Lucy told him to pray for the poor woman who had lost her only little boy, and having prayed, Harry ended his day in sleep.

Lucy went back to the fire and sat down, saying sadly to Sydney, "It's of little use to try; mother gave me twelve chances to get my Christmas gifts"—and she went on to explain how she had lost five of them in one day.

"You may as well take off this string, for it don't help me one bit; I never remember why it hurts."

Sydney unfastened the bit of wool, and Lucy threw it into the fire, thinking that nothing but her own thoughtfulness could avail to save her—and with one more new resolve she sat and waited for her mother's return.

CHAPTER V.

Again Birch Pond was the scene of agony and suspense.

Mrs. Lake never stopped to ask why this poor woman had come to her, a stranger, in her distress, but she took her arm and hastened away with her, asking gently, "Can you tell me about it?"

"I was away, up the plain, doing some washing to-day, and I left my little boy, my Benjie, at home, never dreaming any harm could come to him.

"They tell me that after school, 'twas most night, Benjie was seen going to the pond with Bill Hone, that my little boy was afraid, but Bill took him on, took him up close to one of the water-holes, and left him there; and that Benjie fell in—my Benjie! oh! what shall I do?" and Mrs. Wood stopped and wrung her hands helplessly.

Mrs. Lake urged her on, thinking that a sight of the place would comfort her.

Mrs. Wood, too much absorbed in her grief to think of action, did not perceive a crowd approaching.

Benjie was borne in the arms of a man who said, "We have him, poor mother; hurry home, and get everything warm for him, quick!"

Something to do, some action for the poor mother, and she seemed another being. Mrs. Lake no longer held her arm, for she was far in advance, hastening to have her house in order.

It was very late that night when Mrs. Lake went home. The midnight stars shone down upon her, just as she reached her door.

Benjie Wood, thanks to care and perseverance and the good Lord, who giveth according to His own will, was with his mother. Hours had passed in effort before the little chest heaved and the lungs quivered with life again. It was Bill Hone, the big

boy with red hair, who *would not* give him up, who kept on after all others had said "he is dead"—who ran to his mother with the joyous words, "Bennie is here; we've got him again."

God had been very good to Mrs. Wood in giving back her son, and Mrs. Lake left her with a heart filled with thanksgiving, holding Benjie's head in her arms, while at her feet, looking on with his cold eyes, sat Bill Hone, not daring to speak, not daring to think, only watching Benjie's hard efforts to win back life, afraid the slightest sound on his part might end that life. And so Bill Hone and the mother passed the night. When the daydawn came, the boy got up, saying, "I will go."

He brought wood for the fire, he filled the pail with water, he, the careless, thoughtless boy, and then silently went home.

Bill Hone had never known what human love might be; no rays of it had ever nerved his heart, and the outside love that he saw had embittered him. He did not believe in it; he had no faith in its truths until this night.

Bill Hone was one of the unfortunate children of the earth. His father was a sailor who died at sea. His mother died of grief, of poverty, of illness, and left to the vast world a baby. All that he inherited was a name—William Hone. People pitied him; no one ever thought of loving him. He had lived from place to place as occasion directed. It chanced that he came from New York on the same day and by the same train that conveyed Mr. Lake's family to the country. He had taken notice of the children, of Fred especially, and had determined to know him. The skating excursion was one of Bill's plans for a further acquaintance.

Vexed at the refusal of Fred to go, angry with his father for having appeared to prevent it, Bill had taken his revenge in urging little Benjie Wood on the ice, and intended to frighten him, by leaving him near the opening. Bill turned to skate away, and Benjie, frightened or bewildered, slipped in.

Bill turned, hearing the scream, saw the child disappear, and rushed to the rescue. We know how he saved the drowning boy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT THEN?

After the joys of earth,
After its songs and mirth,
After its hours of sight,
After its dreams so bright—
What then?

Only an empty name,
Only a weary frame,
Only a conscious smart,
Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,
After this weary frame,
After this conscious smart,
After this aching heart—
What then?

Only a sad farewell
To a world loved too well;
Only a silent bed
With the forgotten dead.

After this sad farewell
To a world loved too well;
After this silent bed
With the forgotten dead—
What then?

EVENING PRAYER.

God of mercy, heavenly Father,
Hear thy suppliant's prayer to-night;
While I slumber, be thou near me,
Watch me until morning light.

Let bright angels guard my pillow,
While I sleep and dream of thee—
And the bliss that's known in heaven,
Where my spirit yearns to be.

Guide me, oh, most high and mighty,
Through the various paths of life;
Free from ev'ry thought unholy,
Free from worldly care and strife.

Keep me safe from all temptation,
Let my thoughts to thee be given;
Hold me in that pure devotion,
Which shall bring my soul to heaven.

OUT ON THE OCEAN.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

"I HINK this is a very nice sort of world," said little Agnes to herself; "when it is pleasant, you can stay out of doors, and that's beautiful; and when it rains, you can stay in the house, and that's better yet."

"Just run and bring my work-basket," said her sister Ada, breaking in suddenly upon her revery.

"Here it is, sister," said Agnes; "can't I run fast?"

"Yes; you're a dear good child, when you *try* to be, Agnes."

"So I am," thought the little girl, putting on her net, and looking to see if it was straight; "I do think, *just to myself*—that I'm as nice as anybody."

"Have you learned your Sabbath-school lesson?" broke in Ada again.

"Why, yes, of course I have," was the brisk reply; "don't I always get it the first thing Saturday afternoons? This time it's ever so hard, with poetry and questions. It's 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' and all that. Now I'm going down by Rye Beach to play."

"Give me a kiss, Agnes, and remember not to get into mischief," said Ada, "and come back by four o'clock, as mother bade you."

"Of course I shall mind my mother—don't I *always?*" replied Agnes, skipping off with a merry laugh.

A few boys and girls were down by Rye Beach gathering some meagre little sea-shells.

"Why, Aggie Foster," said one of the boys, showing her a cap full, "what think of that? I reckon you won't find many such beauties as those!"

"Poh!" said Agnes, swinging her splint basket, "plenty more, and I'm going to get enough for Ada to make a church—steeple and all."

"A Bunker Hill Monument is the prettiest," cried one of the girls eagerly, "with a spread eagle on the top, all over feathers, you know, just ready to crow."

The shell-gathering went on gaily for some time, with many exclamations of wonder at every odd-looking shell or pebble. It was quite as exciting as picking strawberries in the country. But after a while the children began to tire of their play, and as they sat down in a group to rest, looking up and down the bay with idle gaze, they saw a boy coming toward them rowing a boat.

"Hurrah! it's Benny Piper; where are you going?"

"Nowhere particular," answered Benny; "get in and I'll give you a ride. Come, jump aboard, all hands. Henry Burgess, you row, and I'll steer."

"I'll paddle," said Jamie French.

With one accord the children walked toward the boat, which Benny by this time had moored against the beach, all but Agnes. "Are you old enough? Benny Piper," said she, "old enough and strong enough to steer it with so many in it?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Benny; "what's the odds how many are in it? If I can't manage a small concern like this, I shouldn't think I was worth mentioning."

The boys joined with Benny in thinking it very droll that Agnes should doubt their seamanship. By the blustering airs which the little fellows put on, you would think they

were fully able to navigate a ship across the Atlantic Ocean.

"I shan't go a step if you don't, Aggie Foster," said Jenny Pratt.

"Nor me neither," chimed in Abby Brown, "for you're the oldest."

"Oh, but I can't go," said Agnes, "for my mother thinks it very unsafe."

"What's unsafe?" sneered Benny Piper; "she never saw this boat—it's as sound as a nut."

"Doesn't it leak a speck?" asked Agnes, hesitating; "it looks wet."

"Poh; that's where the waves came in; it's tight and whole, now that's the truth."

"But mother forbids my sailing," said Agnes sadly.

That should have been the last of it, but she allowed herself to listen to Benny's arguments.

"Well, who ever heard of *sailing* in a wherry?" said Henry Burgess. "Come, hurry, don't stop to bother," cried Jamie most ungallantly; "we shan't go but a few steps—just round the curve. Come, boys, let's be off; who wants a parcel of girls?"

"For shame," said Benny, drawing himself up and looking daggers at Jamie; "the girls shall go if they want to."

Slowly and with much wavering Agnes moved on toward the boat.

"It may not be obeying mother really and honestly," thought she, "but then this surely isn't a sail-boat."

The children took their seats. It was not very comfortable dipping their feet in the few inches of water which covered the bottom of the boat; but after what had been said, they were too proud to complain.

"Aint this prime?" said Johnny, as they launched out upon the water. The motion was indeed pleasant, and for a few moments Agnes was quite delighted. But before long the sky clouded and shut out the sun, the white sea-gulls hovered over the water which dashed up in waves and spattered into the boat. Then Agnes remembered her text, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and knew she had not kept the spirit of the commandment. What would her mother say if she knew she was on the wide ocean in the care of a few little boys? If the sky had continued fair she might not have blamed herself so much, when in reality her disobedience was the same, let the weather be what it would.

Jenny grew very pale, and said she was dizzy. Abby cried, and wanted to change places with Agnes.

"Keep still, can't you?" cried Johnny; "if you fuss round so, the boat will upset, as sure as you're alive."

"Oh, dear, dear," screamed the three girls greatly terrified; "it teeters about like everything! Steer for the shore, oh, do!"

"There goes my hat," exclaimed Johnny; "you were in pretty business knocking it off my head, Miss Abby!" "Fish it out with the paddle," said Henry very coolly, while the hat skimmed over the water like a thing alive, refusing to be caught. It was of no use—that white straw would never cover Johnny's curly head again! They might as well give up the chase and strike for the shore.

"Only to please the girls," they said. "No danger at all! Just wind enough to make it pleasant!"

All this sounded very brave; but when it came to steering and propelling the boat, the boat wouldn't go, that is, not toward the shore—any where else but there. The boys worked hard, but there was more op-

posing power in the wind than in the muscles of their small arms. They grew red in the face, the girls very pale, and all the while the boat had its own way, and the sky grew every moment darker.

"We are going to drown, and our mothers never will know where we are," shouted Agnes in tones of frenzy.

"That last wave wet me through and through," whimpered Johnny; "it's no use, boys, my arms are giving out."

"Poh," said Benny, courageously, "don't cry till you're hurt! Keep a-pulling!"

"I see something," exclaimed Jenny, "ever so far off—it's a sail. Oh, it's a sail; we are safe, we are safe!"

It was a pleasure-boat, as they soon discovered. Johnny's courage revived; he looked round with a glance which seemed to say, "Who says I'm afraid?" and all the boys took to their oars again, though they might as well have kept still.

When the sail-boat came up, they were taken on board, drenched and sober, and the captain, after giving them a sound scolding, landed them safely on shore.

It was a narrow escape, and they all knew it. They resolved never again to venture on the water without some older person for a guide. At any rate this was the resolution which the girls made privately, as they joined hands and trudged home in a soaking rain.

"Oh, I'm not half so good a girl as I supposed I was," thought little Agnes, as her cheek pressed the pillow that night. "I was a little *too sure!* Perhaps if I wasn't so proud of being good, and tried a *little harder*, I should not make so many mistakes."

SPRING.

The winter is gone, and spring is now here,
With many sounds that delight the ear;
The woods ring with echoes from tree to tree,
The birds are happy as they can be.

Joined in the song of the bees and the birds
Are the bleating lambs and the lowing herds;
Thus nature awakes with sweet songs of praise,
To herald the coming of pleasant days.

The swelling stream ripples over the stones,
Never subduing its merry tones;
And on my memories quickly gleam
The pleasures I've had beside that stream.

The motherly hen with her little brood
Is walking abroad and searching for food;
And the clacking ducks in the brook near by
Tell of a shower that's hovering nigh.

Let us join all nature in songs of praise—
To Heaven our voices thankfully raise;
The dark days are o'er, dispel every fear,
Summer is coming, and spring is now here.

MARIAN.

LOVE.

Love is not exalted,
Has a lowly mind,
Its own never seeketh,
And is gentle, kind;
Doing deeds of mercy
Where its footsteps go,
And it never curses
Either friend or foe.

THE SWALLOW AND OTHER BIRDS.

A FABLE.

A SWALLOW observing a husbandman employed in sowing hemp, called the little birds together, and informed them what the farmer was about. He told them that hemp was the material from which nets, so fatal to the feathered race, were composed; and advised them unanimously to join in picking it up, in order to prevent the consequences. The birds, either disbelieving his information, or neglecting his advice, gave themselves no trouble about the matter. In a little time the hemp appeared above ground. The friendly swallow again addressed himself to them; told them it was not yet too late, provided they would immediately set about the work, before the seeds had taken too deep root. But they still rejecting his advice, he forsook their society, repaired for safety to towns and cities, there built

his habitation, and kept his residence. One day, as he was skimming along the streets, he happened to see a parcel of those very birds imprisoned in a cage, on the shoulder of a bird-catcher. "Unhappy wretches," said he, "you now feel the punishment of your former neglect. But those who, having no foresight of their own, despise the wholesome admonition of their friends, deserve the mischief which their own obstinacy or negligence brings upon their heads.

MORAL.—Some will listen to no conviction but what they derive from fatal experience.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

IN a lower room in one of those narrow alleys of a great city, where Poverty has her dwelling-place, was a widow and her son. The boy stood at the window, gazing out into the murky darkness, thinking, perhaps, who would take care of his poor mother when he was gone, or looking forward into the future with youthful hopes and bright anticipations. But he saw not his mother bending over the little trunk, and arranging with all a mother's care each article; he saw not the doubts and fears which filled her breast, and like harbingers of evil weighed heavily on her heart and filled her eyes with tears. No; and it were better he should not.

The boy's dreaming was at length broken by his mother's voice:

"Charlie, I have forgotten one thing. Won't you run down to the store and buy it?"

The boy seized his hat and opened the door; but as he looked out into the heavy darkness he turned and said:

"Mother, it is dreadful dark! Place the light in the window so that I can find my way back."

The morn had come, and the time when the mother must take leave of her boy—her only child! when she must give him up to the cold, unfeeling world, and see him breasting with its angry surges.

"Charlie," she said, "take this—it is your mother's last gift. It is hard to send you forth into the world all alone, but forget not the lessons you have learned at home. Beware of evil companions! Meet the scoffs and jeers of those around you with a firm heart, and turn not from the true way. Beware of the intoxicating cup!—a drop may prove fatal—touch it not!

"Charlie, do you recollect the lamp I placed in the window last night to direct you home? When temptations assail you, when evil ones are around you, remember the pages of this sacred book, and let them be as a lamp in the window; not only reminding you of a mother's instruction and a mother's love, but guiding you heavenward to that holier and happier land above."

More she would have said, but tears were filling her eyes, and she would not make heavier his heart at parting. So placing her hand on his head (it might be for the last time), she gave him her benediction.

"God preserve and bless thee—good-bye."

Noble, true mother!—would that all were such! Where, then, would

be all this intemperance, destroying thousands of our young men, and crushing many a parent's brightest hope? Where, then, would exist all this crime, which conceals not itself at midnight, but stalks abroad openly at noonday?

Mothers, on you rests a great responsibility. To you is given this mighty work, to moralize the world. Now, in the susceptibility of youth, must those influences be brought to bear which will fit them for true manhood.

"Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may."

Impress upon their minds, now, those simple, healthful lessons; those noble, elevating truths, which when the darkness of sin envelops them, when temptations assail them, shall be lights in the window, leading them onward in the straight and narrow way.

MARBLES.

I say, Ben, did you notice
How scornfully Tom looked,
At seeing us play marbles,
As if his pride were shocked?

And, Ben, would you believe it?
Said Tom was once a boy,
And very fond of playing
With every kind of toy!

And why shouldn't boys play marbles?
It is a harmless game,
There is real earnest fun in't,
And old men do the same.

I've read of one Lord Elgin,
In years not long gone by;
Who found in Greece some marbles
Which took his lordship's eye.

He had them sent to England
With large expense and toil;
And now all England boasts them
As a most precious spoil.

And noble lords and ladies, [the sage,
The scholar and
Go oftentimes to see them—
Indeed, they're quite the rage.

Then let Tom turn his nose up,
Or turn it down, with pride—
These are our Elgin marbles,
And something more beside.

We have our China alley,
Lord Elgin didn't have that;
We have, besides, our agate,
Which he could not come at.

His were but simple marbles
Scrawled over with Greek signs—
Ours are select and varied,
And *we* know all the lines.

Then toss away, my cronies,
Lord Tom may please himself—
Marbles will still be marbles
When Tom's laid on the shelf.

H. H.

THE STORM BIRD.

"There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
There's lightning in yon cloud,
And, hark! the music mariners,
The wind is piping loud."

THIS was the burden of the petrel's song as she skimmed over the waves around the good ship Lapwing, speeding on to its distant port. But no word of thanks followed from the men on deck for the friendly warning.

"For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard."

"Regular devil's birds, those 'Mother Cary's chickens' are," said an old salt to a young one. "Look out for rough work when you hear them hawking and screeching about your ship, though you don't see a cloud in the sky. They know how to whistle up the wind, and the louder they screech, the heavier storm they'll bring."

The weary bird paused in the rigging a minute to smooth her somber wings, but not a feather of her gentle breast was ruffled by the unkind words she heard.

"They are always ungrateful to those who serve them best," thought she.

"You may know they are the devil's own," the superstitious sailor went on to say, "or how could they live away here, a thousand miles from shore, with nothing to rest a foot on? They make no nests, but hatch their eggs under their wings. No orderly land bird would do such an outlandish thing as that. Their master sends them out on his evil business, and they are never so well pleased as when they pitch a poor sailor to 'Davy Jones' locker.' Clear this ship, you black image," he said, hurling a stick at the main truck. "There, she has gone, and no one saw where. They come and go like the evil spirit they are."

Again the little bird was breasting the crested wave, having fulfilled her kindly mission, and warned the sailor of the storm of which her keener perceptions had given her notice. She had no chart or compass to steer by, yet she never faltered or lost her reckoning. Straight as a line she sped away to the far-off cliffs of her island home, and there, in the rayless night, she nourished the little nestlings she had left in their tiny nest in the rocks.

How often are the kindest hearts misunderstood, the simplest acts misrepresented, and the most faithful services undervalued and rewarded by base ingratitude!

"And thus doth the prophet of good or ill [eth still;
Meet hate from the creature he serv-
But *he* never falters; so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the wave on thy stormy wing." J. E. McC.

THE INDIAN FRIEND.

BY M. E. D.

[CONCLUDED FROM MARCH NUMBER.]

THROUGH that night, and for many days afterward, Tom lay in a burning fever, quite unconscious of all that was passing around him. The savages, with a refinement of cruelty peculiar to many of their race, deferred putting the children to death until he could be an eye-witness of the scene. In the mean time, Rudolph and Kitty were treated almost with kindness. They were well fed, and were given the softest deer-skins to lie upon at night. Finding themselves unharmed as the hours went on, the little creatures became more confident, and finally resumed their natural playfulness.

Kitty was never weary of the bright beads and ornaments of the Indian maidens, and Rudolph found great delight in shooting with the bows and arrows of the *papooses* or children, who in turn were wonderfully amused at the bad shots of the little pale-face.

Indeed, had Tom remained ill, the probability is, that the black marks on the young prisoners' faces would have worn away without any further injury being done them. But as he grew better the malice of his captors returned. They resolved not only to carry out their original plan of burning the children, but to put the sick pale-face to the extremest torture as soon as he was strong enough to afford them the requisite amount of sport on the occasion.

Preparations were accordingly commenced. Heaps of fagots were industriously piled against an oak tree which stood apart. Tom, with his arms tightly secured to his sides, was led out to withess the fearful scene. Rudolph and Kitty were stripped naked, and in spite of their struggles, bound side by side to the tree.

Already the wild dance of the inhuman murderers commenced. Frightful yells and whoops filled the air, and even women and little dusky children clapped their hands and shouted with fiendish delight. They brought armfuls of brush and laid it close to the pile.

Nothing was needed to complete the deed but to apply the fatal torches now sending forth hot lurid gleams into the pale air, and brandished by a dozen yelling savages.

At a signal from an aged chief the brush was lit. The fire cracked and snapped; soon its snake-like wreaths curled about the pile, sending thick smoke around the screaming victims, when suddenly the old squaw who had taken charge of the children since their arrival, rushed from the neighboring forest. Tearing through their midst, she flew to the pile of fagots, and with vigorous strokes scattered the burning wood in every direction. Then turning toward the astonished crowd, she addressed them passionately in the Indian tongue.

"The Great Spirit," she cried, "scowls upon you—the very flames hiss in the wet grass. The sons of

Ka-te-qua are gone to the happy hunting grounds of the dead.* Her wigwam is dark. The young pale-faces were to her like the water-lilies of the stream. Why, when she was in the forest, did ye steal them from her lodge like dogs?

"Is the tongue of Ka-te-qua forked? Has she not said that no warrior need hunt the deer for the young pale-faces? With her they shall grow like hickory saplings, towering with strength. The deer shall not be more fleet than they, nor the songs of the birds more glad. The sun shall paint their white skins. The love of the red man shall enter their hearts; they shall be as the young of our tribe. Unbind them! Give them to Ka-te-qua, or by the next moon a burning fever shall fall upon you. Like panthers will you bite the dust. All the waters of the great cataract can not quench your thirst, and your mightiest hunters will be as women."

She paused. A fine-looking chieftain arose and spoke:

"The sister of the great medicine† has spoken well. She dwells alone in her wigwam. Her arm is strong. Her eye is keen like the hawk's, the deer fall before her, and her arrow can find the heart of the grizzly bear. Her corn stands higher than the grass of the prairie. She can feed the young pale-faces. The Great Spirit gives them to her. Let it be so."

A council was held at once. This time more than half the chieftains passed the club on in silence, for Ka-te-qua was respected among them. Her brother had been a mighty "medicine man," and since his death many of the Indians regarded her with superstitious reverence.

* The Indians' heaven.

† Mystery-man or Indian prophet.

The children were unbound and borne in state to the old squaw's wigwam. From that hour, though they were closely watched and guarded, their lives were safe.

From the conduct of the Indians toward Tom, it was evident that his time for torture had not yet arrived. Taking advantage of the delay, and suspecting its cause, he had tact enough to seem weak as long as possible. In the mean time, the shrewd fellow took care to win the good-will of the tribe by taking apparent interest in their games and pursuits, and showing a great amount of admiration of their feats of strength and agility. He amused them, too, by the display of accomplishments peculiar to himself, such as whistling in close imitation of the songs of various birds, and performing slight feats of jugglery. He could bark like a dog and howl like a wolf, imitate the distant tramping of horses' feet, and give the sound of a whizzing arrow so perfectly that the oldest chiefs would turn their heads quickly in the direction of the sound.

By degrees, as Tom deemed it prudent to appear stronger, he would dance the sailor's dance for them, or sing wild rollicksome songs. In short, before many weeks had passed, he was a favorite among them, and was permitted to even wear the Indian dress, though they never allowed him to be unguarded for an instant.

During all these long weeks Rudolph and Kitty never forgot their home. They loved to talk with Tom about dear old Bouncer, though the little creatures oftener spoke of their parents and Bessie, as with arms lovingly entwined they lay at night upon their bed of sweet grass and deer-skins.

There was another person there be-

sides the children, who was not likely to forget Bouncer very soon. This was an Indian who, wounded and exhausted, had reached the settlement four days after the arrival of the prisoners. He had an ugly mark upon his throat, and another on his breast, and sulked aside from the rest of the tribe, as though he felt that his wounds were ignoble and a dishonor to his Indian birth. It was his blood that farmer Hedden had seen on that fearful night, and when the agonized father had more than once listened to what seemed to him the tread of some skulking wolf, he had heard this very Indian, who, half dead with pain and loss of blood, was dragging himself slowly into the depths of the forest.

Little Kitty soon noticed the "sick man," as she called him. In fact, as soon as she grew more familiar with the Indians, she often sought him in preference to the rest, and loved to sit upon the ground beside him and trace with her tiny fingers the patterns worked upon his leggings and moccasins.

One day, when Rudolph had shot a wild turkey with a bow and arrow, and was bearing it in triumph to Ka-te-qua, Kitty urged him to go with her and show it to her Indian favorite.

"Come, Rudolph, come show Logan," she pleaded; "come twick! he going away."

Rudolph assented. They found the warrior standing by a tree, fully equipped for the hunt.

He looked at the bird and gave a grunt not particularly flattering to Rudolph's vanity.

"I've shot *three*," said the boy, holding up three fingers to make his meaning clearer.

"Ugh!" grunted the savage again, "pale-face no shoot much."

"But I'm only a little boy," persisted Rudolph; "when I get big I'm going to shoot bears and buffalo. Did you kill the bears to get all those claws?" he added, pointing up to Logan's necklace, which was formed entirely of huge bear-claws strung through the thickest end.

"Ugh!" replied the Indian, nodding his plumed head; "me shoot him."

Rudolph looked at him in wonder. Suddenly his gaze became more intent.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "I know *you*, you came, almost frozen, into our kitchen last winter. Mother made you sit by the fire, and gave you some milk, and father talked to you and gave you a bag of potatoes."

Logan gave a sharp look at the boy, which showed that he understood his words. He stooped and said in a low tone:

"No speak—no tell Ka-te-qua," and stalked away to the spot where the other Indians had assembled, preparing for the hunt.

They saw him no more for weeks. Rudolph remembered his parting words, and though he could not fully understand Logan's meaning, he resolved to obey his command. Not even to Tom did he relate what had occurred.

Summer, autumn, and winter passed away, and then came the season when the Indians carried their largest supply of skins and furs to the distant town to trade for such articles as the white man would give in exchange—guns, knives, powder-pipes, blankets, and fire-water, as the Indians call intoxicating drinks.

When the party returned, they brought with them, among other things, a keg of rum; and after the

first welcome was over, they held a council.

It was soon evident that a fearful scene was to be enacted. The prisoners had seen something of the kind before, but never on so large a scale as this.

The Indians had decided to hold a revel in which nearly all the men were to drink fire-water until they could take no more.

Even savages know the horrible consequences of parting with their wits in this manner, and before the drinking commenced they appointed a few able-bodied Indians to remain sober, and take care of the rest. They then carefully deprived themselves of all their dangerous weapons—tomahawks, clubs, guns, arrows, and knives, and prepared for their fearful riot.

The scene that followed need not be described. The very beasts might have blushed to see the degradation to which these men voluntarily reduced themselves.

Soon the confusion became fearful. The few sober chiefs were constantly risking their lives in their efforts to prevent mischief. Women were screaming, and frightened children were hiding in every direction.

Tom had been given his share to drink, but had not tasted a drop. In the midst of the confusion, and while he, to satisfy the Indians, was reeling about among them, he felt a strong arm upon his shoulder.

"No move now," whispered a voice near him; "soon follow Logan—very drunk."

In a few moments, while the tumult was at its height, Tom saw Logan reeling toward the forest. Wondering what the fellow meant to do, yet filled with a wild hope, Tom watched his chance and stole after him by another path. When at last they met, Logan had Rudolph and Kitty in his arms, and staggering no more, was hurrying through the forest, armed with his bow and quiver, and traveling pouch. The astonished prisoner, after taking Kitty from his companion's arms, followed him in silence. Not for hours did Logan look back or speak, and then it was but to say a few hurried words:

"Logan was cold and hungry. The father of the little pale-faces fed him. Logan no snake — he grateful — he take 'em home."

Farmer Hedden was busily at work in the fields, looking ten years older than on that sunny day, nearly a year ago, when he had shouted a laughing "good-bye" to Tom and the little ones.

Bessie was trudging home, alone, from school, and Mrs. Hedden sat talking with her brother in the lonely cottage.

"No, no, Robert," she said at length, in reply to some appeal from her brother, "we can not go. I know it would be better for us all to sell the farm and go with you to Philadelphia. John thinks so, too, but it can not be; we can not leave this spot."

"Surely, Betsy," urged her brother, "you can not indulge in so wild a hope as to suppose—"

"No!" she interrupted, "I never dare to even hope for that now. I know my lost darlings are not in this world, and yet—and yet," she sobbed, though her eyes brightened at the words, "why not hope? why not think that perhaps—"

A shadow fell upon the threshold. What wonder that the mother sprang forward with a cry of joy! What

wonder that farmer Hedden, looking from the field, came bounding toward the house! Logan was there—Logan and little Kitty!

Clasping Kitty closer to her heart, Mrs. Hedden, raising her eyes to the Indian, gasped out: "And Rudolph? the boy—is he—"

She could say no more.

"Yes—boy all good," answered Logan, eagerly, "white man say break heart see two—he here."

"Heaven bless you!" cried the mother.

Just then farmer Hedden, Tom Hennessy, and Rudolph rushed in.

Oh, what a meeting that was! And Bessie, too, was in their midst before they knew it. Such laughter! such tears—such shouts of rejoicing had never been known in the Hedden cottage before.

All this time Tom's Indian dress had scarcely been noticed. At last Mrs. Hedden, grasping both his hands, exclaimed:

"Why, what in the world have you been doing with yourself? I knew you, though, the moment you came in. Oh, Tom, how you have suffered!"

Tom tried to answer her, but somehow his great faithful heart was overflowing, and he could only look at her with a tearful smile.

"'Taint nothing," he said at length. "It's all ended well, anyhow. But a fellow can't help thinking of his own folks, dead and gone, when he sees such meetings as this."

Mr. Hedden, who had been talking with Logan, walked over to Tom and placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"*We* are your folks now, my faithful fellow. God bless you! I can't ever repay what I owe you. Remember, our home is yours from this hour. I shall take no denial."

"Good!" laughed Bessie, clapping her hands; "now I shall have two brothers!"

Soon the red man turned to go. In vain the grateful parents tried to force their gifts upon him, and to persuade him to at least partake of some refreshments after his fatiguing journey.

His hunting pouch and his bow, he said, would furnish him all the food he required, and he must be far on his way before sundown.

As Tom gave him his hand, and the rest crowded eagerly about him, all, even to little Kitty, thanking him, over and over again, he waved them off with dignity.

"No thank," he said; "Logan hungry—you gave him food. Me come tell white man Indian no forget."

Tom expressed his anxiety lest Logan should suffer for his act when he returned to his tribe.

"Logan no fear," replied the Indian, with almost a smile upon his face; and nodding a farewell to Kitty, he strode majestically away.

Years ago the Heddens settled on a fine farm near Philadelphia. Rudolph and Kitty have doubtless walked many a time by the old hall where the Declaration of Independence was signed.

Bessie Hedden's children live not many miles from there now, but their names are Hennessy; so you see the maiden, probably, in the course of time, changed her mind about having Tom for a brother.

OPPORTUNITY is the golden spot of time. You will always have an opportunity of doing something if you do the duty that lies nearest you.

"LET IT GO, SIR, LET IT GO."

S I go into a good Sunday-school, and fix my eye on this or that noble-looking boy, or on this or that bright little girl, I often say to myself—"Will that little fellow make a man—a real, noble, valuable man?" "Will that nice little girl make a gentle, modest and beloved woman?" I know they won't unless each has something which nobody can give or lend. It must be a part of the child, and grow up with him. I mean character—the most valuable thing in the world. And character may be formed and obtained, if the little boy or girl will do two things every day:

1. Be ready to deny himself to any extent.

2. Act on principle at all times.

In the city of Boston is a large, very large field, which they call the "Common." Some cities call such places "parks," and some call them "squares." The "Common" has a high iron fence around it, and great shade trees, and beautiful paths crossing each other in all directions, and a beautiful pond, and in the summer a magnificent fountain. The Boston people think much of their "Common:" and well they may, for it is a very beautiful place for gentlemen and ladies to walk in, and for the boys and girls to play in. On the upper side of the "Common" is an old-fashioned stone house. It stands near the State House. It is called the "Hancock House," because nearly a hundred years ago it belonged to a gentleman named John Hancock. Well, there is the old stone house, very old, and worth a great deal of money. But what of it?

In the city of Philadelphia there is a plain old brick building, on Chestnut Street, with a large room in it. It is called "Independence Hall." The Philadelphians think much of it, and well they may, for it was in that room that the paper called the "Declaration of Independence" was signed by all those noble men who formed the first Congress. But what of that?

Now let us go back eighty-five years. Let us go into "Independence Hall." There sit those great and good men. They have a large paper on the table, which is the "Declaration." They are all ready to sign it. Our Boston friend of the stone house, John Hancock, is the presiding officer. He must sign it first. Several of the members whisper together, for it has just occurred to them that the British hold Boston, and that the moment Hancock writes his name, his stone house and all his property will be taken from him. In one moment he will be stripped of all! When he understood what they were whispering about, he stretched out his hand toward the paper, and cried out, "Let it go, gentlemen—let it all go!" and with his pen he wrote his name with a bold character!

There, now! Was not that self-denial, and was it not acting on principle? And was not that an example of great character? But you must understand that all this was the growth of his life. Men can not do great things who have not learned to do little things. If my reader wants to attain what is great

and good, let him every day remember John Hancock, and if he is called on to deny himself, cheerfully let him say, "Let it go, let it all go," that others may be benefited. Ten thousand such stone houses are not worth as much as to have Hancock act on principle, and deny himself as he did for the good of his country. Paul was a great example of this. The blessed Saviour was a greater still.

WHITHER TENDING.

Tell me, brother, whither tending
On the battle-field of life?
Hast thou thought upon the ending
Of the conflict and the strife?
Time is flying, men are dying,
Dying in their guilt and sin;
Every second one is falling,
And the truth is heart-appalling,
Some can never enter in
To the life of bliss unending;
Tell me, brother,
Whither is thy spirit tending?

Is thy life a scene of trial?
Does thy heart with sorrow glow?
'Tis by pain and self-denial,
Souls to heavenly meetness grow;
Don't be careless, don't be prayerless,
To your gracious suffering cling,
In the furnace, by the cross,
Christ will purge away thy dross,
And every sensual thing,
That thy spirit may be tending
To the life of bliss unending.

Knowledge is a tree. We must plant it when we are young if we would enjoy its fruit and shadow when we grow old. It requires a life-long growth to reach its full maturity and its richest fruit. Besides, the germ flourishes best and grows fastest in the virgin soil of the youngest mind.

GIRLS! HELP YOUR MOTHER.

How very often do we see daughters lolling on their sofa while their mother is toiling in the household. Can we believe in affection which quiets itself by the remark, "that poor mamma is so very active?" Why is she so, young lady? Because you, in your thoughtlessness, allow it. It has continued from year to year—from when you were too young to remember; and therefore it never strikes you that your duty should bid it cease.

Your mother is well fitted for leisure, elegant or otherwise, as yourself; your selfish indolence alone denies it her, and yet you calmly sign yourself her "affectionate daughter." Is it right, also, that she should be meanly dressed, while you step out arrayed like a print in a fashion book? How calmly you appropriate her ornaments, plume yourself in her feathers! Take her place for awhile—relieve her of some portion of her cares; thus only can we hope that your weekly prayer has been heard, that you do "honor your father and your mother"—that you have been "enabled to keep this law."

Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. It creeps over a man so slowly and imperceptibly, that he is bound tight before he knows it.

He is happier who has little, and with that little is content, than he who has much, and with it impatience for more.

There is no fault so small that it will disappear of itself. You must make a business of pulling it up by the roots, and throwing it away.

A TALK ABOUT FOWLS.

I ALWAYS loved pets, and as I lived upon a farm in my younger days, you may be sure I had plenty of them. There was "Plug," the short-nosed stumpy-tailed dog, that I taught to bring home the cows, carry my dinner to the field, keep the hens out of the garden, and make himself useful in many ways, all of which he seemed to like to do for me. Then there was Bess, my cosset lamb, that father brought home in her babyhood, and left in my care. No infant was ever better tended, or better paid for care. She grew to be the finest sheep on the farm, gave me yarn enough from her wool to make my stockings for years, took several premiums at the Fairs, and finally died in peace at the ripe old age of nine years.

But chickens were my especial liking. Some people think they are stupid, but that is because they have never learned their ways. I suppose a New Zealander would think the Yankees very stupid until he learned their language and the reasons for many of their customs which would seem queer to him. Now you may laugh at me if you will, but I have not a doubt that fowls think and reason, and have their likes and dislikes, and their passions—yes, and their fashions, all of which proves that they have minds of their own. Just watch a young brood of chickens as their careful mother leads them out in search of seeds, worms, and other choice bits for their food. Presently she snaps up a fat grasshopper and cries out, "Come, come, come!" in her own native language; and then how they scamper and crowd around her, and snatch for the prize as she drops it. Then you will see fun. One fortunate chick has seized it, and away he sends to some out-of-the-way corner to have it all to himself—for all the world like a

greedy school-boy with a piece of plum-cake. But another bright-eyed little fellow has spied him, and in a twinkling has seized the feast, and now there is a race between the two, until one gives up and "goes right to mother." But not a complaint does he make; he only looks out for the next bit of luck, and makes the best of it.

When chickens are only a few weeks old, they will play among themselves as merrily as any girls and boys just let out of school. Some will bristle up and show fight, all in fun; others will skip, and dance, and cut up as many capers as any frolicsome youngster. I have seen them suddenly dodge out from behind a log or stone into the middle of a group of their companions, just as you would spring from behind a door and cry out "booh!" to make your brothers and sisters jump.

Then what airs the young roosters put on when they begin to think themselves old enough to run away from their mother and look about the world on their own hook! How they strut, and talk big, and try to make speeches by crowing! No young dandy was ever more fond of displaying his graces before the eyes of the ladies than these young gallants are of parading their beautiful feathers and paying polite attentions to the pullets of their acquaintance. Then what jealous sparks they are! If a feathered aspirant for favor dares open his mouth to crow in presence of another, or to show the least favor to a young lady hen, he must be ready to do battle on the instant; they never lay up grudges to be revenged in some sneaking way, but fly to the onset, and display plucky courage that would do credit to a soldier.

Hens differ as much in their dispositions as any featherless bipeds. Some are the most careless of housekeepers. They will make their nests in any corner that they find, where the first passer-by may see and plunder their treasures. Some of my poultry would leave their eggs lying around loose in the barnyard, or wherever they happened to be. Some will hunt about until they discover a nest already containing a good supply, and add their own to the number; in fact, most of them choose to lay in a well-filled nest. Others are as shy about the business as partridges, and will so artfully conceal their housekeeping arrangements, that though you hunt in every corner of barn, shed, and hedge-row, not a trace of the sly creature's nest can be found; then some fine morning one of them will come parading around the kitchen door, bringing her large family of a dozen or more chicks for you to admire.

There is also great difference in the moral qualities of hens. One will take little care of her family after she has patiently coaxed them out of their snug quarters in the egg-shells; some of them pine away and die—others will "tough it through," but are driven away by their mother at a very early age to shirk for themselves, while she "returns to society." Another character will take good care of her own brood, but wo to the unfortunate little fledgeling of another family that comes to her for charity! No step-mother was ever more cruel than she; the luckless chick will speedily have "raw head and bloody bones." Then, again, a good, kind-hearted motherly hen will adopt any number of orphans that she can shelter, and allow the overplus to roost on her back without a murmuring cluck.

It is very amusing to watch the maneuvers of a hen with a brood of young ducks or goslings. Of course they will, at the first opportunity, waddle away to the first pond or brook and indulge themselves in swimming about, while their poor half-distracted mother will fret and worry around the edge, and insist that they are in danger, and cluck and call them in vain. A gentleman relates that on one occasion he saw a hen thus trying to bring back her stray goslings; they of course wouldn't come. At last, with the desperate resolution of a mother's anxiety, she flew out over the pond and alighted on the back of an old gander that was giving swimming lessons to the youngsters, where she remained until he brought her safe to land, followed by her wayward family.

Although the hen is naturally very timid—so that she will run from the youngest child, yet when she has young to protect, she seems to entirely forget all idea of fear. She will resolutely show fight to dog or cat or even man if they molest her brood. Instances are related where they have fought and killed snakes, rats, and other vermin under such circumstances. Everybody knows the pluck of the game-cock. One belonging to a neighbor of mine had been taught by the boys to show fight to whatever came in his way. He would fly in the face of a cow or ox, flap his wings and strike with spurs so vigorously, that the huge animal would usually speedily retreat. On one occasion I was teasing him by swinging my foot toward him, when he "struck out" with such force as to drive his spur completely through the thick leather of my boot, inflicting a painful wound. He afterward became really dangerous, as he would attack children, and had finally to be killed on this account.

Perhaps it may be new to some readers that fowls have quite an ear

for music, but I believe they really enjoy it. I have seen them apparently listening very attentively to the sound of a flute, and they seemed to enjoy it. Other animals show the same liking; and I know no reason why the hen may not love sweet sounds, even if she herself has not a very melodious voice. The previous picture shows a singing match between a canary bird and an ambitious hen; we have little doubt which would be pronounced the victor in such a contest, but like all singers, the hen could hardly be convinced that her voice was not as melodious as that of her little competitor.

Take them all in all, I think fowls anything but stupid; and if you will take pains to notice their habits and peculiarities, I have no doubt you will agree with me, and at the same time find amusement for many a pleasant hour.

No Good Deed Lost.—Philosophers tell us that since the creation of the world not one single particle of matter has been lost. It may have passed into new shapes—it may have been combined with other elements—it may have floated away in smoke or vapor—but it is not lost. It will come back again in the dew-drop or the rain—it will spring up in the fiber of the plant, or paint itself on the rose-leaf. Through all its transformations, Providence watches over and directs it still. Even so it is with every holy thought, or heavenly desire, or humble aspiration, or generous and self-denying effort. It may escape our observation—we may be unable to follow it—but it is an element of the moral world, and is not lost.

Let not the stream of your life always be a murmuring stream.

LEAVING HOME.

There is hardly a time in the life of a youth which seems to gather together so many tokens of a mother's affection and care, as when he is leaving the roof that has sheltered him from infancy, and going forth to prepare for, or to enter upon, the duties and scenes of life. That trunk, which no one but a mother can arrange and pack, is filled with the work of her own hands; work which she has done while he was, perhaps, asleep, or at play; on which her tears have fallen as she anticipated the moment of separation; and over which her prayers have often been silently offered for blessings on her child. Piece after piece is carefully put away, while the children look on and talk cheerfully of the morrow, and know not the anxiety and care that is passing in the mother's heart. All is at length arranged, and on the last layer is placed a Bible, on the fly-leaf of which is written the mother's earnest wish, that her child may take that blessed volume as his guide through life. And when he is far away, amid scenes that are strange and new, if there is one motive next to the desire to obey God, that should, above all others, induce him to abstain from evil, and to act wisely and virtuously, it should be the wish to please his mother, and to repay her kindness and care. Nothing will so surely do this as the knowledge that her son remembers her instructions, obeys her commands, even while absent, and is growing up in wisdom and virtue.

Thoughts of amendment, never completed, are like the walls of a building left unfinished, which soon moulder away.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WE are glad to extend greeting to several thousand new Chatterers, who have "come into our lines" the last few months and taken the oath of allegiance to the Merry circle, and hope they will make themselves at home at once. We trust all will feel free to write for the Chat, and send answers to the puzzles, remembering the rule, that the real name must be sent to Uncle Robert, which will be for his use alone.

The Merry Badge has far exceeded our expectations, and we have sent off a large number of them to those who have sent us new subscribers, which will be worn in proud remembrance of the effort necessary to obtain them.

We wore it at the great Sanitary Fair in Brooklyn, and found it worked charmingly. There were very many of the Merry family there, including Aunt Sue, who has labored as faithfully and cheerfully for the benefit of our noble soldiers as she has for the Merry family. The great success of the post-office department of the Fair was mostly due to her unceasing efforts. The letters were excellent. We received one, accompanied with a sketch, which we have had engraved for our readers. It is as follows:

I will not now consume your time
By any prosy theme,
But just inclose a winter sketch,
As fancied in a dream.

U. C. SNOW.

BROOKLYN, *Feb.* 22, 1864.

March 10, 1864.

DEAR MERRYS:—If friends forget friends in a year's time, my chance of being recollected by you is surely not very flattering. Indeed, I fear I have nearly forfeited my place by long silence; not a corner stone, but a damsel in a corner—quite a broad distinction between the two.

Uncle R., you must enlarge your "sanctum," the crowd is increasing so fast, or adjourn to some camp district, during these coming summer months. The old grove would be witness to fine times, I reckon, and all would be reported in due season to us poor unfortunates at home.

The badge is *so pretty*, and such a splendid premium for so little labor, I shall prize it *most highly*.

Elfie D., don't you despair of securing a badge when I have succeeded, and by my own exertions, going from house to house, etc., although I would recommend to you to improve on Uncle R.'s suggestion, and invite some young gentleman cousin to assist you, especially if the mercury ever stands at ten degrees below zero in your district, and you are to take that day for a mission; make the article useful when you can. I was going to say valuable article, for the scarcity of the genuine makes it so. The Merrys are all of the best brand—some superfine double extra.

Wilforley, one of those young lady friends has settled for life—possibly in B. The other has spent a splendid winter in the same place. Many times did her range of vision include the "oak."

A. E. D., not many months since I met *a* young lady who had called with her father at your house. The final initial was W. She had returned from a three-years' *sojourn* in Europe; showed her your photograph; she thought it very much like you. Are you and Dan H. B. acquaintances?

Oh, Dan, rural school-madams do not travel very extensively, hence you won't meet me "by chance." Don't shed tears; hope you will have many pleasant rencounters with Merrys. Marian, you belong to the sisterhood, do you?

W. A. R., do you include yourself among the killing kind?

Wanderer, F. W. C. C., I'm greatly obliged for favors; will endeavor to pay debts soon.

Adieu for a short time. NELL OF B.

GLENDALE, *Feb.* 3.

Will Uncle Merry give a poor stranger a kindly welcome? or will an ominous hatchet be raised over my defenseless head as I tremblingly raise the latch and stand on the threshold with downcast eyes and quivering lips? Will not a kindly glance be cast on the intruder? will not a kindly hand be put in mine, and lead me up to each one of the Merry cousins, and introduce me in true country style?

I should be glad to see your photos, for I have just got me an album, and I should like it filled with cousins' photos. Please to speak a good word for me.

Good-night all. How many will speak to NUISANCE?

Send along your photo to Uncle Robert, with your full address, and we will "abate" the same by shutting it in the album.

War! war! war!

Hurrah for Queen Fleta!

Toss up your caps, oh, ye Merryites!

Winnie, tremble in your capital, but —please send photog.

The proclamation forever! and hurrah for the *one* queen.

Romance, don't you take the least notice of my "lots of love?" Don't you see how much I want to get your notice fixed on my humble "pusson?" Please take a "shine" to me, and send picture-graph. No promise of exchange, however.

Oh, hard-hearted Puss, would you scratch my two eyes out with anger, at my unpardonable impudence in daring to write to your Pussyship?

Miss Van, is I "spunky?" Do you remember of having seen, once, a meek chicken after the form and fashion of J. J.? In what respect must I "hurry up?"

A. N., "don't you wish you knew?" Put on your thinking cap.

Black-Eyes, was the photog the reason for excommunicating me from your handwriting? or did you never get said phiz? If so, N. Van, wo! wo!

L. W. C., come to Concord, and see if you can find me. Ask a certain Miss D. for directions, and look hard into nearly sixteen-year-old faces.

Yours for war, letters, and photogs,
JOLLY J.

Alas, poor Winnie! She has "changed her base," and is now a Star of another magnitude, and gone far toward the setting sun to establish her "capital" and reign supreme in the "land of gold," among the lesser stars. We trust, however, she will continue to "shine" in our golden circle.

EVERYWHERE, *Jan.*, 1864.

DEAR COUSINS:—Many thanks for the kind welcome you have all given me.

Phene F., what is the trouble about you? Are you not a *particular* friend of Hattie Lee, and is not Lawnville in imagination?

Ol Onley and C. F. W., where are you? Why don't you rally in defense of the Boston p. g.'s, and explode this Parrot—no, Columbiad—I mean Columbian?—there, that's it.

Vera Lee, I echo your sentiments.

All hail to our soldier boys!

What will you find next to make a row in the Chat about, my irritable friend Leslie?

D. H. B. has to suffer; by the way, where is that aforesaid sandwich—buried in mustard to make him sharp, and flanked by a bread-and-butter poultice to make him cool for his next letter?

Jasper, look out; don't get D.-E. Girl in your hair, for if you do—we'll—find out.

Alice Clayton, please send me your address per Uncle Merry. I wish to make your acquaintance for several reasons.

Well, Wanted A Recruit, so you think I'm not rightly named; glad to hear it; hope, before I've done, to know you better.

Devereux, if Jasper joins the *cavalry*, do you prefer the *infantry*?—understand?

Coz. Ida, if you want my address, please ask Blue-Eyes, for I was near her one evening, when she teased me more than I've yet had a chance to pay back. As for Fleta, I think I understand, and, if so, agree with you; by the way, in another connection, wouldn't it answer to change the R to L? You are right, as regards S-ham. Is *he* or *she* most applicable to L. F. R.?

Coz. Blue-Eyes, do you know me? If not, I'll tease you a little in the discovery, and by so doing, partly square accounts.

I'm ready for a scrape, Lillie; shake hands, and—well—we'll imagine the rest.

How about that essence? Are not all girls sweet enough without being squeezed?—although I believe it is liked by some in small(?) doses.

Coz. Nellie, will you please send me some pickles by the underground telegraph at once? As for capers, I'll cut as many with you as you like.

I will send my photo, Mamie, as soon as I am looking well enough (after my sickness) to have a passable picture; but in the mean time I would be most happy to receive yours, promising to recip. as soon as possible, as I wish to see a sample of the T. G. I. girls, as I've heard so much of them. Adios,

TEASER.

Feb. 17, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE:—I humbly beg a place in your Merry Chat.

I like all the cousins, especially the girls, and want to become better acquainted. I hope my coming will not presage a W. A. R. in your midst.

Puss, I like your *mews(ic)* very much.

Like Barnum, Uncle Robert has a "happy family" in his MUSEUM.

Has any one a welcome for a roving

COMET?

NEWARK, *March* 4, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—It is now more than a year since Aunt Sue introduced me to the Chat, and although I have written to her ever since, I have never yet got my courage raised high enough to run the risk of that dreaded *manipulator*. I would like to say a few words to some of my Merry friends if I had any hope of their ever seeing it. However, I will venture.

Fred W. C. C., I hope the lady whom you so poetically addressed will appreciate the beauty which is displayed in your lately published lines.

M. L. Dolbeer, how long must I wait for the letter which is due me?

Ernest, why *didn't* you call on New Year's day? I expected you. Are you still out of the needful? I am ready to X, whenever you are.

Grasshopper, am I never more to see or hear from you?

Juanita, am I very audacious in asking an exchange? Did you recognize my card? I was very glad to return the lost article.

Winifred, you never acknowledged the receipt of my *visite*. Did it reach you safely?

LOUISE.

MARIETTA, O., *March*, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have long wished to belong to the number of your correspondents, but have not had the courage to address you until to-day. I have read the MUSEUM for several years. I should like to correspond with some of the "Merry Cousins," if they would be so kind as to notice a new cousin. Teaser, Jasper, Mignionette, and Daisy W., Busy Bee, Fleta Forester, Curlyhead, and all of you, won't you take pity on a poor little

PRAIRIE ROSE?

WYANDOTTE, *March* 4, 1864.

My name is Sorry Cousin. Will you bear such a fellow in your company? Of course he don't belong to the Merry family, but he should like to steal sometimes into your parlor and listen to your merry chat. He will be silent, and try to be merry. So do not push him out, but cheer him up Will no one try? Uncle Hi has my address.

There is no place in the Chat for "Sorry" Cousin. Take a look in through the open door, and if then you are still "sorry," please do not come again. "A rose by any other name," etc.

NEW YORK, *March* 11, 1864.

DEAR COUSINS ALL:—As Uncle Robert said that I might come again, I am here for a chat with the cousins. Osceola, I haven't heard of Fanny A. C. very lately, I should think that *you* would know how *she* is.

Wanderer, how did you enjoy yourself in New York at New Year's? I was very sorry that you would not stay longer. Leslie, what do you think of the proclamation?

Grasshopper, did you receive my letter? if so, why haven't you answered it? Also Winnie, Leslie, and others?

Oliver Onley, are you ready to exchange?

I tremble for fear this will share the fate of so many others, so I will bring it to a close. Your flighty cousin,

IDA MAY.

LAND OF WOODEN NUTMEGS,
March along the 9th.

MERRYS ALL:—Dr. D., have you been practicing, that Devereux is out in a tirade against mosquitoes? Hope you did not stick your doctor's *bill* in her face. She evidently fails to perceive the truth of your remark, that "two hearts that *beat* as *one*" are the *ace*tate of life—thinks it the *deuce*, or *S*omething *N*ear it.

Puss sent my photo "long, long ago." Shall I ever have your *cata*graph? Will be willing to try again for such a *cat-as-trophy*.

Ol O., you are a bashful youth—think if we had found a *daisy* among the *pines*, would have given her some *lip* (like the little birds in our valentine) in spite of any *cousin*. Yours was truly a sad *lot*.

Jasper, was your sell a dam*sel?*

Ella, do you like *ep*som salts?

Josie, we send a whole *batch* of love—wilt exchange? *Cartes*, we mean.

W. A. R.

I think *she* does "fail to perceive!" When *A Real* sharper is so well sold, we can see where the laugh comes in, or "*S*omething *N*ear it."

Devereux, did you ever see such a "wooden nutmeg?" Shall we ever have a *greater?*

ST. PAUL, *Jan.* 25, 1864.

DEAR COUSINS:—Since I last saw you the old year has gone, and the new one has come. Many happy hours may it bring to you all.

Saucy Nell, are you going to be as saucy as ever this year? I hope not.

If any of the Merrys ever come to St. Paul, I hope they will let me know.

NEVA.

March 7, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE:—I must write and thank you for that "pooty" badge you sent me; it well paid for all the trouble I had in raising the club.

W. A. R., I should think you "Was All Rong" from the style of your last letter.

Fiddlesticks, T. G. I. is a "female seminary."

A. Van A., *I* want your address—mayn't I have it?

Wilforley, somebody asked me if your "pictur" was worth having. What shall I say?

Winnie, where are you? *Please* write to me and send me your "photo."

Uncle, I think Pontiac must be a meteor instead of a star, for he only appeared to disappear.

I have just got a new album and would like to fill it with "Merry" faces. Won't some of my "cousins" take the hint? Tattler, Fiddlesticks, Grasshopper, Minnie, Elfie Dryad, Dan H. B., Tommy, and Jasper, and a host of others, please send me your *c's de v.*

Uncle, please leave out the "cuts" in this, and much gratify MAMIE.

BROOKLYN, *Feb.* 23, 1864.

DEAR UNCLES:—Were any of the cousins present at the entertainment given by the "Poly Boys?" If they were, I suppose they will heartily concur with me in thinking that Gustav Fincke is a very noble boy. I should think there were not many boys who would act as he has done.

Hattie Lee, aint you coming over to our Fair. I assure you it is well worth seeing. Wilforley, of course you will be there; don't forget to put on the "Merry Badge." Are you going to be a "Marshal?" MAMIE E. M.

Of course Wilforley and Hattie were there and wore their badges. Were you in the New England kitchen? You could have seen us there almost every day of the Fair.

ROCKFORD, ILL., *Feb.* 29, 1864.

UNCLE MERRY:—I want you now to introduce me to all the Chatterers—the pretty girls and the witty boys—and I would respectfully invite all the Chatterers not to use me very hard at first, for I am not used to being hammered and clawed, and I might take offense at it and do something I would be ashamed of. Gentlemen and ladies, as the orator said, I'm done—whar's my hat?

HICKORY.

GLENDALE, N. T., *Feb.* 26, 1864.

DEAR MERRYS:—Haven't we got a glorious badge? I think so. Harry P. Child, I claim you as a brother. Welcome to the parlor, Moss Pink. Fleta F. and Daisy W. come and see me, and I will return the call as soon as possible.

Cousin Sue, where are you? I have not seen you since your first appearance.

Yours, *Merryly,* JULIA E.

WAYNESBORO', *Feb.*, 1864.

Sharpshooter, I like your *fair*spoken letter; and now, to act *fair*ly, won't you X with me? Till then, *fare*well.

Jessie Bell, please write to me, and do not keep the advantage long. My address is in the Jan. number.

Josie and Leslie, I have your address. Will you exchange?

Phene F., A. E. D., Down-East Girl, I send my best *respec(k)ts*. Puss, I sent my *carte*, and have as yet received no answer.

Thanks to the cousins who sent me their *c's de v.*

Your Merry servant,
SPEC(K)TATOR.

Extracted Essences.

ESTELLE is not too young to be Merry. You see we have enlarged our circle to admit new members.

TITANIA wishes to exchange with Jean du Casse and all the Merry cousins. Many thanks for your kind letter. The love to the cousins I hand over to them. Winnie is getting her share.

LOUISA A., BLUE BELL, COQUETTE, BRIGHTIE, SETH, and ALBERT C. will please send address, that we may know where they are from.

ARREARS, hope you will have no difficulty in understanding and *answering* the hieroglyphical rebus in this number.

FALL RIVER ROUTE TO BOSTON.—This deservedly popular route between New York and Boston, under its new management, continues in favor with the traveling public, and is well patronized. The boats and accompaniments are of the first class, and no pains are spared to make this route pleasant and comfortable to all. We always wear the "Merry Badge" conspicuously on these boats, and always find friends.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

ALPHA wins the prize for the greatest number of correct answers to the February puzzles.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

80. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 5, 1, 7 is an article of food.
My 11, 3, 6, 2 is a sign of the zodiac.
My 13, 1, 2, 12, 3 is to exert the muscles.
My 9, 14, 10 is a building.
My 8, 4, 7, 2 is an animal.
My whole is a distinguished person. *J. M. Dodge.*

81. Forward and backward spelling the same,
I give you four Christian, and one surname;
Initials and finals now arrange,
And my whole I know you won't exchange. *Harry Bowles.*
Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed:

82. A large —— will make some ——. *C. M. E.*

83. He found a —— in —— among his ——. *Grasshopper.*

84. A —— is one thing, and —— is the same. *A. E. G.*

85. A long —— has no —— for me. *Comet.*

86. —— and —— are cousins (neither of their names is "Mary"). *Hickory.*

87. Take a relation, a cross, a pronoun, a building (in sound), a pronoun, and an article, and arrange them so as to form the name of one who is creating quite a sensation in the political world. *Birdie.*

88. Of syllables five I now can show;
My first an equality is, I know.
If you take my second, nought will remain;
My third's a small letter I maintain,
My fourth has blunted many an axe,
My fifth has clothed full many backs.
And now, if you'll take the pains to look,
My whole may be shown you by any book. *A. S. W.*

89. Curtail a flower, transpose and leave a fruit.

90. Curtail a flower, transpose and leave a musical company. *Merrimac.*

91. Curtail an animal, transpose and leave a laborer. *May of Irvington.*

92. Transpose a mineral into a fish. *H. A. Danker.*

93. Transpose "*the rag's cameo*" into an animal. *Aubrey.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

94. Hit that fellow Shaw with your boot! *Alpha.*

95. Strike her also! *Coy.*

96. Enumerate her pedestals. *E. W. W.*

97. Utter reproaches, and scoff, Highway! *Ned W.*

98. 500525050150. *May of Irvington.*

99. I am composed of seven letters; the first six will tell where the article made by the first five is used: my whole is a lady's name. *A. Older.*

100. My first is a fluid of many compounds—
Contains life and death where'er it abounds;
My second's a letter which rule disregards,
Eschews politics—the softs and the hards.
My third is a road, broad, narrow, or long,
Crooked, straight, hedged in, hard, soft, open, or strong.
My whole is a wonder, it illumines the skies,
And tells its own greatness to open our eyes. *W. A. R.*

101. Four syllables justly I claim,
My first two united will be
A man's or a boy's first name,
My third as a pronoun you'll see.

In music my fourth is employed
To bring the grand scale to perfection,
From which it is often decoyed,
And used as a mere interjection.

As a term of endearment I'm used;
I was once the fair child of a king;
By the Fates I was sadly misused,
But 'tis not of my sorrows I'd sing. *Ella S.*

102. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 11, 2, 7, 10 is a bird.
My 13, 1, 5, 3 is a house.
My 14, 6, 4, 9 is a bird.
My 12, 8 is a conjunction.
My whole is the name of one of the cousins. *Nedloh.*

103. I am composed of 25 letters:
My 12, 9, 6 is part of the body.
My 5, 11, 1 is an animal.
My 23, 4 is a verb.
My 17, 15, 21, 18, 13, 24 is a [color.
My 1, 7, 8 are animals.
My 3, 2, 10 may be found in a crockery store.
My 19, 21, 22, 16, 24, 25 belongs to the feathered tribe.
My 20, 14, 16 is a measure.
My whole is one of the defenders of the Union. *D. P. & W. W. W.*

104. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.

WHAT
U O.

Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of next month.

Answers to Questions in Feb. No.

32. Earth, heart.
33. Springfield.
34. Poe, poem.
35. Academy of music.
36. Hypostatic.
37. FERTILE. Rifle, trifle, tie, Eli, file, fire, fête, fie, fee, ire, etc.
38. Stage, gates.
39. Animal, lamina.
40. Myra, Mary, army.
41. Time, mite, item, emit.
42. Audience, due a nice.
43. Herring, her ring.
44. Flibbertigibbet, liberty gib Bet.
45. Ait, bit, Cit, dit, fit, hit, kit, lit, nit, pit, sit, tit, wit.
46. Soudan.
47. Maryland.
48. Because he is abridging and crossing it.
49. Shipment.
50. Ivy (IV).
51. Postage.
52. Parable.
53. North, south, east, west.
54. Cloven.
55. Charleston.

ALPHA answers all but 37, 42.
E. W. W. answers all but 37, 42, 48.
Florian answers all but 37, 42, 48.

Amity Street answers all but 36, 42, 48, 55.

Louise B. answers all but 37, 48, 51, 55.

Mary A. E. answers all but 36, 37, 42, 48.

Comet answers all but 36, 37, 42, 46, 48, 53.

"*Tumaqua*" answers all but 36, 37, 42, 46, 48, 50.

Coy answers all but 34, 36, 37, 42, 48, 51, 52, 55.

Blanche answers all but 36, 37, 42, 44, 48, 51, 53, 55.

Arthur Pancost answers all but 36, 37, 42, 43, 44, 48, 51, 52, 55.

Aubrey answers all but 36, 37, 42, 44, 45, 48, 50, 51, 52.

C. W. J. answers all but 36, 37, 42, 44, 48, 50, 51, 52, 53, 55.

Titania answers all but 32, 36, 37, 38, 42, 44, 45, 46, 48, 51, 55.

Maria W. M. answers all but 36, 37, 38, 41, 42, 44, 45, 50, 51, 52, 55.

Grasshopper answers 34, 35, 41, 45, 47, 48, 49, 51, 54.

Julia E. answers 33, 34, 40, 41, 47, 53, 54.

Victor Perry answers 32, 33, 34, 35, 43, 47, 54.

Red Wing answers 32, 34, 35, 39, 53, 54.

Hero answers 32, 33, 35, 47, 49, 54.

W. A. B. C. answers 33, 34, 35, 47, 54.

A. Van A. answers 34, 35, 49, 55.

Tim Bee answers 33, 34, 35, 54.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. S. W.—You can't wonder that I was suspicious after the "inexpediency" you admitted.

Art.—You sent no answers with your puzzles.

Lily of the Valley.—You are as welcome as the spring.

Victor Percy.—"Medical" should have been "musical;" but "accidents will happen in the best regulated"—type.

Aubrey's answer to No. 42 is—"To the first one of the Merry *antecedents* who answers this correctly will be *sent a decent* photog," etc. *Louise*, don't you think you ought to send him a decent one? *Aubrey* assures the Merrys that though a stranger, he likes them all. As if any Merry *could* be a "stranger!"

Grasshopper would like *Rosebud's* address, and wishes to ask *Jessie Bell* if she is acquainted with *Humming Bird*—entreats me not to "twist his message up into Irish," as I "did the last" (!); he was "real provoked" with me. He is "disgusted with the Brooklyn people!" because he went to the Fair with a Museum sticking out of his pocket, and no one came rushing up to him to shake hands. Brooklynites, I leave *Grasshopper* in your hands! I am a little afraid that you will have to send for Rarey on his account; but you might try first what gentleness will do with him.

Blanche.—If I have wronged any one, I forgive that one (!). I was scarcely a responsible person last month, so absorbed was I in Sanitary Fair matters. You see I was on the P. O. committee, wrote over 300 letters; the office made over $800. I did manage to send your *carte* to *Merrimac*, but for your answers, alas! I fear they went astray. Will you not forgive me, under the circumstances? "About" is one word—"a contest," two. Yours is the first criticism I have received on 167; I never thought about the "*whole*" being a verb."

Red Wing.—The two conundrums you send are very old ones. We have talent enough among our Merry puzzlers to manufacture original enigmas; so we never want any second-hand ones.

S. D. B.—We are much obliged, and would like more of the same kind.

Maria W. Marshall.—The young lady you mention does "sign her real name." I don't know whether the other has "committed matrimony" or not. *Uncle William* and *Uncle Hiram* are different individuals; the world would be a loser were they but one. You are correct about the latter's real name. I sent your address to a young gentleman who is anxious to "exchange;" was that right?

Julia E.—I have the addresses of *C. F. W.*, *C. D. W.*, and *A. S. W.*, but not of the *W.* you inquire about.

W. A. R.—Yours of March 12th was duly forwarded.

A. Van A.—I already have two correct answers to puzzle 56. Had it been left as you sent it, it would have been but a simple anagram.

Alpha.—Is your address the same as it was in March, 1861?

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *G. D. Swezey*, *H. C. Hazen*, *Hero*, *Coy*, *Harry Bowles*, *Lily of the Valley*, *A. E. G.*, and *Comet*.

COME OUT.

Come out! for the spring buds
Are bursting with glee,
And the spring birds are calling
For you and for me.

Come out in the morning,
Early and gay,
And taste the first incense
Of sweet-breathing May.

Come out in the garden,
Come out in the fields,
Come out with the fresh blooms
The spring-time yields.

Come out on the hill-side,
Come out in the dell,
Come out in the valleys
Where the wild flowers dwell.

Come out in the sunshine,
Come out in the breeze,
Come out with the wild birds
That sing in the trees.

Come, gather the violets
Sprinkled all round,
Like blue-eyed elves peeping
Up from the ground.

Come, drain out from moss-cups
The clear crystal dew,
Where Iris holds revel
In green, red, and blue

Come, sit in the shadow
Of the old spreading tree,
And hear a good story
From Uncle P. P.

"TOO SMALL."

"LITTLE gentle Kittie Hawthorne exclaimed:

"I shall give up trying to do any good; aunty says I am 'too little to make any one happy.' It is *too* bad; I had formed such glorious resolutions, and now I can't do anything, because I am too small!"

It was a happy little face that peeped out from that sun-bonnet trimmed with quaker gray; curly, golden hair, bright blue eyes, and a cunning little mouth that said "she couldn't do anything because she was too little."

It was just this way: Kittie had stayed awake an hour — one whole hour!—last night, with the rain pattering upon the shingles overhead, and in her own little brain had formed plans for the future—such great things she would do. She could make the bad people in the world good, the troubled heart happy —she, Kittie Hawthorne.

To be sure she didn't exactly know how all this was to be done, but she had an indistinct idea of "victuals and drink," and —love.

Now when she had got up with her head all full of it, Aunt Maria had laughed at her.

"She was a silly little piece, and *so* small." Poor little thing! So she must give it up! Then she sat down and cried, and wondered why she was put into the world if she was not to do any good.

Meanwhile her aunt, busy about her work, never thought of the little childish face that had looked up into hers half an hour ago, with its sunny smile and bright blue eyes dancing merrily as she said:

"Aunty, can't *I* do any good in the world?"

And Aunt Maria had said, "No," thinking it was an odd question for a girl to ask.

She was so sorry—Kittie Hawthorne —that she couldn't do any good. So she rolled herself up in her own sorrow, and threw herself down upon the grass under the shade of a great elm, the gentle swaying of the branches to and fro rocking her to sleep. And just as she stepped from the life real to dream-land, she heard the little

birds 'way up in the topmost branches singing "too small, too small!"

Then she heard a little bell, "tinkle, tinkle," oh, so sweet!—sweeter than any sound she had ever heard, and a little fairy voice said, "Little girl with the golden hair, poor little girl with the golden hair, so you think you can do no good to mankind? You are a little thing, but we are smaller. Shall I tell you a fairy story?"

"Tinkle, tinkle," the bell rang again; silvery sweet its tone was, and suddenly hundreds of little beings, bright and beautiful, danced on the velvet lawn.

There was a little bustling, a flutter of wings, and the one who was brighter than the others said, "This little one wishes to know what she can do for the weal of the world. Tell her what you can do, have done, and still hope to do."

Golden-locks held her breath to listen to the words of a little thing that fluttered her wings and said, "Little Golden-locks, since I left this place, I have met with various adventures. In the first place I came to a fisher's cot on the sea-shore, and there was a boy there sick unto death; and oh, Golden-locks, I have seen the mother weep, and strike her breast, and call for help; and I brought hope to her soul, and the woman seemed happier. Then I went to the grand fête at the king's palace, and there was dancing, and music, and revelry; but when the music was sweetest, when the laugh was loudest, I saw one whose face struck me with compassion. It was a very sinful face—pride and fashion ruled her, wealth had changed her heart to stone. Somehow I softened that heart, and when she feared that there was no good for her hereafter, I told her there was hope if she gave up the glitter of sin and the lust, and —she is a better woman now.

"Next I saw an old man leaning on his staff, and Death was looking over his shoulder. Yet the old man did not see him—did not see the figure behind him, so *very* near; and when I told him that Death was knocking at his door, he shuddered and threw up his arms madly, crying, 'I have lived a bad life.' I told him there was yet hope; that if he strived now to live a good life, tried to be better, Death would lose his sting, and *he* could win the victory. That was all, madam."

And Golden-locks sighed a little, but the bright little being heard her, and said: "Poor little girl! what is the matter now?"

"I can never do so much," she said; "I'm too small." And the leaves up above whispered "too small."

"Couldn't you bring hope to a mother's heart that her son might live? tell a worldly selfish woman that she must give up all that she has and live a good life, and that then there would be hope for her? show an old man on the banks of the river of Death that there was still hope for him, even if he had not been all that was good and noble and true, if he struggled now to be saved?"

And Golden-locks didn't say she was too small to do *that*. And another was called, with a face that Kittie thought she had seen. Perhaps it was the picture of Faith over the mantle, for they were both looking at something away off—perhaps a cross. And she said: "I have done three things since I went away. I brought to a woman toiling in a factory—with the roar of great wheels above her, the noise, the dust, the worn-out men and women around her—faith, that al-

though life was to her not all a holiday, yet there would come to her a peace by and by, a great, lasting rest; that all the old troubles and cares would be forgotten in that rest, if—she would have faith. She had thought once there was no God—that her life was very hard, that there was nothing better in waiting for her. She prayed that night, Golden-locks.

"Then I stole into a mother's heart, watching her last watch over her little dead boy. Oh, it was too hard! she could not bear it. 'Why was he taken, the brightest, the best?' I told her how much happier he was now, how free from all the petty cares and trials that waited her on the 'to-morrow.' That instead of curses she should give thanks.

"Lastly, I went to a prisoner's cell and whispered in at the iron gratings —'Faith! if you are honest, fear not; it will all come out right by and by, only have faith.' And the sunlight fell on his brown face, and *I* thought he was more of a true man than the jailers told me."

Then she went away; and Golden-locks wept and said, "she could never do all that." And the one who had spoken to her before said: "Could you not cheer a lone woman and show her the rest hereafter? Could you not comfort a woman alone with Death? and take down one ray of light to a captive's cell?"

And Golden-locks didn't say she was too small to do *that*.

One other came, and said: "Little girl, all that I can tell you is what you see around you every day. I have brought life and food to a widow's home, clothed the fatherless, nourished the forsaken, given food to the needy. The poor have called me their mother, for I have given my life to them. Do you know me, little girl? When you gave your money, which you were saving to buy a doll, to a poor beggar to buy a loaf of bread, I was near you. Do you know what men call me?"

And the little girl said, faintly, "Charity;" and the moment she said the word the light fell upon her face and woke her up, and the leaves were not singing as before, "too small, too small," but she thought they said "do your best." Then she rubbed her eyes and thought it all over. That was it, certainly. Of course she couldn't do any one *great* thing, but every day to do some little good, every day to do some little thing that would draw her nearer to perfection, and the leaves wouldn't murmur all the time "too small."

JOLLY JINGLE.

PRAISE THE LORD.

PRAISE the Lord! praise the Lord!
Is borne upon the breeze;
Never ending is the song,
It rings through all the trees.

Ceaselessly the billows beat
Upon the sandy shore;
Praise Him! is *their* constant song,
Praise Him! more and more!

The birds, the winds, the waterfalls
Sing praises to His name;
All nature joins in one wild song
His greatness to proclaim.

Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!
Praise Him, every nation;
Saints and angels join the song
Resounding through creation.

LESLIE.

MEN of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

"GO-AHEAD," AND THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILIP SNOW'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

CHRISTMAS! Harken, little children, one moment to the music of that word. Say it over softly to yourselves.

What does it tell you? All of music that your ears will ever hear, all the sweetest words that ever will be lisped to you are in the word Christmas. Christ came, Christ is coming—joyous! beautiful! glad!

Do you not think the angels lean out of heaven—listen from over the jasper walls—set the precious gates ajar, to hear our Christmas carols? Let us sing them with shouts of joy—Christ is coming!

How the ages are building up Christ's throne—a throne of human hearts. It is growing year after year; shall your heart have place in it?

Yes, Christmas was coming again, and the clouds gathered in council and let fall a pall of white velvet for Christ's coming; and so the brown old earth wore velvet and ermine for the coming of its King.

The village of S—— came near being threaded among the beads on the Hudson; but just escaping the white villages that the river wears, it hangs like a pendant away among the hills, near it, and yet not of it.

Christmas was coming to the village of S——, and the hours cried, "Bring together beautiful things," and so one morning, just a week before the time, the church door was thrown open.

I think St. John has more churches than any other saint. Perhaps it is because he was nearer to Christ, and Christ loved him with especial dearness. The little stone church in S—— was St. John's church. The worshipers who came into it were numbered easily, and they came and went by one door, large enough for all.

This door was thrown open, as I have said, to "dress the church for Christmas."

God keeps a conservatory wherein He grows emeralds for Christmas. All

through the suns and heats of summer He hides His plants away under the rocks and shadows, by the side of streams that go whispering through the silence, away up among His mountains, and they grow there. No one comes to touch them until God opens the doors and bids us gather them to beautify His house. God's conservatories are the mountains and the hidden valleys. Have you ever seen any one with Christmas greens in summer? I have not. I think something warns us not to gather them, the invisible angels that tend them, perhaps.

"Come, Sydie, wake up!" called Fred Lake, on the morning the door of St. John's church was opened.

"I'm so sleepy, and I dreamed papa brought me a sled for Christmas so large that they had to tie it fast to the steamer and tow it up the river," said Sydie, rubbing his eyes very hard to drive sleep away from them.

"Never mind; we shall have to tow home all sorts of greens to-day. I wonder if I shall know how to get the right kind."

"Oh, I know," said Sydie, jumping up, wide awake at the mention of something to do. "It's real good, staying in the country in winter, there's always something to do!"

Along the western side of the village of S——, between the river and it, a range of twin hills ran, hills that were thickly wooded all the summer, and thorned with rocks wreathed with evergreens all the winter.

These hills were to bring their tribute to beautify the place of God's sanctuary.

"No lessons to-day!" shouted Fred, rushing into the family room and throwing up his cap in a gleeful way, as if lessons were a trouble that he rejoiced to get rid of; "what do you think of that, Lucy?"

"Why no lessons?" asked Lucy.

"Oh, mamma is good, and knows we want to go to the woods after hemlock trees and everything. Don't you wish, Lucy, that you were a boy? and then you could go; besides, your finger-nails wouldn't be so much matter then."

"I should like to know if I can't go just as well as you," said Lucy, silently dropping a tear at the allusion to her unhappy habit.

Fred did not see the tear, and he replied:

"No, you can't go; we're going to tramp through the snow and bushes, and climb the hills. See, I've got my big knife to cut up the trees with."

"Never mind, I can tie the wreaths, Fred."

"To be sure you can; I'll save some of the prettiest bits of that vine that hides itself close to the ground, and has leaves like fingers."

"Thank you, Fred," said Lucy; "that's ground-pine. Come and see how pretty this is;" and she held up a marvelous bit of work into which she had dropped her tear.

"Who is that for?"

"For mother; isn't it pretty?"

"Wonderful, sister."

"Hark! she's coming."

Fred sprang forward and hastily spread Lucy's apron over her treasure. Christmas was not yet come; her gift should be hidden.

"I hear the bells; the sleds are coming," said Mrs. Lake. Are you all ready? Let me see if you are well wrapped;" and Fred and Sydney underwent inspection.

"Here they are, stopping for you," cried Lucy from the window.

"One minute, boys, let me speak

with you," said Mrs. Lake. "If by any chance Bill Hone should be in the woods, speak kindly to him."

"I thought you didn't like us to play with him," said Fred in astonishment.

"Never mind, speak kindly to him, take notice of him. Hurry off now, they're waiting."

"Good-bye, mother! — good-bye, Lucy!" shouted the boys, and they were gone.

Bill Hone was not with the party who went up the hills.

Little Benjie Wood was almost well when the Christmas greens were gathered. His fair curls were dried, and many were the kisses of thanksgiving that had fallen on them since their sad immersion in Birch Pond.

A "great boy" with red hair had brooded over the cottage and Benjie since the night of the accident.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STEP BY STEP.—How many persons make a wreck of talent, in sighing for opportunities to do other and more than their circumstances warrant. They disdain the low rounds of the ladder, which most surely lead to the high. They have a notion of what is perfect accomplishment, and are unwilling to take any half-way, preliminary steps. They have no faith in the proverb, "half a loaf is better than no bread." If they would study the record, they would soon learn that the most famous winners of whole loaves were at the start willing and ready to take any slice they could get. Our true business in life is to make the most of the means and opportunities we have—not to neglect small advantages because we can not have large ones. By cultivating the littles, we make it easier to compass the greatest.

LETTER,

Written by a little girl to her aunt, who had gone a journey.

BY E. B. ROBINSON.

I'M afraid of the railroad, auntie,
With its dreadful iron steed
That thunders away o'er valley and hill,
At such shocking, headlong speed.

Last week I stood at the station
With a faint and fearful heart,
For the train (like Fate) was coming,
And you and I must part.

While I gazed with terrified wonder,
It snatched you away from my side,
And it looked so exceedingly wicked,
I trembled, then sat down and cried.

I took one step forward to stop it,
The roaring, insatiate thing;
I might as well stem Niagara's flood
With a plume from the hummingbird's wing.

Away, like a flash of lightning,
Away, like the whirling blast,
Not a moment to give a parting kiss,
The monster sped so fast.

Thus I thought of exploding boilers,
And the engine off the track,
And auntie somewhere in a dark abyss,
With broken arms and back.

My eyes with tears were brimming,
And I could not see the road,
But I knew, at the post round the corner,
Old Kate yet patiently stood.

So I mounted the safe old wagon,
To seek my country home,
Where the flowers bloom bright, and birds sing sweet,
And the cars can never come.

THE THREE LITTLE ORPHANS.

A VERY good friend the three little orphans of Mrs. Bunny found in the kind-hearted poet Cowper. He built them a snug little house, with three apartments, and supplied them with every needed comfort.

"This is a great deal finer than our old home in the warren," said pretty Bess, glancing around with great satisfaction, as he munched a sprig of parsley.

But Tiny was very surly, and never satisfied here, any more than he had been in his grassy old home. You can not please discontented people with change of place, unless you can change their nature too.

Gentle, sociable little Puss, the brightest-eyed of the flock, trotted up and down the little hall appropriated to them, and nibbled away at a handful of pinks the kind master had given to them. She had a sweet, loving spirit, that made her happy anywhere. So she and Bessy had pleasant times together in their new home; but surly Tiny would never join in their sports.

He would strike at his master if ever he ventured to smooth his back, and bite his fingers if they were not quickly drawn away. He was always rebuking his merry little sisters for their frivolity by his grave and solemn behavior, but it did not dampen their sport in the least. They rather made fun of his crossness, and never suffered themselves to catch it.

Every evening after supper they were asked into the parlor, and suffered to bound and skip over the carpet and under the chairs to their heart's content.

Pretty Bess could be dignified on proper occasions, as Master Punch, the house cat, found out to his sor-

row one evening. He had made bold to pat Miss Bessy on the cheek, when she returned the compliment by drumming upon his back so hard that he was glad to beat a retreat on the double quick.

But, alas, poor Bessy caught a severe cold, and died just as she was fully grown, and lonesome Puss was left alone, as cross Tiny could hardly be called a companion.

Pussy never played truant, so her master could trust her in the garden. When he discovered how faithful she was, he took her down every fair morning while he read, and suffered her to nestle down under the cucumber leaves and chew her cud until evening.

You will always find that reliable people have many more favors shown them. She often sat on his knee while he read, and quietly slept there, and always preferred his society to that of her sister. Poor Tiny met with a bad fall when he was about nine years old, which ended his days. But no doubt he would have been thought quite a patriarch in his former home, where whole generations of his companions had fallen victims to the hunters' dogs, the ravenous kite, and their many other natural foes. Puss was quite consoled by the companionship of a spruce young spaniel, named Marquis, and in his society and that of the gentle poet enjoyed a green and peaceful old age.

LIFE.

BY AUNT LOVICY.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—Would it not appear to you strange were you, some Sabbath morning, to arise, and find your father, mother, sisters, and brothers in the breakfast-room, standing silent and still by their chairs, apparently without life or motion, with no kind glances from their cold, fixed eyes, no loving words from their rigid lips to return to your greeting, and even the dear little baby brother a still, rosy statue?

After looking with wonder on the strange scene, to go into the streets and find all as quiet as the grave; no people moving to and fro, nor carriages rolling along; the bright sun shining down on all things inanimate, still, and motionless! to go into the churches and find the congregation in the pews, the minister in his pulpit, the organist sitting with stiff, white fingers resting on an instrument never emitting a sound, all breathless, motionless as statues?

Struck dumb with astonishment, but longing for the clasp of some warm hand, you pass into the houses of friends, whose sweet voices had always met your ear in tones of kind welcome; still to find only—statues, returning no sign to your greetings. Passing out of this city of the dead into the country, you walk by quiet homes, with no signs of life in or around them.

The birds on the green trees all motionless and still, with no sweet songs bursting from their little throats; and the very animals standing in the midst of cool waters and grassy meadows, as though cast in bronze!—all looking as though suddenly clasped in the arms of Death.

Why would you be filled with wonder and astonishment at beholding

such a state of things? It would not be so strange as the daily miracle which we see—of life emanating from ourselves and all created beings!

Why is it that all is so quiet in the depths of the silent night, even in the heart of the great city? Because the instruments made use of to express life to the outer world are dulled, do not work well, and are laid by for a little while; and the hum which steals in on your ear in the gray light of the early dawn, and which gradually increases to a steady roar, is the token that those instruments are, through the renewing influences appointed by the great Master Builder, again in order, and working at their appointed tasks.

Now what I wish to know, my young friends, is this: whether you have ever considered what this strange gift is, that comes without your asking for it, filling your heart with hopes, fears, and loves, and giving your body power to express them?

It is entirely independent of yourself, or any other human being; and you can not prevent, without great restraint over your body, its flowing out, even for one hour, in looks, words, and deeds.

It is the cause of all the motion, noise, bustle, and sound which you perceive and hear around you. From this wonderful gift of life proceed all the manifestations prompted by hope and fear, love and hatred. Now where does it come from, and for what is it bestowed on us? We can not see it, although we feel it ever present, in every heart-beat, in every breath we draw; for when it is recalled and taken from our friends, we only know it by the cessation of motion.

The beloved form is still there, but soon crumbles to dust, showing that *life*, the gift which we can not see, is —ALL.

We might run this subject into many words; but perhaps have said enough, for the present, to set our young friends to thinking, and in the future may pursue the subject further.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH HER FACE?

CARRIE has surely met with a great loss. No artist would desire to transfer the expression of her face to canvas. There is certainly no grace displayed in any of her movements. Carrie loves to be admired, and if this one brilliant jewel were not so frequently out of her possession, she might be beloved as well as admired.

Passion, unrestrained in youth, grows and strengthens into maturity, and chokes up all the fair, virtuous plants that, in a more genial soil, might have attained no small degree of excellence.

The temper needs to be kept under control. Give it a loose rein, and it will lead you far, far away from the right path.

Subdue the fiery steed that threatens to burst his bonds at the least provocation.

Be slow to anger. He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city. J. P.

THE earlier the new birth, the weightier will be the glory in the kingdom of God. Young ones regenerated, and enabled to bear head against the temptations of their violent natures, shall have crowns set with more jewels; they shall have an abundant entrance.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

A FABLE.

A WOLF and a Lamb were accidentally quenching their thirst together at the same rivulet. The Wolf stood toward the head of the stream, and the Lamb at some distance below. The injurious beast, resolved on a quarrel, fiercely demands—How dare you disturb the water which I am drinking? The poor Lamb, all trembling, replies, How, I beseech you, can that possibly be the case, since the current sets from you to me? Disconcerted by the force of truth, he changes the accusation: Six months ago, says he, you vilely slandered me. Impossible, returns the Lamb, for I was not then born. No matter, it was your father, then, or some of your relations; and immediately seizing the innocent Lamb, he tore him to pieces.

MORAL.

They who do not feel the sentiments of humanity will seldom listen to the pleas of reason.

A MOTHER-MOUSE.

ONCE discovered a mouse when I was in the woods, on removing a piece of decaying timber. She seemed very much alarmed; but instead of trying to escape as soon as possible, she would retreat a short distance, and then run directly toward me and almost up to my feet, as if greatly excited and uncertain what to do. She must have been certain of one thing, though—that the schemes of mice, as well as men, "oft gang agly."

After performing her antics awhile, she retreated into a hole which I had not before noticed. That hole proved to be the entrance to her house, which was a structure most curiously wrought of the softest and most comfortable materials. I felt a little curious to see how it looked inside, and to know what she was doing there. So I took a stick and gave her house a poke, and made it heave and tremble about her ears. In a moment out she came, but with such a burden as I never saw a mouse carry before. She had one of her young ones in her mouth, and was dragging several more at her dugs.

They were little, naked, helpless things, whose eyes had never yet had a glimpse of the world into which they had lately come. Those hanging to her sides were soon shaken off, and lay scattered and squirming in their misery. She held fast to the one in her mouth, and hurried away with it behind a tree which stood a few feet distant. She soon re-appeared, and taking another in her mouth and adjusting it to her mind with her fore feet, she bore it off behind the same tree. In the same manner she removed each one of them, just as a cat would her kittens.

I found, on going around to the opposite side of the tree, that there was a considerable cavity at its base, in which the old mouse had deposited her young ones. But she evidently intended that as merely a temporary place of security, for she at once began to search for a better. She first ascended, with one of her pets in her mouth, to the top of the cavity, but not liking the state of things there, she soon returned, laid the little one among its fellows, and darted out in quest of some more agreeable quarters. She made almost directly for an old log which lay a couple of rods from the tree, and after disappearing under it for a moment, she hurried back to her family and began to remove them one by one to the new home which she had selected.

The last of her darlings was now safe beneath the log, and no doubt she began to think that her troubles were at an end. She had indeed shown such faithfulness to her young, and had endured such heavy labors for their safety and comfort, that she well deserved to be let alone, and to spend the rest of her days in quietness and peace. But a mouse knows as little of the future, probably, as a man, and another terrible calamity was about to come upon her, when I dare say she had not the least expectation of it.

A young man who was with me, and who also had been observing her movements, was wicked enough—just to see what she would do further—to roll the log over and leave the whole family once more exposed. What was the effect? Did she take to her feet and endeavor to secure her own precious head from harm? Such a course would not have been at all like her. At a short distance stood a large maple tree, the main branch of which had been broken off some thirty feet from the ground. In the top of the remaining part was a hollow, and I ventured to say that the old mouse had been into it some time in her life, and knew all about it, for when overwhelmed with disaster in her last retreat, she immediately laid hold of one of her cubs and ran directly to the maple tree. Up, up she went with it, making now and then a brief pause to rest, till she arrived at the very summit of the standing column. She instantly descended, seized another by the back and bore it up to the same place of security. And so she continued to labor back and forth. While she was going up for the fourth time, the young man, to put her perseverance and sagacity to a still further test, covered with rubbish the two little mice which still remained upon the ground. When she came again, she seemed not a little puzzled at the state of affairs. She flew about anxiously, searching among the leaves and the fragments of rotten wood, and becoming all the while more and more excited. At length, however, she succeeded in finding one of the hidden ones, and started with it up the friendly maple. Had we seen her for the last time? Did she know just how many belonged to her family, and that one of them still remained behind? I can not say whether she was able to count, but she seemed to be aware that there was yet another to be looked after, for to our surprise she re-appeared in the usual time, and renewed the search among the rubbish. Disappointed in her efforts, she suddenly darted off a considerable distance, and took a rambling circuit among the leaves and bushes, as if wild with excitement or about to go crazy. Soon, however, she was drawn back to the place of her former researches, and this time to be rewarded. After no little trouble and perplexity, she somehow discovered that the object of her desires was buried under a certain pile of rubbish. How joyful she seemed! and how soon she dug it out! The next moment she was ascending the tree with it, and we saw her no more.

All this is about a little four-legged animal that most people consider not very respectable; but in my way of thinking, the facts thus related are not unworthy a moment's consideration. Observe, in the first place, how strong an affection for her young that little creature evinced! an affection which would have led her to sacrifice her own life rather than abandon one of them. Consider, next, how much sagacity she manifested in choosing at last a retreat so high above the earth, that no rude hand could any more disturb her. Consider, again, how mysterious was that principle, or that something, within her, which made her so certain of the exact number of her family that she could not be deceived. Should not such things awaken our attention? Should they not lead us to conclude that all of God's works are wonderful, and worthy of careful and profound study?

THE OLD MAJOR.

A BRAVE SAILOR-BOY.

ALL may be useful by example, and we should improve every opportunity of doing good in this way. I was reading, lately, of a little boy who, by his example, was the means of doing not a little good. His father had got a situation for him, on board one of those ships where boys are put, in order to be trained and educated for officers in the navy. This little boy's father and mother, being good Christians, had taught him carefully to pray to God every morning and evening; and had told him to be sure and do this wherever he might go.

When the little fellow went on board the great ship, he found himself surrounded by a large company of other boys. Some of them were older, and some younger than himself. They were cadets and midshipmen, who were to be his companions, and who were fond of fun and play, as boys generally are. He got along with them very well till the time came to go to bed in the evening. A bell was rung as a signal for the boys to go to their berths, as the beds are called on shipboard. The boys were laughing and talking and playing tricks of various kinds, while getting undressed. George, as our little friend was named, looked round to see if none of them kneeled down to pray before going to bed, but not one of them did so. He remembered what he had been taught at home; he thought how God had taken care of him all day, how only He could preserve him through the night, and he felt that he could not go to bed without prayer. Then the temptation occurred to him—"But can't I pray as heartily when lying in my bed, as if I should kneel down to pray? and then the boys won't laugh at me." But then the thought occurred, that it would please his mother better if he should kneel down to pray; and a better thought still came into his mind, that it would please God. This decided him. He knelt down to pray. Immediately all the thoughtless boys around began to laugh at him. One called him a Methodist; another said he was the parson. One threw a book at him; another threw a pillow at him. But the little fellow still knelt on till he had finished his prayer. The next night he was interrupted in the same way; and so it continued night after night. And yet the brave little fellow would kneel down, and offer his prayers to God. He never complained of the conduct of the boys. But some one else about the ship found out how the boys were behaving in the cabin at night, and told the captain.

Now, it happened that the captain was a good, pious man, and he resolved to put a stop to the bad conduct

of the boys. The next day he had all the boys called before him on the deck of the ship. Then he called George up to him, and said:

"Well, my little fellow, have you any complaint to make of the conduct of these boys?"

"No, sir," said George.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "George will tell no tales, and make no complaints; but I have heard how you have been teasing and persecuting him at night, because he had the courage to kneel down and pray to that God who takes care of him. I have only this to say; if any of you shall dare to do this again, I'll have you tied up on deck, and try how you like the taste of a rope's end on your back. Now go to your duties."

All the boys felt guilty. They would hardly speak to George during the rest of the day. But when evening came again, George knelt down as usual to pray. There was no laughing or talking. They were all as still as mice. George had not been kneeling long before he felt something at his side coming close up to him. He looked round to see what it was, and found one of the little boys who was nestling close up to him, that he might say his prayers in peace and quietness. Presently another came, and then another, till at last quite a number were found kneeling round him. These boys had all been taught to pray at home; but when they were surrounded by rude, mocking boys, they had not courage enough to do what was right, by acknowledging their dependence on God before their companions. But the influence of George's example, when he quietly and bravely took his stand, determined to do right himself, whatever others did, encouraged them to do so too. From that time prayer was never neglected on board that ship, while even those who did not pray themselves, were afraid or ashamed to laugh or mock at those who did. In this way little George was very useful to his young companions, by the example which he set them.

"Can't Afford It."—Lacking the courage to say these few words firmly, how many a man has suffered ruin to overtake him! Our superfluities bring us into trouble, not our necessities. The real wants of life, the comforts, and even luxuries and refinements, that each may enjoy in his station, rarely if ever sober a man with cares and oppress him with anxieties. It is the pride of the eye and truancy of imagination that work out so many disasters among us, for these are never satisfied, but, like the horse-leech's daughter, forever cry "give, give!" The times are fraught with many lessons to us all, and we will do well to heed them. A great evil of the day is extravagance—a living beyond the means—and all evils sooner or later visit the actors in them with painful consequences. There is a saving principle in the words "Can't afford it," and the self-denial they involve, disciplines the mind to contentment.

PRESS ON.

What, wearied out with half a life?
Scarred with this smooth, unbloody strife? [flown
Think where thy coward hopes had
Had Heaven held out the martyr's crown.
How couldst thou hang upon the cross,
To whom a weary hour is loss?
Or how the thorns and scourgings brook,
Who shrinkest from a scornful look?

BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

NOTHING in nature is more cheerful or lively than birds and flowers. As we listen to the early note of the blue-bird, as it is sweetly borne to us on the breezes perfumed by the bright-eyed, fragrant flowers, we rise from the cares and griefs of life, and behold that earth, with all her dark clouds, still receives bright beams of sunshine.

While thus musing one lovely day in spring-time, as I had been roaming in the flowery groves, I seated myself on a grassy bank, and reclined my head against an old beech tree. The pearly brooklet rippled along in its almost silent melody; and on the waving boughs above me the birds sang in their sweetest strains. The flowers were just peeping out from their hiding-places to listen, and little Johnnie Jump-up, taking Miss Annie Mony by the hand, came along smiling, and called out, "Wake, Robin!"

"Ay! I was awake right early," said Redbreast; and he sent forth those old familiar notes that brought out Miss Crocus, with her blushing tulips ready for a kiss. Whereupon Robert O'Lincoln, with the true air of a dashing beau, commenced a very egotistical strain, lauding himself at a great rate.

He was suddenly interrupted, however, by little May Blossom, who asked of Robert why he could not be sincere and honest like his father Abraham.

With that, he poured from his throat such rail-splitting notes, that even old Mr. Zebedee Snapdragon shut his ears, and little Lily-of-the-valley down there covered her head in the green leaves.

"Such noisy demonstrations soon subside," said Narcissus Daffodil.

"Bless my stars!" exclaimed Miss China Aster; "there he is with that gaudy Mary Gold. She is high in the figures now, I suppose."

"Oh, dear! what inconstancy!" cried Miss Turtle Dove.

"Let's snowball him," said John Quill; "he will fall in love with Lady Lily next."

"And she neither toils nor spins," said Rose Pink, who was standing by her cousin Sweet William.

"You received that idea at church," replied Miss Carrie Way, looking very sage. "I saw you there last Sabbath with Clementina Chammomile."

"Well, well," said that spicy old lady, Miss Anise Dill to Cora Ander, "I believe we should not rue it, if we would take Thyme, and all go."

"You always see me at the four-o'clock service," whispered Myra Billis.

"And so punctual, too," added sweet Mignonette Fragrans.

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Si Ringa; "that disobedient girl has gone again. She never comes when she is wanted. Just hear her poor mother calling out as if her heart would break, 'Phebe! Phebe!' "

"Poor old lady!" sighed the kind-hearted Rose Geranium. "I am afraid she will not live long."

"If she only had a little heartsease," replied Dr. Perry Winkle, "I believe it would cure her."

"I'd teach that girl, if she was my child," said Polly Anthus, an ancient maiden lady, and she turned her head very significantly to old Mr. Brompton Stock, who had just buried his wife.

"Heigho!" exclaimed Betty Martin, as she sat perched upon an apple bough; "how much you do know about training children?"

Miss Bell Canterbury, who has such a pretty blue dress, was just moving her tongue to speak, but just then Hetty Pigeon and Jenny Wren came in with the telegraphic dispatches, and quite a bustle ensued.

Before I had learned the particulars, some one shook me and said: "Why, Aunt Patsy! here you are fast asleep, and that beautiful volume of MERRY'S MUSEUM has fallen right into the water."

This frightened the birds away, and so I picked up my spoiled volume and went home.

LOOK BEYOND.

BY EMILY HALL.

PILGRIM, wand'ring o'er life's desert,
There's a better world beyond—
A world where all is bright and joyous,
There the wanderer's rest is found.
When this world seems dark and cheerless,
And with clouds the sky's o'ercast,
If thou seekest thou shalt find it—
Find that better world at last.

Look beyond the clouds and darkness;
See! the morning light appears;
A mighty power that gloom doth scatter,
A blessed Saviour ever hears.
He will guide thee through the dangers
That beset a pilgrim's way,
He will guard thee, he will keep thee,
Bring thee to the perfect day.

He will lighten all thy burdens;
Comfort bring thy sorrowing heart;
He can soothe thy deepest anguish;
Hope, and faith, and peace impart.
Then to Jesus hasten early;
Ask, and He will give thee life,
Make thee heir to realms of glory
Far beyond this world of strife.

GREEN POINT, N. Y.

PRESS nobly on! the goal is near;
Look upward, onward, never fear!
Why shouldst thou faint? Heaven smiles above,
Though storm and vapor intervene—
That sun shines on whose name is Love,
Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene.

SELF-CONQUEST.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.—PROVERBS xvi. 32.

THE little feathered songsters were beginning to say good-night to each other, and to think of tucking their heads under their wings, weary with their day's work of providing for themselves and their little ones, besides singing innumerable small songs, till their tiny throats felt the necessity of repose: the sun was sinking into the west, and shedding his parting glories around, and casting splendid shades of purple and orange over the horizon; but Harry Lee was too much occupied to observe the beauties either of the one or the other. He had been studying a lesson in Roman history for the next day, and as he shut the book he inwardly exclaimed—

"Grand, brave, old people were those Romans! Ah, now, if I had lived then, instead of now, wouldn't I have followed Julius Cæsar, and wouldn't I have taken a city, and helped to subdue a kingdom? but then I would have shown more kindness to my captives and conquered enemies than they did."

And he went on soliloquizing thus to himself until his thoughts carried him far back into the past, and he had almost imagined himself a great general leading his soldiers on to victory; and the famous old city of Rome stood before him, while he felt himself entering the capital, the admired of all admirers, and the receiver of a na

tion's applause. We know not to what higher flights his imaginative thoughts would have taken him, had he not been recalled to a sense of things actual and real by the voice of his little sister.

"Come, Harry," said she, "why, I have been looking at you for the last five minutes, and there you sit with your eyes fixed on the cover of your book; what," added she, laughing, "can you discover so interesting there? or are you trying to invent some unheard-of thing, which will astonish us some day, by binding up our school-books in such a manner that they will never wear out so long as we are children to require them?"

"Nothing of the sort, sister mine," merrily returned Harry, as he tossed his book into his satchel. "There, now I have finished for to-day, and I hope to-morrow to be at the top of my class—in history at least, and then—"

"Well, what then, Harry?"

"What then?—oh, of course, a little reward from our learned teacher, in the shape of an extra mark, which, with a few others, will tell well toward my gaining a prize some day. But here comes Ned Proctor," as a boy of his own size was seen coming up the garden walk; "he wants to see me, and now I am very glad I have finished my task. 'Business first, and pleasure afterward,' as mother so often says," added he, lightly leaping from the low window, which had been left open.

"Harry," said Proctor, "to-morrow is half-holiday, and we are going to have some fine fun—I have run over on purpose to tell you—Hamilton, Frank Smith, Barry and myself are going boating, and I want you to come too. We shall be out all the afternoon—won't it be glorious?

"Yes," said Harry, doubtfully; he did not feel quite so sure; he was thinking would his parents permit him to go. Ned Proctor was a boy they did not quite approve of.

"We shall start," continued Ned, "at three o'clock. I wanted to get off before, but there is no such thing as my being allowed to miss a morning's study, just as if that made any difference."

It was very wrong for Ned to speak thus; it does make a difference; and to any boys or girls who may perchance read this, I would say, Neglect no one of those opportunities of drinking at the fountain of knowledge which God has given you; thankfully receive every such opportunity, and remember the Almighty Giver will strictly mark how you use them. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

Ned's father was a stern disciplinarian, and never allowed his son, under any pretext, to be absent from school.

Harry made no reply, and Ned went on to describe in glowing colors the prospects of the trip.

"Now, Harry," said he, "I shall tell the other boys you will come, and then we shall invite one more to make an even number. Three o'clock, remember the gallant boat 'Fairy Queen' will loose her moorings."

"Don't be so fast, Ned; who says I shall come? You reckon upon me before you have heard me say a word. I am not sure I can come."

"Why not? what is there to hinder you? Isn't the holiday your own? can't you do what you like with it?"

"Yes, I can; no, I can't," replied Harry.

"Well, what a girl's answer! Now, Harry, don't be so childish; I know

you are afraid to go anywhere, without first asking."

The color rose in Harry's cheeks; he did not like to be taunted in this manner, and he angrily replied—

"I am not afraid, Proctor, and you should not say so, and to prove that I am not, I will go with you, without asking any one's permission, but will finally determine to-morrow."

"Oh, very well, Harry; you know we shall like you to come; but you certainly don't appear to have a mind of your own this evening, or one would think you might decide so mighty an affair at once. I suppose you want to call a cabinet council, and consider the *pros et cons.* I shall set you down as one obligated to me for my indulgence in waiting for your objection or acceptance; but I must hurry back. Let's see, I have all my lessons to prepare for to-morrow; good-night, Harry."

"Mother," said Harry, the next morning as he rose from the breakfast-table, "don't you think Camillus, and Scipio Africanus, and many other of the old Roman heroes, were very great and glorious men?"

"Not glorious, Harry," returned Mrs. Lee, smiling; "great they certainly were; but I do not think it right to speak of mortals as glorious."

"Well, then, mother, very great, grand men; only fancy how many battles they fought, and how many cities they took, and how many prisoners they captured!"

"And you forget, Harry, also, how much misery they caused! how many pleasant homes they laid waste, and reduced their inmates to wretched slavery! These Romans were undoubtedly great men; but, Harry, those are the greatest heroes who contribute to the welfare and happiness of their fellow-creatures, and transmit to posterity a name more lasting and renowned than those whose ambition led them to daring feats."

"Then, mother, do you think these military Romans were all actuated by ambition?"

"No, not all; some had the love of their country as their leading principle, and patriotism is a truly noble principle. Yet I suppose the greater part of them thirsted for power and the applause of their fellow-citizens. But now that we are speaking of heroes, and the taking of cities, turn to your Bible, and learn what is there said respecting them."

Harry reached his Bible, and turning, by his mother's direction, to Proverbs xvi. 32, he read—

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

"Now, my dear boy, I see your mind has been led to dwell upon heroism, and I dare say, nay, I might say, I am sure, you have been wishing to make yourself a hero—is it not so?"

"Why, yes, mother; as usual, you have rightly divined. I can not imagine how it is you so cleverly guess what I think of."

Mrs. Lee smiled. "After studying history, as I know you have been, and reading about heroes, it is natural that you should wish to render yourself great; but, here, it will be quite necessary that you learn who are truly great. And who does the text you have just read point out?"

"Not military people, mother—'He that is slow to anger, and he that ruleth his spirit.' But I want to ask you one question: there have been some real good people, defenders of their country, have there not?"

"Yes, many, for whom this country,

especially, has reason to be thankful, who have proved themselves worthy of the nation's gratitude and praise; and not a few, I believe, there are who, while serving their country well, have sought also to serve the King of kings, and to be faithful soldiers of Christ. Now, Harry, to return to your old friends, the Romans, this text will show you how you can make yourself greater than any of those who scaled walls, took cities, and made prisoners. Rule your spirit, my boy, and seek God's help to do it, for govern yourself without Him you can not. Inwardly ask the Lord Jesus for grace, whenever you find angry passions arising, and yourself wayward and yielding to temptation. But, I hear the quarter striking; now run off to school, and try to remember through the day what really makes the hero."

She kissed him as they parted. She had spoken very solemnly and tenderly, and Harry felt impressed. As he went along, he began to consider what he should say to Ned Proctor about the boating excursion. He had not said a word about it, yet he felt very sure, had he mentioned it, his parents would at once have said he had better not go.

Now, it was a very tempting excursion to Harry, for two or three reasons. He was very fond of, and very expert in rowing, for his age—and no one of his companions more so; then, too, the Island, or Holme as it was called, was a very pleasant spot; there were nooks and corners in it, small as it was, which the boys loved to explore; and then after having moored the boat, there was no better place than the south side of the island for bathing—and Harry was a good swimmer. But, on the other hand, the passage thither was considered rather dangerous, especially should the sea become at all rough, for several sunken rocks lay beneath the surface of the water, ready to entrap upon their points all unwary voyagers, so that Harry felt convinced his mother's counsel would have been —"Do not go, Harry, unless you have some one else besides boys to manage the boat. And then, too, Ned Proctor was a companion she would not approve of; for he was generally the leader in all mischievous fun and daring and foolish frolic.

As he turned the corner of the street, he met Ned Proctor, who immediately accosted him thus:

"A penny for your thoughts, Harry —you look sober enough for a judge."

"A penny, indeed, for such wise thoughts as mine must be, if fit for a judge, is too small an amount. Ned, you must bid higher."

A shrill whistle caused both to turn round, when they perceived a boy running to overtake them.

"Here comes Hamilton," said Ned.

"Lee," said the former, "have you written out your theme?"

"Yes, I always do it the day before; haven't you prepared yours?"

"Only a part of it; I left off, intending to finish it next morning, but I did not get up early, and so hadn't time; but I shall hurry in and write the remainder in the spare moments. Look! yonder is Barry beckoning; I wonder what he has in his hand, and what can he be laughing at?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANGRY words are lightly spoken,
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power;
Hearts, inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirr'd,
Oft are rent, past human healing,
By a single angry word.

FINDING THE CHESTNUTS.

"THE SABBATH-SCHOOL CHESTNUTS."

THE Mass. S. S. Society has just published a volume of 128 pages with the above title. It gives an interesting account of their origin, and the many incidents and good results produced by the 150 chestnuts. We give an extract and illustration, and commend the book to all our readers.

"The other day I was called to visit an aged person in Shutesbury—an old lady, nearly eighty years of age, who was suffering from severe illness. Her daughter, a woman between forty and fifty, and the wife of an invalid husband, officiated as nurse.

"This family are poor, and have very few of the many good things enjoyed by those who are blessed with plenty. But they possess one thing of which many of the rich in worldly goods are destitute, namely, a firm comforting hope of heaven.

"The daughter, who was thus kindly ministering to the wants of her aged mother, is the woman who sent Mr. Bullard the 'famous half-pint of chestnuts,' that have proved such a nice little investment for the benefit of the Sabbath-school cause.

"'What put it into your mind,' I asked, 'to send Mr. Bullard a little bag of nuts?'

"'Oh,' she replied. 'I had no money, and I thought the Lord might bestow his blessing if I *tried to show my good-will*—and he has done it.'

"'But what did you suppose Mr. Bullard could do with a few nuts in the Sabbath-school cause?' I inquired.

"'I did not know,' she replied; 'I wanted to do *something*, and I could think of nothing else I could give; and I thought the Lord might bless them in some way.'

"She then gave the following account of gathering the nuts.

"'It was a very cold day,' she said, 'when we gathered them—very late in the fall, and the ground was frozen. Nearly all the nuts had been gathered, and we looked a long time before we found any.'

"'You had company, hadn't you?' I inquired.

"'Yes, a little girl, one of my neighbor's children, about eight years old, went with me.

"'We despaired of finding any nuts at first. The wind blew, and it was very cold; but we kept on looking until at last we came to a tree, under which there were a great many dry leaves, driven there by the wind. We brushed away the leaves, and in a snug little corner we found the nuts—in all not more than half a pint.

"'You ought to have seen the little girl,' she continued, 'when we found those nuts. She clapped her little hands together in ecstasy, and exclaimed,

"Oh, Mrs. N.! are you not thankful that God let these nuts drop down here?'

"'I told her I was very thankful. We picked them up, and after sorting them over sent them to Mr. Bullard; and I feel so grateful to think God has bestowed his blessing upon the effort.'"

The chestnuts were sold for five dollars at auction, and the purchaser handed them back again, and they were again sold separately, and again returned.

The story of the efforts of the poor woman and the chestnuts has been related in many places, the chestnuts exhibited, and new interest awakened, and again sold, till, as one of the results of this *little* beginning, over *one thousand dollars* is known to have been collected for the Sunday-school cause and other object of benevolence through their influence.

All of us can learn important lessons from the gift of this poor woman—a gift so humble and yet so fruitful in its results.

When the path of duty opens before us, enter it. God will take care of its results.

DON'T WRITE THERE.—"Don't write there," said one to a lad, who was writing with a diamond pin on a pane of glass in the window of a hotel.

"Why?" said he.

"Because you can't rub it out."

There are other things which men should not do, because they can not rub them out. A heart is aching for sympathy, and a cold, perhaps a heartless word is spoken. The impression may be more durable than that of the diamond upon glass. The inscription on the glass may be destroyed by the fracture of the glass, but the impression on the heart may last forever.

On many a mind and many a heart there are sad inscriptions, deeply engraved, which no effort can erase. We should be careful what we write on the minds of others.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THE hatchet has descended on friend and foe this month. Our long editorial has nothing left which can be recognized, and we will at once proceed to ascertain what is left of the Chatterers. The "Oak" withstood it the best; and though cut down one half, Wilforley presents quite a respectable appearance. Hear him:

BROOKLYN, *April* 5, 1864.

DEAR CHATTERBOXES:—I'm glad to see, or rather *hear* you, so industriously employed at the old trade. Some of the ancients who had been among the missing have lately turned up, much to our delight and edification; and for fear lest I should become a "fossil," or "antediluvian," or something of the sort, I thought I'd look in, after some months of voluntary exile.

No, M. e. m., I was not a "marshal" at the fair, though I marshaled some fair through it several times, more or less.

Nell of B., wish joy for me to the young lady who has "settled for life;" if in B. (*this* B.), so much the better.

The other I hope did not impair her vision by looking at the "oak;" it's easy to see one when you once get the range.

Orange Blossom, what have you done with yourself, or with that *carte* you were going to send me "long, long ago?"

Here's to you, Fleta!—still, as ever, our unterrified, indomitable queen! Reign long, undisturbed, and gloriously; only—don't talk *too* much Tupper to us, and you may make me prime minister if you like.

"Oldest Inhabitant," you're welcome home; may you thrive as gentleman-farmer and make the best butter in Orange County. I'll accept a couple of firkins when you get fairly going, and say no more about it. The article is clear out of sight in these parts just now.

Now, Tattler, you're cruel, when I've eschewed whalebone and cotton for this "ever so long," to remind people of my old miss-deeds. Haven't I sufficiently repented of them yet?

Oh, Winnie! Winnie! who would have thunk it? But I doubt not you'll *shine* in your new sphere.

Rosebud and Grasshopper, why don't you come on? I'm ready to be *squoze:* yes, Uncle, I shall have a "tooral-looral" time of it, no doubt.

W. A. R., *sold?* and sold cheap at that! What will you take for him, Devereux?

Cousins all, both great and small, whether of the "gentler" or the "sterner" persuasion, who *have* asked, or *mean* to ask me to X pho's, please N. B. that if you really want mine, I shall expect yours to come *first;* otherwise it's "no trade." This don't apply to any promises of mine heretofore made, and if any of you hold such, unfulfilled, please jog my memory, and I'll pay up. Once more—"Brooklyn, N. Y., box 339." Of course, when I ask *you, I'll* send first IF you tell me where to send.

Nina Gordon, must I cease hoping for your *c. de v.?* You promised not to forget me, and you have mine, you know.

Josie, pardon me; I'll try hard to recognize you next time, if you'll meet me again.

Oliver O., *how* are you? and *where* are you?

Dan H. B., if you are in earnest, I should prefer being called Bess to "The Present."

Mamie, if you've *seen* it, tell "somebody" just what you think. Bye-bye.

WILFORLEY.

OUR ROOSTING-PLACE, *April the one.*

Our PROCLAMATION.

Two queens to reign! What copious showers
Of royal blessings are now ours!
One throne for two! that's most too fine
For this great age of crinoline.
Ye Merrys all, come view the fun—
See if "two heads are better than one."
There's but one *crown*—now what a fix;
Divide it? 'twould be but *two and six.*
Now who'll decide? who can unravel?
Say who shall reign, and who—*scratch gravel?*
Let's weigh their merits in the Chat,
And then declare—who'll "take our hat."

I'll wear it myself, if so be, I can,
Not consulting *Shakespeare*, "*or any other man.*"
Fleta—to become her royal station—
Issues an "emerging" proclamation.
'Tis evident, though, she's lost her chances
In that great "drift of circumstances."
Our Winnie, more intent to rise,
Seeks her fate amid the skies,
And finding there a *single Starr*,
Wor-*ships* with him *in realms afar*.
Fleta shouts for elbow room,
And bran*dishes* her scepter—broom.
But she, before much older grown,
Will learn she'll not possess the throne.
She's got but Bob O'Link to praise her—
He's all moustache, and so can't razor.
Now *I* really think queens should not
Try to rise above their social lot
Of darning st—hose—making a shirt,
Or cleaning up our royal dirt,
And, therefore, to end the matter,
Proclaim to you with terrible clatter,
The throne's usurped! W. A. R. is king!
Merrys, to ME your homage bring.
Give me your *countenance*-loving hearts—
Not on *chargers*, but on *cartes*.
I'm bound to reign! now that's flat,
Until kicked out in very next Chat.
Puss, stand by me, and honor bring,
For thou canst "look upon a king."
On t'other side we'll have A. N.
Of *mortified* bonnet—*decayed tuscan*.
Who ever dares this "*coup*" prohibit
Shall hang from the arm of Flibbertigibbet;
While all who loyally seek our grace,
For their *pains* shall have my *paper face*.
Should you once see it, you will not seek [cheek."
Any further to find "a very hard
Merrys, to our court! from near and far,
"By-path" *I'm king!*—that same old
W. A. R.

Thanks, Uncle Rob, for the warm welcome extended me in February.

Now let me chat "a *short* little while" and be gone—safe from that horrid manipulator.

Hurrah for Queen Fleta! *One queen forever!*

Grasshopper, I am *not* acquainted with Humming Bird.

Teaser, is it true that *you're* sold *too?* Phene F. and Hattie Lee will *both* laugh at *your expense.*

W. A. R., what do you think of Devereux *now?*

Spec(k)tator, even if "I *have* the advantage," I think you had better write *first.* Anything for me sent to Uncle Robert will be duly forwarded.

Phene F., *isn't I* a *good* letter? *I* admire it too!

Really, I'd like to shake hands with you. Comet, I wish you'd rove this way with *c. de v.*

"Josie," are yon lost?

"Sharpshooter," "I like you" too.

Neva, when I go to St. Paul I'll certainly call and see you. In the mean time, suppose we talk to each other enough to become at least slightly acquainted.

Wilforley, speak to Tattler.

Bob O'Link, I saw you *once. Next* time I'll recognize you—see if I don't.

Sue Friend, I'd like to X with you.

Alice B. of R. H., I was glad to hear from you. Guess who I am.

Merrys, do be sociable with

JESSIE BELL.

CHICAGO, *April* 4, 1864.

At last, Fleta! that "drift of circumstances from which you emerged" must have been deep indeed? Haven't your followers been faithful, considering your forgetfulness? Hereafter "wave your scepter and possess your throne," and we'll see "who stands or falls with their rightful queen," won't we, Dan?

But before proceeding any farther, I must make a pun—"do as the Romans do," you know. Alas! I have a prejudice against punsters—but duty, stern duty, bids me on, so here goes. Oh, for a boundless contiguity of Chat! where rumors of oppressive puns, successful or of unsuccessful W. A. R. might never reach me! My duty's done! But, seriously, are not puns rather too prevalent? Puns, puns! Puns painfully persistent, puns purgatorial, puns puerile, puns puzzling, puns pungent, puns possibly probable and probably passable. Have pity, oh, ye punsters! Must ye *forever* prevail, preponderate, and predominate?

Nell of B., welcome back; that young lady, I think, I recognize—Miss W—d—n?

Dan and I are acquaintances—see each other occasionally at Philharmonics, lectures, etc.—studies so hard he has no time for ladies' society (?).

Mamie, tell that "somebody," Wilforley's picture is worth more than you *can* say.

Jessie Bell, I shall be most happy.

J. Jingle, Nellie V., Jasper, Vera Lee, all welcome, and I'll try to answer.

Nonsense, did you appreciate that visit from Lockwood and me?

Now, Willie H. C., don't be hypocritical. "Merry Badge," indeed! You might have "taken *this* dear cousin by the hand," had you chosen. I'd have proved my "energy" most satisfactorily. No wonder we "passed each other coldly by" at our great fair. Well, whose fault was it? Answer me that!

ANNIE E. D.

BROOKLYN, *March*, 1864.

Alas! *our* queen has gone; she now reigns over another household. May your *rain* be all showers, like those you spoke of in one of your letters, Winnie! I always knew you were a *starr*, but it is only now that you begin to shine. You and Pontiac must twinkle on us often.

My Trojan friend, you should have furnished her *With A* (t) *Rousseau*. I'll *war*rant you she'd *wear* that part of her *war*drobe *war*ily.

By the way, are you a*ware* of the great mistake under which you are laboring as regards my friend Devereux? Laugh at him well, Nell. Devereux in muslin, eh! ha! ha! Johnnie, that's rich!

Heartsease, will you ex.? or will *any* one else do so? I should be pleased to exchange with all.

Puss, Blue-Eyes, Brown-Eyes, Jean Ducasse, why do I not hear from you in reply to my *cartes?*

A. N. and Lucy—still remembered; when shall I send you another *good* picture, A. N.?

Uncle Merry, who is Geraldine? (!) Will she ever write again? Adoo

JASPER.

April 4, 1864.

UNCLE MERRY:—Here I come again, hoping to find a friendly welcome. I should like to scrape acquaintance with some of the "Merry Cousins." I see but one familiar name among them, and that is "Maria W. Marshall."

Tell "Sans Souci" that I also am very fond of horseback riding, and should like to take a ride with him, only I am afraid I should never find the way to "Airy Castle," and besides, I think it his place to come for me.

Is "W. A. R." engaged in the war?

Yours truly ADDIE W.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

Bright, particular star of the Chat, Fleta is thy name!
Let none dare dispute thy right as queen to reign.

All due homage we,
As faithful subjects, render thee.

April, 1864.

Ye subjects of Queen Winifred, *arouse* and show yourselves! Will you cower down under the effects of one glowing proclamation from a queen who acknowledges herself forgotten by her own subjects, and who, having called upon them, finds only a Jolly Jingle to respond? and he happened to be a little too full.

Arouse from your sleep, and fight for the queen in the Golden land. W.A R. is proclaimed; join in and bring *your pun*ishments for the subjects of Queen Fleta. Ye new cousins, welcome to our swelling band of Merry ones. * * * *

GOLDEN ARROW.

RIVER BANK, *March* 31, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have been longing to join your "Merry" group for some time past, and if I have the good fortune to escape being crushed by the "machine," on one side, and having my head cut off by the "hatchet" on the other, I shall thank my lucky stars, and be under everlasting obligations to Uncle Merry.

To say that I *like* the MUSEUM is not saying *half* enough. It is well worth twice the amount asked.

Please introduce me to all of the cousins.

Saucy Nell, Teaser, and Tattler, will you not shake hands with me?

Mignionette, and Daisy Wildwood, Blue Bell, Rose Bud, and Prairie Rose, hope we may become acquainted, for I am passionately fond of flowers.

Will not some of the cousins deign to notice ZEPHYR?

DEER RIVER, *March* 12, 1864.

DEAR MERRYS:—May I be permitted to call you cousins also? With pleasure do I wait for each number of the MUSEUM, and many interesting stories do I find in them.

Uncle, perhaps you may think my letter is long enough, so I will stop. Love to all. From your niece, N. D.

Extracted Essences.

We are glad to take by the hand and introduce to the cousins Black-eyed Fannie of Louisville, Red Head, Boomshell, Proboscis, Admiral.

The following desire to exchange *c's de v.* with any and all of the cousins:

Calleta, box 83, Pittsfield, Mass.
Rodney A. Mecur, Towanda, Pa.
Seth, box 136, Ellison, Ill.

Rover wishes to know if any of the cousins belong to the I. O. of G. T., and hopes he has some "brothers and sisters" in the Merry band.

Ophie is ready to shake hands with Phene F., Winnie, and W. A. R., if he is "not too ferocious."

M. E. H., we will send the puzzle-book, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents.

Etta B., send the subscribers, and we will send the album.

Mary R., we send the sewing machine for 70 new subscribers, which is the lowest number we can afford it for.

Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family, by two of themselves, published by M. W. Dodd, New York, is a book of unusual attraction and merit.

The incidents of the life of Martin Luther and his times are here portrayed with thrilling interest and beauty.

It has all the fascination of a romance while giving historical events in the life of that great and good man.

Read the advertisement of the book in the April number, and then send for it.

The Soldier Boy: or, Tom Somers in the Army. By Oliver Optic. 350 pages —illustrated. It is written in an interesting and attractive style, relating adventures at Bull Run, Williamsburg, on the Shenandoah, on the Peninsula, etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. See advertisement.

We are happy to recommend the books of the American Tract Society of Boston as worthy a place in every family, and which will both interest and instruct. One of their late publications is entitled The Medicine Shelf, which presents in a graphic narrative the perils and dangers of moderate drinking, and brings out the true Christian idea of temperance, and the blessings which flow from a virtuous, temperate, and honorable life. We wish it could be placed in the hands of the youth of our land, and in every Sabbath-school library.

Dora Hamilton: or, Sunshine and Shadow, is another of their publications which we are glad to commend to our readers.

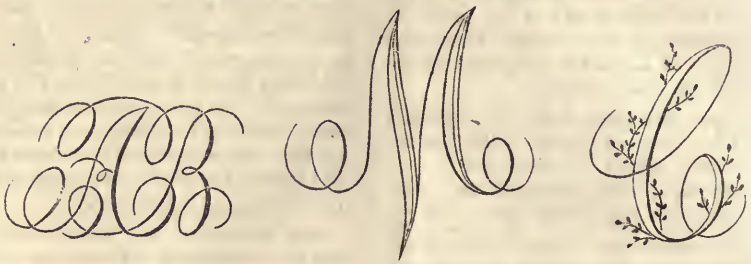
Pleasant Tales for the Little Ones, illustrated with twenty-six engravings, will be found very attractive and entertaining for the children. They can be obtained of Mr. Broughton, Bible House, Astor Place, New York.

Cudjo's Cave. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. We have only time to call attention to the advertisement of this entertaining book in the present number. It is a work of rare interest and merit, and is in great demand.

It Don't Need Pushing.—The *Zion Herald* (Boston) thus speaks of "The Drummer Boy:" "A story of Burnside's expedition, by the author of 'Father Bright-hopes.' Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. Among the boys this is the most popular and interesting book of the season. They not only read it through, but advertise it, and make the other boys uneasy until they have read it. In some instances school teachers have read it aloud to all the school; will sell without pushing."

The Steamboat Metropolis. — This magnificent boat has resumed its place on the Fall River route, having been entirely refitted and repaired at an expense of nearly $60,000. Twenty-five new and commodious rooms have been fitted up in the ladies' cabin, and now more than ever merits the title of "floating palace," which has so often been given it. Passengers taking this route will find good accommodation and receive proper attention.

AUNT SUE'S WORK-TABLE.



We give, this month, some pretty designs of initial letters for embroidering on ladies' handkerchiefs. Perhaps some of you little ones will glance at them, and say "*I* can't do that." How do you know?—did you ever try? Suppose, now, you get an old handkerchief and make the experiment—some of you "*Minnies*," "*Mamies*," and "*Carries*."

Place the cambric over the engraving and mark the letter (that shows through) with a pencil. Now work it to the best of your abilities; and if the first one doesn't look very nice, my word for it the second will be better. If you haven't any working cotton in the house, and it is inconvenient to go out to get it, take some of your mother's darning cotton and split it.

Next month I am going to tell you how to make a very nice and available pen-wiper; and in the mean while, if any one knows how to make something pretty, that isn't generally understood in the community, and will send me the history and secret of it for this department, I shall be much obliged.

AUNT SUE.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

C. M. E. wins the prize for March, having sent the longest list of correct answers.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

105. Out on the water a white, white thing
Listlessly floats with folded wing;
While three *other* forms as white, beside
My second, drift adown the tide.

Ah, me!—this sultry summer's day!
Weary with walking all astray,
I'll lay me down in this pine-glen dark [hark!—
Just here in sight o' the lake—but

Footsteps near on the pebbly shore!
See!—a fluttering dress, and—*something more!* [—a *kiss!*
Such a toss of curls!—what now!
Aha, *my first*, has it come to this?
They have passed!—the curls and fluttering dress.
Now, an unwilling spectator I confess,
I leap from my covert and push for yon knoll
To renew my search—"for what?"
—*my whole.*

"What is it like?" and "Where does it grow?" [know,
Questioner, only the wild-winds
For—whisper!—*my whole* is a plant so rare
That I *never yet found it anywhere!*

Fleta Forrester.

106. Entire, I may be felt; omit my fourth, behead, and I may again be felt; if you replace my fourth, I shall scratch, and if you transpose me now I shall quarrel.

Harry Bowles.

107. I am composed of three syllables: My first is an abbreviation much used by book dealers; my second

is a Latin preposition; my third belongs to the body. My first and second belongs to the mineral kingdom; my second and third is a term much used by cattle dealers; my whole is venomous.
A. E. G.

108. My whole often prevents my first and second from venturing upon my third. *Comet.*

109. My first (in sound) is a name that many noble and high-born dames have rejoiced in; my second (in sound) has been a fruitful source of ingenuity and wit; to obtain it many have been driven to desperation, and the want of it has driven many to crime; yet after all it is but an insignificant noise. My whole belongs to the monkey tribe, and he who labors for its possession is but an ape. *W. A. R.*

110. My first I hope that you have got;
Without it, sad would be your lot.
My next is seen upon the wave,
Perhaps it finds a watery grave!
My whole we all should dearly prize,
For 'tis the solace of our lives
James.

111. 10013588. *Birdie.*

112. IU UI L LTEA AREYH AS D11 DEAR ES. *Aubrey.*

113. By the use of what one word could you tell a person that he took a meal at a certain hour?
Ned W.

114. By what one word could you tell him that he partook of that meal in iniquity? *Grasshopper.*

115. My first you may find on a farm; my second is to cut; my third is what an uneducated Englishman would call my first; my whole is a cape. *Juanita.*

116. Curtail an animal and transpose the remainder into a leave of absence. *May of Irvington.*

117. Transpose a student into a political party. *H. A. D.*

118. My whole is a bird; behead and transpose, and make part of a church; curtail the original word and it will signify to storm.
A. S. W.

119. Divide a plant and leave two pronouns. *A. Older.*

120. Two letters of the alphabet and a foreign coin form a monarch's palace and his tomb. *Merrimac.*

Fill the following blanks with the same words transposed:

121. The —— perform many queer ——.
C. M. E.

122. Did Washington —— ever write a story of the —— and child?
Aunt Martha.

123. What preceptor would wish to —— a ——? *Forestina.*

124. In winter a —— is not ——.
Grasshopper.

125. What is that whose presence is always annoying except after tea; then everybody likes it?
Sam T. K.

126. Change my head several times and make (1) a boy's nickname; (2) what he went to catch; (3) where he went catch it; (4) what he took to catch it with; (5) what it made as it came toward him; (6) what he did to it as he caught it; (7) how he cooked it; (8) what he made of it; (9) and a verb necessary in the performance. *W. A. R.*

The following is a cipher enigma; the words are separated by dashes:

127. 1—2, 1, 3, 2, 4—5, 6, 7, 8, 6, 3, 9—10, 11—12, 13—5, 6, 10, 10, 4—1, 14, 14, 11, 7, 10, 13, 2—1, 3—11, 15, 2—12, 13, 15, 15, 16, 1, 3 1, 7—17, 11, 15, 15, 11, 5, 7—"4, 11, 18—10, 1, 19, 13—1, 15, 15—7, 11, 20, 10, 7—11, 17—10, 20, 18, 16, 21, 13, 20, 4—6, 3—4, 11, 18, 20—14, 1, 20, 10—2, 11, 3', 10—4. 11, 18-?" "14, 13, 20, 10, 1, 6, 3, 15, 4—22, 18, 16, 21—6, 3." *Julia E.*

128. Out of what one word can you get the sentence "A prime master merits great praise?" *A. S.*

129. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 3, 2, 1 is a name for a strong kind of butter.
My 11, 6, 14, 9, 7, 17 is the foundation of the strongest ties.
Some of our generals have been called 13, 15, 4, 5.
My 4, 8, 17 is a characteristic of the Felidæ.
My 16, 15, 12, 10, like my whole, showers its benefits alike on rich and poor. *H. A. D*

130. Behead a kind of rock and leave a salt. *W. E. C.*

131. Though my home is in heaven, I ne'er dwell in light,
I am ever in darkness, in dungeons, and night,

In agony, anguish, in passion and pains,
In prisons, in irons, in clanking of chains.
I am first in all nations, I dwell amid kings;
Queens can ne'er reign without me; I'm formed in their rings;
I sit on their thrones, am in each royal hand;
Without me no monarch can give one command.
I can ne'er be in quiet, am ever in motion,
Though bound in the depths of the billowy ocean,
I am ne'er seen in summer, in winter abide,
And all the year round, in one snow-flake I ride.
I sport in each sunbeam, I dwell in the mountain,
The plain is my home, and each murmuring fountain;
In short, though the very last formed in creation,
All must own I am first in every nation. *Ella S.*

132. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 1, 2, 5, 8, 11, 10 grows in the Southern States.
My 5, 9, 3 is a metal.
My 1, 11, 6, 13 is a mineral.
My 6, 7, 5 is an insect.
My 12, 2, 5, 6, 8, 11, 14, 4 may generally be found on the dinner-table.
My whole is a city. *H. T. Lee.*

133. I am composed of 9 letters:
My 9, 3, 8 is something that nobody likes to be.
My 6, 1, 2, 2 is an inanimate thing with a voice.
My 9, 5, 4, 7 is a kind of cloud.
My whole is a city. *Harry Dodge.*

134. Why is answer No. 79 in the present number very paradoxical as it stands? *Aunt Sue.*

Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of next month.

Answers to Questions in March No.

56. J. C. Fremont.
57. Buttermilk.
58. Here is a cipher puzzle,
I hope that it will please you,
But if you are impatient,
It certainly will tease you.
59. Amy, yam, may.
60. Mean, name, mane, Amen.
61. Salve, slave, laves, vales.
62. Races, scare, Cæsar, cares, acres.
63. Lettuce, cutlet.
64. Lemon, mole.
65. FRED.
66. Catamount.
67. Sparrow.
68. Nuthatch.
69. Asparagus.
70. Pineapple.
71. Mandarin, candarin.
72. Stool, tool.
73. Herodotus.
74. Abraham Lincoln.
75. Folly and pride walk side by side.
76. Because it is built over the ashes of the great (grate).
77. "Disunion makes traitors whose fate by law and justice is hanging up."
78. Is not his 42d year the year of his *fortitude?*
(*W. A. R.* answers this, "when he asks the girl's *father.*" I wonder if he speaks from experience!)
79. Wonderful panic and fright over little things.

C. M. E. answers all but 62, 71, 78, 79.

Bertha answers all but 62, 65, 71, 77, 78, 79.

Mary A. E. answers all but 56, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 79.

Aubrey answers all but 57, 60, 62, 64, 65, 72, 78, 79.

W. A. R. answers all but 62, 63, 65, 71, 75, 77, 78, 79.

Coy answers all but 62, 63, 65, 71, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79.

Birdie answers all but 59, 62, 63, 67, 69, 71, 72, 75, 78, 79.

Addie W. answers all but 58, 62, 65, 68, 71, 72, 76, 77, 78, 79.

Comet answers all but 59, 62, 63, 65, 67, 68, 69, 71, 76, 79.

A. P. answers all but 58, 59, 62, 63, 65, 69, 75, 76, 78, 79.

Anna W. N. answers all but 55, 59, 61, 62, 63, 65, 69, 75, 76, 77, 79.

Jeannie M. answers all but 56, 58, 61, 62, 65, 67, 69, 71, 74, 77, 79.

Lilly Chase answers all but 56, 58, 60, 61, 62, 65, 68, 71, 75, 77, 78, 79.

C. W. J. answers all but 56, 58, 59, 62, 65, 67, 69, 71, 75, 77, 78, 79.

Florian answers all but 58, 60, 61, 62, 64, 65, 67, 68, 69, 71, 78, 79.

S. Harp answers 57, 59, 63, 64, 66, 70, 72, 73, 74.

Muriel answers 56, 64, 72, 73, 74, 76.
Julia E. answers 56, 57, 64, 73, 74, 77.
Hero answers 56. 57, 64. 70, 74, 76.
Morton F. answers 56, 58, 72, 74, 75.
Calleta answers 64, 73, 74, 76, 78.
Silver Spring answers 63, 64, 73, 74.
A. Van A. answers 56, 63, 74,
Flower of Dunblane answers 64, 73, 74.
H. C. Hazen answers 64, 66, 72.
Moss Rosebud answers 64, 72.
T. P. answers 56.
Snooks answers 56.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ned W.—I am very happy to answer interrogations in this department, when I can; but modesty—as to my own capability—forbids my *soliciting* queries. I quite agree with you, however, that it would be "interesting." With regard to the word "demijohn," it is merely a corruption of the French word *Dame-Jeanne* — see any French Dictionary. *Dame-Jeanne* ("Lady Jane") may have been a fanciful or humorous name arbitrarily given to the article which bears it, just as a certain ale-pot used in drinking-houses is called a "Toby." One can readily imagine that the "*Dame Jeanne*," was first so called from a comical resemblance to some stout old wine-shop keeper. It is worth note perhaps, that the synonyme for "demi-john"—as it is used by manufacturers of acids—is "car-boy."

Rush.—If you were not heartily welcome for your own sake, you would be for your auntie's. How is she? She hasn't spoken to us for an age!

W. A. R.—Thank you for your good-natured letter. The "old lady" has three grandsons of the same name. I happen to know them.

Hero.—You can sit alongside of the very prettiest cousin if you choose. It was your own puzzle paraphrased.

Wilforley.—*M. A. H.* is no one in particular. I think the 256 letters for the Brooklyn fair, and 93 for the New York one, did superinduce a slight softening of the brain; but it is becoming hardened again. For the rest of your letter—yes, I think so.

H. H.—The B. L. I. S. F. letter to Aunt Sue was a very handsome tribute to her imagined worth and merits; but the "fish" on four lines to *Uncle* Sue was a terrible "sell!" For the sake of the cause we forgive you.

E. M. B.—Any one of the cousins wanting Aunt Sue's photog has only to send his (or hers) to box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y., and get hers (Aunt Sue's) in exchange. Your "enigma" was rather too simple for our Merrys.

S. Harp.—Many of your puzzles were *very* good, but so fearfully mixed up, that only an amateur editress, with plenty of time, would attempt to sort them out. Your remarks to the cousins being a part of the enigmatical mince-meat will be lost to the world for ever, I'm afraid. If you ever hope to see your letters in print, I advise you to write on but one side of your paper, and write your puzzles on a separate sheet. You need *not* write your *puzzles on only one side* of your paper, as I always *copy* them as I want them. Allow me to suggest also, that you need some new ink; and may I ask *why* you were "lying on the floor?" In puzzles, "behead" means to take off the first letter only.

Florian. — Indeed all our Merrys *are* "good;" let me prove it to you. It is an established fact—isn't it?—that "'tis good to be Merry and wise." Very well, then, all our "Cousins are *Merry*, are they not?—and they show their *wisdom* by taking the MUSEUM, don't they? so they are "Merry and wise," *ergo*—"good." Q. E. D.

H. C. Hall.—We are glad to welcome you to our Merry circle.

Morton F.—I am glad to receive even *one* answer to the puzzles; it proves that the writer took some interest in what I had taken pains to prepare.

Cora Melrose.—Do you read our notices to correspondents?

Pug Nose.—That's right, come in and bring your friends with you.

Harry Dodge.—The same remark applies to you. *I* think you write very nicely for "eight years old."

H. T. Lee.—Come and see us again.

Blue-Eyes.—I am afraid that I shall soon be perfectly content with your "*promise* to pay."

C. M. E.—Is your address the same as it was two or three years ago?

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *A. P.*, *Rush*, *Flower of Dunblane*, *Sigma*, *Anna W. N.*, *J. M. Dodge*, *Julia E.*, *H. C. Hazen*, *M. C. H.*, *Lilly Chase*, *Moss Rosebud*, *S. Harp*, and *H. C. Hall*.

N. B.—We *do not want any more figured* enigmas, such as No. 129, etc., as we already have so many.

The Gathering.

Joyfully, with Spirit and Energy. MM. ♩-160. *Music by* WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We gath-er, we gath-er, dear Je - sus, to bring The breathings of love, 'mid the blossoms of Spring;
2. When, stooping to earth from the brightness of heaven, Thy blood for our ran - som so free - ly was given;
Our Mak - er! Re-deem-er! we grate-ful - ly raise Our hearts and our voi - ces in hymn-ing thy praise.
Thou designedst to lis - ten while children a - dored, With joy - ful ho - san-nas—the bless'd of the Lord.
REFRAIN.
Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Ho - san - na in the high - est! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le -
Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Ho - san - na in the high - est! Hal-le-lu-jah!
- - - lu - - jah! Ho-san - na to the Lord!
Hal-le - lu-jah! Ho-san - na to the Lord!

3. Those arms which embraced little children of old,
Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold
That grace which inviteth the wandering home,
Hath never forbidden the youngest to come.
Hallelujah, &c.

4. Hosanna! hosanna! Great Teacher, we raise
Our hearts and our voices in hymning thy praise,
For precepts and promise so graciously given,
For blessings of earth and the glories of heaven.
Hallelujah, &c.

We are Coming, Blessed Saviour.

Words by MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. *Music by* WM. B. BRADBURY.

16—*Two to each measure.*

1. We are com - ing, bless - ed Sa - viour, We hear thy gen - tle voice; We would be thine for
FULL CHORUS.
ev - er, And in thy love re - joice. We are com - ing, we are com - ing, we are
com - ing, bless - ed Sa - viour, We are com - ing, we are com - ing, We hear thy gen - tle voice

2. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them forever,
And in thy presence stand.
We are coming, &c.
To meet that happy band.

3. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see—
A glorious mansion ever
For children young as we.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house we see.

4. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
That happy home is ours;
If here we gain thy favor
We'll reach those fragrant bowers.
We are coming, &c.
That happy home is ours.

5. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever
His praises we will sing.
We are coming, &c.
To crown our Jesus King.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by WM. B. BRADBURY, in the District Court of the United States for the District of New Jersey.

"SMOKY JIM."

PUFF, puff, puff!
Thick in a fumy fog;
Puff, puff, puff!
On deck, or keeping the "log"—
Puff, till the cabin is full,
Puff, till the air is blue;
Puff, till the passengers' eyes are dim,
And their patience worn quite through.

Puff, puff, puff!
What matters the smoke to him—
Or the watery eyes, or the choking coughs,
Or the title of "Smoky Jim?"
One night sat Smoky Jim
With his dainty roll, inclined
At an angle of forty-five degrees
In his graceful fingers twined.

Puff, puff, puff!
Seated upon a trunk,
With his feet thrown out and his head thrown back,
Leaning against his bunk;

Puff, puff, puff!
While behind with cat-like tread
Came monkey "Jack" with his whiskered phiz,
And perched on his master's bed.

"'Tis rich," said the moustached Jim,
"Rich," echoed monkey Jack;
"'Tis a heaven below," said Smoky Jim,
"Heaven below!" (from behind his back.)
"Who mocks?" cried the angry man,
As he turned for a furious blow;
"Who mocks?" cried the monkey, with such grimace
As only monkeys know.

And he winked with his shiny eyes,
And held on to his wooden pin,
With a vigorous puff from his shaven lip,
And another knowing grin.
Then in wrath did Smoky Jim
His cigar-box hurl at Jack;
But he slyly gave him a parting puff,
As he *cleared* the smoky track.

Puff, puff, puff!
Perched on a giddy height,
Puff, puff, puff!
While the passengers roared with delight.
Puff, puff, puff!
But it is not Smoky Jim!
He voted *one monkey on board enough*
Without finding another in him!

A "MERRY."

"GO-AHEAD," AND THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILIP SNOW'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE sound of the axe was heard echoing amid the rocks and the hemlocks. The reapers had come to the harvest—God's harvest—the last of all to be gathered in. How long God waits! How patient he is of all our slowness and long delays! how beautiful to stand always ready to take the suppliant in—our God, who, having given all things, at last gives *Himself*.

Stout men gather in the great sheaves. Boyish arms held the ivy, and the little gleaners sought the lowly creeping vines. The gathering was at its height; with shouts of glee the branches were cut and the vines drawn in.

Fred and Sydney Lake were treading snow, with arms well filled, on their way to the sleds that were waiting at the foot of the hill.

Sydney tumbled, and out spread his arms, and the vines were once more at home on the snow.

"Oh, dear! are you hurt?" cried Fred; "I'd help you, only you see I should drop everything, and I had such trouble in getting loaded up."

"Wait a bit, I'll pick you up," cried a voice close to them.

Relieved of his load, Sydney had jumped up and looked about him.

The dry bushes cracked at a tread, and in a moment Bill Hone appeared, bearing something in his arms. It could not have been hemlock, ivy, or ground pine, for he put it on a rock and spoke to it.

"You sit there a minute, till I help that boy pick up his load."

"Hurrah! little Benjie, I'm glad to see *you*," said Fred.

"How d'y do?" replied Benjie.

"Oh, I'm pretty well; we're going to have a superb kind of a time, fixing up the church; you'll come and see?"

"I guess so," said the little figure on the rock.

"Hold on a minute; I'll fasten this piece around your neck like a string of beads," said Bill Hone, doing his best to re-pack Sydney for his voyage.

"Thank you, Bill, that'll do," said Sydney.

"Aren't you coming to the church to help us?" called out Fred, who just then thought of his mother's request.

"I've never been in there," said Bill, stooping to take Benjie in his arms again.

"Never mind; you come this afternoon," replied Fred; and just then he made a desperate plunge in the snow, and half disappeared, while his arms tossed their burden up like a fountain.

"I declare!" exclaimed Bill; and in a moment Benjie was on the rock

again, and Bill was making long strides toward Fred.

Sydney stood still a moment, very near, and said, "Oh, dear, I *can't* unload again."

"You town boys don't know nothing 'bout woods in winter time, or you'd take care," said Bill, reaching Fred; and seizing his arm he began to lift him out.

"Take care! my foot is caught; am I in a cave, or a fox-hole?" cried Fred.

"Just you lie still, I'll have you out. It's nothing but a rock hid under the snow, and you've slid off and caught your foot in a vine or something;" and Bill proceeded to extricate Fred and fill his arms. "Now be careful where you go," he cried; and once more Fred and Sydney were on their way.

"My three bears! what's this in the woods? I declare! it's Silver Hair," said a merry voice, coming suddenly upon Benjie, sitting waiting on the rock; and a hand lifted one of Benjie's silvery curls.

"It's me," said Benjie.

"Oh, Benjie Wood! what are you doing here?"

"Just a waiting."

"Here I come," shouted Bill, and in a minute Benjie was in his arms, and the party who had surprised him came on their way to the sleds.

"I oosed to be afraid of you," said Benjie's little mouth close to the ear covered with red hair. "I oosed to run when I saw you, before you drowned me."

"Oh, dear!" gasped Bill; and then all was silent until they reached the group still busy gathering in.

"Just the fellow I was wishing for. I want your stout arms. These pines are dreadfully obstinate, they've had their own way so long, growing just as they were a mind to," said a young man, as Bill appeared with his burden.

"He's tired a bringing me," said Benjie; "he's brought me all the way up the hill."

"Not a bit—such a mite. I carried you home all the way *that* night," said Bill very gently, setting Benjie on a pile of branches.

"I know — mother tells me that story every night, when I can't go to sleep," said Benjie.

With a right good will the strong arms of Bill Hone wielded the axe and uprooted the ivy, twisting branches off, and unearthed marvelous lengths of vine, for no one knew the places where it grew better than Bill Hone.

At last the sleds were laden, and on the highest load Benjie Wood was placed for the ride home.

"Whoa! whoa! Here we are at the church door," cried the boys, and the obedient horses stood still. Bill Hone was close at hand to lift Benjie down.

Benjie's eyes were sparkling with pleasure when Bill received him.

"It's better than riding to the barn on a load of hay," said he.

Of course it was, little Benjie Wood; God's harvest-loads are better than ours. He plants the seeds; His winds scatter them, his clouds tend them, His sun shines down, and His rains water them. Man has nothing to do with it, until God bids him bring the fir, the box, and the pine together, and so we go out to gather it in.

"We've been waiting a long time," said Lucy Lake, coming out from the church. "Oh, mother, here is the little boy that was drowned," she

said, hurrying back; "and *who* do you think has hold of his hand?—that horrid boy, Bill Hone."

"Don't! don't, sister Lucy!" whispered Sydney, catching hold of her hand and drawing her half-way up the aisle; "let me tell you, he's been *so good to Benjie*, carrying him up the hill, and picking up my load and Fred's, and he's coming in here, maybe; don't let him hear you; I shouldn't wonder if he was going to be better."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE LACE BIRD'S NEST.

"WHAT shall I take to line my nest with?" said a dainty little thrush as she flitted about over the hedge and around the farm-yard; "I want something fine and pretty and soft, a little better than the coarse horse-hair I was obliged to put up with last year. Every one should build his house as nicely and well as he can. Ah, this will be just the thing," said Mrs. Thrush, as she darted down on a blooming sprig of sweet hawthorn. And what do you think, little May, this fanciful little bird picked up to finish out her nest with? The cook's fine lace cap, which she had put on the hedge to bleach. So she flew away to the little shady nook where she had hidden her home, and neatly laid the crown in the bottom for a carpet, while the delicate border was arranged all about the edge as tastefully as she knew how.

And there she reared up her little household, as happy as a bird could be, all unconscious of the commotion made within doors by the mysterious disappearance of the article she had so innocently appropriated. At last the missing article was found, but the cook and her friends had an old-fashioned fancy that it was a sign of great good luck to her, so she would on no account "turn the luck" by turning a poor little family out of house and home. So she let them enjoy it, rent free, for the rest of the season.

In fact, this thrush family seemed very partial to lace. A cousin of the one above mentioned took a good many yards of quite costly old lace from the "bleach green" one sunshiny day, and wove it in and out of her nest in a very curious pattern, with no more consideration of its expensiveness than if it had been a thread of wool instead of thread lace.

No doubt she would have been sorry enough if she had learned that the house-maid was suspected of stealing it. But this great mystery was also finally brought to light by one of the children, who discovered the nest. No art could unravel the work of the skillful little weaver, though, without destroying the frail material she had wrought in.

J. E. McC.

WORK IS HOLY.

Work while life is given,
Faint not although 'tis hard;
Work is the will of Heaven,
And peace is the reward—
For work is holy!

What though thy lot be hidden,
And proud ones pass thee by?
Feel duty as God-bidden,
Act as beneath his eye—
For work is holy!

SURE CURE.

BY MRS. N. McCONAUGHY.

"I AM really concerned about Alfred," said Mrs. Morrison to Uncle James, who had just come to town on marketing business; "he has no appetite, and grows so pale and thin. He lies down on the sofa after breakfast and tries to study his lessons, but it is too much for him to hold his book almost. I am really afraid he is going into a decline."

"Does he seem to have any settled disease?" asked Uncle James.

"I do not think he does. The doctor gives him cod-liver oil and tonics, but he does not seem to get any better." At the mention of those delicacies the boy turned away his face with a contortion of disgust.

"No, and he never will so long as he is shut up here in this dark room. He can't thrive any more than a potato plant in the cellar. He needs a little hot-house treatment—real sunshine. It beats galvanism all to pieces, for a cure. Why, they have a great institution in London just on this sun-cure principle. I tell you, my poor boy, you are in a bad way. Can you make an effort to save yourself? You are really in danger of

dying of a disease that takes off thousands—that of—nothing to do. I have heard of a sure cure, if you have courage to try it. I don't believe it will be half as bad as your doctor's medicine. It is "a blister on the palm of the hand." It is not to be made by any of your poisonous irritants, but by good, honest friction, the handle of a rake, hoe, or garden shovel being especially recommended. It beats opium to make you sleep well. Iron can't strengthen your muscles equal to it, and you won't need any tonics to make you relish even cold pork and beans for dinner. Now, come, my boy, won't you go to the country with me this afternoon, and try a little farm work for a month. It shall be much or little, just as you please. You must, of course, begin very carefully at first, and increase as you find you can. Take my word for it, you will come home in September as hearty as a bear, and ready to take hold of your books with vigor."

"I'll do it if you say so, mother," said the boy, his eye kindling at the hope of knocking off the dreadful chains then fast binding him down.

So the city boy actually pulled off his kid gloves and took hold of the hoe, rather awkwardly, it is true, at first, but he managed to "hoe his row," and then was glad to lie down on Aunt Sarah's nice, comfortable lounge till dinner-time.

"Here is your medicine, Alfred," said Aunt Sarah, setting down before him a cup of delicious cream. "You needn't make a face; it is only cream, and you can put in a spoonful of berries if you like it better. People are just beginning to find out that cream is better than cod-liver oil for a medicine, and it's a sight easier to take." So Alfred thought, as he scooped up the last spoonful, and rather wished there was another cupful.

"I think almost anything will agree with me to-day, aunty; I haven't been so hungry for three months."

"Let me see the palm of your hand," said Uncle James, with a very wise medical look.

"It isn't quite blistered yet," said Alfred, laughing as he held it out.

"A very good beginning, my boy, and your cheeks are beginning to pink up a little. You will find that Uncle James beats all your city doctors."

And so father and mother thought when their invalid boy came back to them in the fall, sunburnt and hearty, with a most unfashionably good appetite and "shocking red hands," which mother counseled him to keep in tight kids until the tan wore off a little; yet on the whole she was too rejoiced to be greatly distressed at the marks of the cure the sun and exercise had left.

If you have a boy suffering from nothing to do, just try the same experiment with him; and if you are troubled yourself with a hundred nameless chronic ills which make your life wretched to yourself and others, just try the cure of a blister on the palm, and see if it does not work like a charm.

"Are You Contented?"—An eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate upon which was painted the following:

"I will give this field to any man who is contented."

He soon had an applicant.

"Well, sir, are you a contented man?"

"Yes, sir, very."

"Then what do you want with my field?" said the old gentleman.

The applicant did not stop to reply!

THE PEACOCK.

"MOTHER, do you see how proud the peacock holds his head, and walks about the yard? How vain he is!"

"Don't you think those pretty morning-glories, climbing about the window, look proud, my dear? See how they open their blue cups to the morning sun!"

"Why, mother, I always thought the morning-glory was one of the gentlest, meekest things in the world. Besides, it could not be proud, it is only a flower."

"Neither could the peacock be proud, for it is only a bird. I am sure I delight to gaze upon his gorgeous plumage, and am thankful that God has given us such beautiful objects to give us pleasure, and to refine our hearts. He who gave the goodly wings to the peacock made it his nature to spread abroad his beautiful feathers and walk in that stately manner, and he has no more feeling of pride than the unconscious flowers. All of God's works are right; it is only man that has marred them. I love to have my little daughter cherish tender, loving feelings for all these creatures of his hand. It not only makes us a great deal happier, but makes our hearts kinder toward all his rational creatures. A single unpleasant association may spoil our pleasure in looking at the most lovely object. So it would greatly mar my enjoyment when looking at this beautiful bird if I had associated with it feelings of pride and vanity, which are so sinful and disagreeable in our fellow-men.

"Even when we see what is not pleasing in these unreasoning animals, we should still never allow a feeling of anger or hatred to enter our hearts. If Prince will worry kitty, or kitty catch the meadow-lark, remember it is all right, 'for God has made them so.'"

He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Fill up each hour with what will last,
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

LITTLE BOBBY'S ESCAPE.

SWEET chubby little Bob, how his brothers and sisters loved him! Babies were not so plenty in their neighborhood as they are in some places; for George and Milly Benson lived away at the West, near a small forest on the edge of a prairie, and the nearest house was more than two miles from their home; so they only had each other and Bob for playmates.

But little they cared for other society; indeed, they had not much time for play. George helped his father in the field, where there was always plenty to do in clearing up and planting a new farm, and in taking care of the crops as they raised them. And Milly had the cows to milk, and the dishes to wash, and beds to make, and a hundred other things which industrious girls in the country can find to do to help their mothers.

I suppose one reason they both loved little Bob so much was because they once came so near losing him. It was a beautiful sunny day in June, when the prairie was gay with flowers, and the woods were ringing with the songs of the birds and the chirrup of squirrels, that the children not having much to do started out to enjoy a pleasant stroll in the woods. It was Robert's birth-day—he was just two years old—and Milly declared they would celebrate it. So she brought a large basket, filled it with grass and flowers, and George tied a rope on its two sides, and they set little Bob in it just as he came from the cradle. They then put a stick through the rope, and the little fellow chuckled, and crowed, and felt happier in this novel carriage than many an emperor in his chariot.

They carried him safely to a pleasant opening in the woods not far from a spring, where the grass was thick and wild flowers grew in profusion.

They all had a fine frolic together; Bobby kicked up his heels, rolled on the grass, and played all sorts of antics, until George and Milly were almost tired out laughing at him. Presently they thought they would have a little sport at Bobby's expense, by pretending to run away from him, and seeing what he would do; and accordingly they started in different directions for the adjoining woods. But little Bobby was no coward. He could not understand why they had left him, but he only clapped his hands to the dog and said "catch 'em" as plainly as he could, and Rover bounded away after George. Seeing that Bobby was not frightened, his brother and sister returned; but as they came nearer to him they were surprised to see him paying no attention to them, but with his eyes intently fixed on some object near him. They called, but he did not look up. George sprang forward; but as he came near the child, what was his horror to see an enormous snake coiled near his brother's feet, his head lifted as if about to strike with his poisonous fangs. George dared not stir; he knew not what to do, and Milly shrieked with fear. Just then Rover dashed forward with a bark, and in another instant he had seized the snake by the neck and was shaking it with all his might, as he had been taught to do by George, and thus little Bobby's life was saved.

The children returned to the house much more soberly than they had gone out, but as with tears in their eyes they told the story, both George and Milly said they never knew before how much they loved their brother.

THE REGULATORS;

OR, THE STORY OF A NOBLE BOY.

ABOUT the year 1766, when our now independent country was under the dominion of England, the people of North Carolina were highly excited concerning the heavy taxes which had been heaped upon them to such an extent by their avaricious mistress that they felt their burden was greater than they could bear. At last, after petitioning the Government in vain for relief from the extortions which had followed each other in quick succession, a large number of the people resolved to take the matter into their own hands. A solemn league was therefore formed, called the REGULATION, and the members of it named REGULATORS, or Sons of Liberty, as they were sometimes termed.

The leader of the Regulation was named Herman Husband. He was a man of strong will and vigorous mind, and, though a Quaker, was decidedly of the opinion that in the extortion question the spirit moved him and all good North Carolinians to resist.

He did not believe that the chief end of man was to pay exorbitant taxes, and to keep the Governor in too fine a style for the purses of his people, so he told the Regulators to pay no more taxes than the strict letter of the law allowed; to select proper men to represent them, and to prepare a petition to the Government. This petition begged the Government to retrench in its enormous expenditures and lessen the taxes which were pressing so sorely upon the people. The sympathies of many good citizens were with them, though they would not join in the sometimes stormy and riotous meetings of the Regulators.

At last a few concessions were made by the Government, and the people grew calmer; but the Colonial Governor of North Carolina, a vain, cruel man named Tryon, was not one to further the ends which the Regulators had in view. He soon succeeded in obtaining the immense sum of £5,000, or $25,000, to erect a grand palace for himself and the future governors, and afterward obtained a double amount, £10,000, to finish it. Whether the finishing meant simply trimmings, I do not know.

They did not have speaking trumpets in those days, nor gas fixtures, nor any of the "modern improvements" that are deemed so indispensable now; but he probably wanted great chimney places, all carved and ornamented in the olden style; a stiff Dutch garden around the palace, and, who knows, but a great statue of his ugly self over the door-way.

As may be supposed, the Regulators took a very lively interest in this affair, and doubtless many of them wished, as they saw the massive wall growing up into the air, that an avenging Providence would tottle it over on Governor Tryon's head; but, fortunately, Providence manages the affairs of the world with a wisdom that pays no more attention to the whims and spites of its inhabitants, in the way of gratifying them, than we do to the squabbles, and hissings, and splutterings of the poultry in the barnyard.

Well, the next thing that brisked the hair of the indignant Regulators,

and, indeed, made nearly all North Carolina furious, was the great expense of running a boundary line between the State and the land of the Cherokee nation. This, they said, was rendered necessary by the vanity of Tryon, who, although the country was at peace with the Cherokees, marched at the head of a large force of militia into their nation, under the pretense of protecting the surveyors, who were at that time laying out large districts of new land.

There was at once evident a determination to resist to the utmost, on the part of the Regulators, who could not, and would not, they said, pay the tax which this new expense called for. Governor Tryon saw the storm coming, and at once sent a proclamation, by his secretary, David Edwards, and a lawyer, named Edmund Fanning, to be read and enforced among the people.

Fanning was very much disliked by the Regulators, but he managed to cajole them into the belief that justice would at last be done them, and they agreed, at his request, to meet him at a stated time in a friendly council.

Before the time appointed for the meeting arrived, they had good reason to suspect themselves to be victims of treachery and deceit. Their leader, Herman Husband, had been slyly arrested by Fanning's orders and cast into prison, and numbers of his followers had shared the same fate. A rising of the people followed, and a large body of Regulators marched to Hillsborough to release the prisoners. Here they were met by Edwards, who, by means of smooth words and fair promises, induced them to abandon their project for the time. After this, disputes came thick and fast, and at last Governor Tryon resolved to give the Regulation a chance to show its strength, knowing well how powerless a mere mob would be against an organized military force. He therefore took them by surprise, by marching with the full strength of his militia into the rebellious district. A battle ensued, in which nine of the Regulators and twenty-seven of the militia were killed, and a large number wounded.

At first sight it may seem that the Regulators beat. Not a bit of it. They were unorganized, that is for fighting purposes, and, after the first fire from the militia, scattered themselves, helter-skelter, every man for himself, and after a short hand-to-hand fight they were forced to surrender, or be cut to pieces by the soldiery that surrounded them. Consequently Tryon, though he did not deserve it, won the day, and likely enough followed up his advantage in exactly the way that small-minded, unprincipled victors always exult over their fallen foes.

We know that he took a great many prisoners, and that their sufferings were severe; some were cast into prison for trial, and others were sentenced, by Tryon, to be hung without trial by judge or jury. Among these latter was a Captain Messer, a leading man among the Regulators. He was energetic and public-spirited, a kind husband and father, and believed that he acted rightly in resisting the oppressions of the Colonial Government. Some people called him a law-breaker and a rioter, and believed that our duty as a loyal people was to stand firmly up for the English rule, and bear all its inflictions. If we couldn't stand under it, then our duty was to kneel meekly and bear more burdens on our devoted shoulders; and when

we were too exhausted for kneeling, then (I suppose they would have said) our highest duty, as subjects to the mother country, was to lie down flat and let the British lion paw our backs *ad libitum*. Fortunately, *everybody* didn't think so, or we would not have been a grand independent nation now. Washington didn't think so, or Franklin, or La Fayette, or the thousands upon thousands who bled for freedom and sank upon the sod, that it might become a land of freedom for their children—so, perhaps, the good Royalists were mistaken.

Well, as I have said, this Captain Messer was a good man, or tried to be one, and he was caught by the Governor, and sentenced to be hung forthwith. In vain he begged that he might see his family once more, to bid them farewell, and give his wife directions for the support and protection of herself and little ones. The cold-blooded tyrant told him that there was no time to wait. He must die within twenty-four hours.

Information had, however, been conveyed to his beloved ones, by a friend who had joined the fugitives from the field. Imagine the consternation of that devoted family when told that he to whom they all looked up with reverence and deepest affection, whose kind, cheerful voice was the dearest sound on earth to their ears, was now in the hands of a man to whom none need look for mercy, or even justice.

Without a moment's delay, Mrs. Messer prepared to hasten to her husband's side. Her oldest son, a boy of ten years, begged that she would not go alone, that he might share her dangers, and see that dear father once more. She consented; with aching, anxious hearts they hastened on, dreading lest before they could reach the spot the poor prisoner would be sentenced to pine away his life in some far prison, where the voices of his kindred could never reach him more. They did not know that at that very moment he was praying, alone, for strength to meet his terrible death, and, above all, for God's mercy and tender protection for those who would so soon be widowed and fatherless. Not until Mrs. Messer reached the spot where the fatal preparations were already commenced, and was told that the victim soon to be hung on yonder tree was her own husband, did the fearful truth burst upon them.

Tryon himself was standing near. With all the energy of despair, of madness almost, the poor woman threw herself at his feet and implored for mercy. He thrust her away in disdain. Again and again she begged him by all that his soul held dear or sacred, to stay his avenging hand; every appeal, every argument was used in vain.

"No, madam," cried the incensed tyrant, "though the king himself should intercede, your husband should die." Then, turning in scorn from the poor woman, he ordered Messer to be led forth. Upon seeing him in the hands of his executioners, the poor wife uttered a piercing scream of agony and swooned away. All this time her noble-hearted boy had stood near, adding his tears and supplications to her own; but now, when he saw her senseless upon the ground, his father already standing beneath the fatal tree, all the strength, all the heroism of his nature was aroused. Throwing himself passionately at Tryon's feet, and clinging to his knees, he cried:

"Oh! sir, kill me! do not hang father. Let me die in his place."

Tryon started with astonishment; but a look at the boy's upturned face convinced him that he was in earnest.

"Who told you to say that?" he asked in a stern tone.

"Nobody," replied the boy proudly, though the tears were streaming down his face.

"And why do you ask it?"

"Because," replied the boy, "if you hang father, mother will die, and my brothers and sisters will perish. Oh! hang *me*, sir. I am but one!"

The Governor's heart was touched at last. He signaled to the executioners; then, turning to the boy, "Go," said he, "your father shall not be hanged."

With a joyous bound the boy sprang to his mother's side.

"Mother! mother!" said he, "wake up! father is saved!"

Was it the glad tidings, or the fall of kisses, or the tears of joy falling upon her cheek that awoke her? In an instant she was clinging in prayer and gratitude to her boy's neck. It was soon evident, however, that it was not principle but *impulse* which had induced Tryon to spare his victim's life. He annexed a condition to his pardon, which required that Messer should arrest Herman Husband, who had fled before the battle had commenced, and bring him into his august presence. In the mean time Mrs. Messer and their boy were detained as hostages for his fidelity. Messer started on his forlorn hope; believing that Tryon would not dare to put the old leader of the Regulators to death, he sought him everywhere, and at last discovered his whereabouts. He pursued Husband into Virginia, and overtook him; but he could not persuade him to trust himself to the tender mercies of Tryon. With death, as an alternative, staring him in the face, Captain Messer resolved to take no further measures toward securing Husband, but returned alone to the implacable Governor.

On announcing the failure of his expedition, he was at once bound in chains with the other prisoners, and marched through the various settlements and villages on the route to Newbern. Soon twelve of the prisoners were courtmartialed and sentenced to be hung. Six were reprieved or pardoned, and the remainder perished on the gallows. Among these latter was Captain Messer. There was no use of appealing for earthly mercy now; all that the blood-stained hands of Tryon could do to him had been done. Crushed and desolate, the poor wife returned to her fatherless children. History does not lift the vail of her sorrow, but who can doubt that the noble-hearted boy, who would have perished in his father's place, was a stay and comfort to her in her widowhood; or that great hearts may throb in little bodies, when through the mists of history we can hear that childish voice saying:

"Oh, do not kill father! Let *me* die—I am but one!" M. E. D.

Lying.—Never chase a lie. Let it alone and it will run itself to death. You can *work out* a good character much faster than any one can lie you out of it.

Faults.—There is no fault so small that it will disappear of itself. You must make a business of pulling it up by the roots and throwing it away.

THE FOX AND THE RAVEN.

A FABLE.

A FOX observing a Raven, perched on the branch of a tree, with a fine piece of cheese in her mouth, immediately began to consider how he might possess himself of so delicious a morsel. "Dear madam," said he, "I am extremely glad to have the pleasure of seeing you this morning; your beautiful shape and shining feathers are the delight of my eyes; and would you condescend to favor me with a song, I doubt not but your voice is equal to the rest of your accomplishments." Deluded with this flattering speech, the transported Raven opened her mouth, in order to give him a specimen of her pipe, when down dropped the cheese; which the Fox immediately snatching up, bore it away in triumph, leaving the Raven to lament her credulous vanity at her leisure.

MORAL.

Wherever flattery gains admission, it seems to banish common sense.

SELF-CONQUEST.

[CONCLUDED FROM MAY NUMBER.]

"WHY, Barry, what have you got there?"

"Oh! such fun," said Barry, running up to them; "look here! does anybody know who this is?"

He held up a piece of paper, on which was drawn a caricature.

"Yes," they all exclaimed; "it is intended for the new boy, Raynor."

"Well, isn't it good? I drew it out last night, and mean to show it to him; I wonder what sort of stuff he is made of, and where he comes from! I shall get one of his books and stick it in. How he will stare when he opens it! He told me yesterday his father was or had been a naval officer."

"I like him," said Harry, "and I don't think it is kind of you to do that to a new boy."

"Oh, kindness! Why, it can't do him any harm."

"Ten minutes to nine," said Hamilton, glancing at the clock, which looked out from its pinnacle over the school doors. "I'm off to my desk, and you may settle about the kindness of the thing among yourselves."

"Now, Harry," said Proctor, "mind, three o'clock this afternoon, we are going round the point to the island, and then we shall land and have some capital sport there. I have asked Fred Moore, and he says he will come, and we can land, and then we will have a swimming match."

"Yes," said Barry, interrupting Ned's flowing sentence. "Fred Moore says he can beat you, Harry, any day, in swimming, and handling an oar, and that is why he is coming."

"Oh! but," said Harry, "he has never tried with me. Why, he has only been in the school a month, and has had no chance of trying."

"Well, then, nothing can be better than this afternoon's sport. Hurrah!" said Ned, turning himself round and round, as if on a pivot. "Now, Harry, put forth all your powers, and don't let him beat you."

"I don't believe he can," replied Harry, drawing himself up proudly, "and I don't mean to let him."

"Then," said Barry, "let us all be punctual in starting this afternoon. I shall run down to the beach and be there before three o'clock, and Harry, will you be early and call for me?"

"Very well," said Harry, his good resolution of declining the trip fading away before the temptation of proving to Ned Moore his superior skill. Before school began, Barry found the opportunity he had desired of adding to one of Raynor's books, unknown to the latter, the caricature he had drawn. Harry's desk was next to Raynor's, he knew what Barry had done, and would like to have told Raynor of it, and taken it out, had he been there in time; but, unusual for him, he only arrived to take his seat the last in the school, as the bell ceased ringing.

The morning studies were proceeded with — and all were soon busily engaged. Shall I say all? Apparently all were, but the thoughts of *one* rested not with their wonted application on the duties before him. Conscience quietly whispered to Harry Lee, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." She reminded him that he had given way to temptation; she brought before him the words of his mother that morning, and

he did not feel quite comfortable. An hour after he saw Raynor take up the book, the fly-leaf of which Barry had disfigured with his sketch. He saw the color rise in his cheek, but for a moment, and then a quiet smile succeeded, as he calmly turned to the page he was using — and taking his slate, had nearly written the whole of a long and difficult exercise, when a wet sponge, adroitly thrown from the other end of the long desk, entirely effaced it.

"That's too bad," exclaimed Harry, but the master's authoritative voice prevented any further remark.

A close observer might have noticed the flush which again for a few minutes pervaded the pale cheeks and thoughtful brow of Raynor; he looked up as if to discover the audacious author of the mischief—gradually the crimson of his face gave way to its wonted paleness, the dark eyes, which had for a moment flashed anger, resumed their milder expression, and taking his pencil in his hand, again busily wrote.

When school was over and the boys fairly in the playground, Barry and Ned Proctor and one or two others came up to Harry, who was standing by Raynor. The latter smiled, and then said:

"Which of you have I to thank for the drawing inserted in my book this morning?"

"Whichever you like, excepting myself," said Ned Proctor.

"I'll tell you," said a little boy, "who it was that threw the sponge."

"Tell, if you dare!" said Barry.

"I don't particularly wish to know," answered Raynor. "I can guess, but it makes no difference, I shall try to forgive and forget it."

Some of the boys, most of them I should say, scarcely understood so unlooked-for an answer; the group separated, and many little remarks were made. Not a few considered Raynor to have shown a want of spirit, and had he displayed a more vindictive temper, it is probable others would have commended him. Harry Lee said nothing, but his heart secretly approved. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty," whispered the inward monitor, "and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

"'Ruleth his spirit,' repeated he to himself, "that is what I have failed to do. I have consented to go with Ned Proctor, when I know I ought not."

"It is not too late now," suggested conscience.

"No," thought Harry, "but what will they all say when I tell them I will not go, what excuse can I make? and they will be sure to taunt me; mother says, we must not mind what others say, but in God's strength dare to do *right*." There was a little further struggle in his mind, and then he ran off to Ned, who was standing with Barry, Moore, and the others who were to be of the party, watching a game.

"Well, now!" said he cheerfully, "I wish you all a pleasant afternoon, but I am not coming with you."

"Not coming," said Barry in a tone of surprise.

"Not coming," echoed Ned, "why not?"

"I can tell you," replied Hamilton: "he is afraid of Fred Moore; he will be sure to beat him."

"No, I am not afraid; that is not the reason," said Harry, "however, I am not coming."

"I dare say it is, now," said Fred Moore, "only you won't say so."

"Don't be a coward, Harry," said another boy.

"Who dares to say I am?" rejoined Harry; then, feeling an angry temper arise, he quietly took up his satchel of books and left the playground, while one or two boys shouted after him, "Harry Lee is afraid of Fred Moore!"

Harry felt all the happier that afternoon for having decided to remain at home. Toward the close of it, Raynor called upon him to ask him if he would run down to the beach in search of shells, of which he was making a collection. Mrs. Lee smiled her approval, and the two boys set off. Fine fun they had, scrambling into all the nooks of the rocks, accessible and inaccessible.

The evening wore on, and they had wandered away a considerable distance, when a sudden change in the weather was perceivable.

"We shall have a storm," said Raynor, "listen how the waves moan—I remember when we were once nearly shipwrecked."

"You shipwrecked!" said Harry; "have *you* ever been at sea?"

"Oh, yes; didn't you know my father is captain of a ship? he took me on a voyage with him once, and I always know when there will be a storm. We will make haste round those rocks, the shortest cut to the point before it comes."

But their haste did not bring them there before the storm, and as they climbed over the rocks, the waves dashed with more and yet more fury against the cliffs.

"I wonder," said Harry, "if Ned Proctor and the others have come back?"

"They will have a rough passage if they haven't," replied Raynor, "and I doubt if they have skill enough to manage the boat in a storm such as this promises to be. See, yonder are the fishing-smacks just come in; I should not like to be out in one of those to-night. And"—said he, suddenly standing still, "I do believe I can see the Fairy Queen; if it is, they won't bring her to land yet."

Harry looked in the direction pointed to him. At a considerable distance, a boat was discernible, struggling hard with the fury of the wind and waves.

"Let us stand here for a moment," said Harry, "and watch her."

They stood there for some time, and in the increasing interest they felt, forgot that the more they lingered, the less comfortable would it prove for themselves.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Raynor, as the boat they watched gaily rode on the edge of an angry wave, which threatened to engulph it. "Now," said he, after a few minutes had passed, "if they had only sense enough to steer clear of that sunken rock, which I am afraid they won't see, they may weather it well."

"It is—" said Harry—"I am sure of it—yes, that's the Fairy Queen, but oh, she is gone!"

For a moment or two nothing was seen of her, and the wind howled, while the sky grew blacker and darker.

"There she is again," said Raynor, "but they will be lost, those breakers will dash them against the rocks; I should not be so afraid if they had anybody skillful with them. Come, Harry, we won't stand here any longer, I know I shall find a boat somewhere down here. I can not remain and do nothing for them."

So saying, they sprang from rock to rock, and in a minute or two they were on the beach.

"A rough night, my lads," said an old fisherman whom they met.

"Yes, Robinson," said Raynor, "and there are some of our boys out in a boat there, and I am sure they will never manage her. Let me have your boat, and I will see if I can go out to them; they certainly will be dashed on the rocks."

"*You* go out!" said the old man; "sorry should I be to hinder anybody from doing good to others, yet it is no easy thing ye talk of. But here, old Robinson has braved many a storm, in an open boat, and I don't care, I will go with you."

The boat was quickly loosed from her moorings, and the three in it bravely battling with the fury of the tempest. I shall not attempt to describe all the incidents of that half hour; suffice it to relate how, with much difficulty, they succeeded in gaining the Fairy Queen, just after an immense wave had dashed her with violence on the rock which Raynor had feared. With much exertion the old fisherman and his two companions succeeded in rescuing the boys and bringing them safely to land.

It was very late that evening when Harry retired to rest, having recounted to his parents the events of the day; and never had he felt happier as they smiled their warm approval. Nor did he forget his mother's injunction, when he kneeled by his bedside; and fervently thanked God for the strength given him that day, and for His providential care over him, beseeching Him that He would yet more and more enable him to govern and rule his spirit.

The next morning, when school duties were over, Harry and Raynor soon found themselves surrounded by the boys. They were now the heroes of the day. Barry came up to Raynor and begged his forgiveness for having drawn the caricature, and Fred Moore acknowledged it was he who threw the sponge, and asked his pardon. None now doubted the courage and skill of either Raynor or Harry Lee. Both had ruled their spirits, the one had been slow to anger, and the other had dared to do right and resist temptation, and both had shown themselves equally courageous. "He that is *slow to anger* is better than the mighty, and he that *ruleth his spirit*, than he that taketh a city."

My story is ended. To every dear boy or girl who may peruse it, let me say one word. Get that text imprinted on your hearts. Ask God's help, that you also may fully act in it your every-day conduct; and may you prove how blessed a thing it is to be guided by God's holy spirit in "right paths."

TO THE BIRDS.

Welcome, welcome, merry songsters;
Welcome to our homes again;
Welcome to the hills and tree-tops,
To the dark and shady glen.

Welcome to our garden bower,
Where the odor is so sweet;
There, amid the vines and roses,
Do you build your nests so neat.

Welcome is your gentle music,
In a dark and lonely hour;
Cheering hearts, despondent, weary,
By its magic soothing power.

Yes, you're welcome, merry songsters,
Gladly do we hear your song;
Gladly welcome your returning
At the early breath of spring.

Rio.

"POOR LITTLE TRILL."

"POOR little Trill!" Those were the words neatly cut with a jack-knife on the oblong piece of soapstone which was destined by Freddy to mark the burial-place of his sister's dead canary.

Poor Emma! she felt as bad as Nancy Ray ever could have done over *her* empty cage, as she sat holding Trill's lifeless little body — stroking the soft golden feathers, and looking at the closed blue eyelids that covered up those bright little eyes forever. Roger felt almost as bad as Freddy, who sat holding the little box by the open grave; but brothers are very different; and Emma thought Roger didn't care much, although he dug the grave and attended the "funeral," as little Mary called it when they all went together to bury Trill. Perhaps Roger loved to tease his sister, as some boys will even when they love them very much; or perhaps thought it unmanly to mourn for a bird; however it was, instead of looking sober all the time, as Mary thought was proper, he would say, "Oh, ever thus!" with a curious smile.

"Don't, Roger," said Emma; "those lines are *too* pretty, and it seems as if they were true."

"Well, I'll repeat them again:

'Oh, ever thus! from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a canary bird,
But 'twas the first to be taken away.'"

"Oh, Roger, you're *too* bad," said Freddy, as Roger gave about the fifth parody on Emma's favorite verse which he had repeated to her this day—"you're too bad. Poor Trill! *you* needn't help bury him."

"I'm just as sorry, now, as you are, that Trill is dead; but I never did like those lines, and I don't believe the doctrine. The things we love most *don't* always die first. Now, if

it was the baby, or even my chickens," he added, with a sort of wink at Freddy.

"You're a naughty boy, Roger; you make Emma feel worse all the time."

"Why, *isn't* it a comfort that it's only a bird?" asked Roger.

"Yes," said Emma; "I had not thought of that. I don't know if you mean to tease me, but I'm glad it isn't little Nellie. Poor Trill! we'll put you in the box just as we did little Buff, and if we can't say, as we do about good people, that you'll see each other again, there's no danger you'll ever suffer any more."

Buff and Dart and Trill were three brothers. Emma had seen the three little pale blue eggs in the cage next in the spring, and watched with eager joy the wee down-dotted birds that came out of them one by one; and then, not long after when she was sick, and the cage was hung in her room, how delighted she had been to watch the parent birds, Bobby and Cherry, in their great care for their little ones! Cherry would brood over them all the day—"up in the parlor," as Emma called her soft silk-lined cotton nest above the higher perch; while Bobby would be busy in the "kitchen" below, cracking canary seeds, and then carry them up and put them one by one in Cherry's bill for her and the little ones.

But the old birds were given away; Buff had been accidentally killed, and Dart one bright morning turned his seed-cup near an open window, and Emma looked up just in time to see his golden breast glinting through the dark-green boughs of the tamarack tree by her window. There he sat, exultant in his new-found freedom, his broad full chest swelled almost to bursting with the loud sweet farewell song, and then off and away—and it was a long good-bye to Dart.

Trill only was left, and as the last of the three he received a triple share of attention and love. He would eat and drink from a cup in Emma's hand, turning his head on one side and winking his "thank you" in a bewitching way. When she let him out in the nursery half an hour each morning, he would alight upon a vase of flowers, and sing, and peck at the green leaves—then hop upon Nellie's crib, sing a snatch to the laughing baby, and off again, by degrees edging back with short hops to his cage-door, where Emma again made him prisoner. No wonder she felt sad now as she took the last look at his closed eyes, and then let Freddy put him out of sight, while she and Mary went slowly back to the house.

"Did Roger mean to tease you?" asked Mary, thoughtfully, as they walked back, "when he said you should be glad it wasn't 'his chickens?'"

"I suppose so," said Emma; "and at first I did feel half vexed; but after all, chickens are dear little things, and if I had some of my own I might like them almost as well as canaries."

"But, then, they get big so soon," said Mary. "If they staid chickens, I think they are prettier to look at than birds. Couldn't we put two or three in a cage, and pet them, and name them?"

Emma smiled as she replied, "We might name them and pet them, I suppose; but I think there would be *two* to object to putting them into a cage, besides the chickens themselves."

"Who?"

Roger, and the mother hen."

Mary laughed. "Well, we will have them, anyhow. I shall ask Roger for one for each of us."

"You can take your choice," said Roger in reply to Mary's request—"Emma first, and you next; but," he added, as his teasing propensity got the better of his generosity, "I should not advise you to choose the handsomest, or you might soon have to lament, 'Oh, ever thus!' Now there's one I call Crook-toes, because his feet are bent, and he doesn't walk very well; wouldn't it be safe to take him for one?"

Mary couldn't help laughing as she found Emma and told her what Roger had said. Their mother went with them to the open triangular coop, and Emma put down a saucer of cool water just outside to entice the chickens out. "Now," said she, "I'll take the one at a venture that first comes up to drink." And sure enough, it was Crook-toes! "But I shall change his name," she said; "as the little fellow flew up on the saucer's rim, spreading out his snowy wings to balance while he drank—"I shall call him Whitewing."

"And I," said Emma, who had returned with a handful of corn, "I shall have the one which picks up the first grain. Oh, what a cunning little fellow! What bright feathers! I shall call him Gold-tip. I was afraid that ash-colored one would beat him—but Gold-tip's for me!"

"What do you think *now* of my chickens?" asked Roger, mischiev-

ously, a few days after, as he surprised his sisters petting their favorites.

"You're a dear good brother, if you will sometimes tease us; somehow you seem to make it all right," said Emma.

"But I never saw such pretty chickens as White-wing and Gold-tip," said Mary.

"Take care," said Emma, "or Roger will be quoting his verse to you."

"I thought canaries very watchful over their little ones; I believe this hen is as much so," said Mary. "How she flies around and covers them all up if she hears any unusual noise!"

"Yes, that has always been so. Did you know, Mary, that Christ once spoke of it? I will show you the place in your Bible, and we will learn it."

So the next day the children both repeated to their mother the beautiful verse in Matt. xxiii. 27, and this was the lesson they learned by cheerfully giving up poor little Trill. KRUNA.

LITTLE LESSON,

LEARNED FROM A RAIN-DROP.

WHAT! so small a thing teach *me* a lesson?

Yes, little friend; small, I certainly am; but the *days you* have lived can not equal the *years* that have silently rolled over my little head. I heard the sublime command, "Let there be light!" and saw the wondrous sight when this beautiful earth arose in queenly majesty out of chaos. I was present when the great Eternal Hand hung all those glittering lamps in the heavens above you, and when the ceaseless fires were kindled in yonder golden sun. I saw the *first* bright smile on gentle Luna's fair face as she freely dispensed her beautiful light, even as she had freely received. I felt small indeed, and like a useless thing, when I beheld these visions of wondrous grandeur and beauty. But by the same Divine Hand was I formed, and for a wise purpose. Sun, moon, and stars can fulfill my mission to earth; and now, little friends, listen while I relate to you one incident in my life, and you will learn how useful even so small an atom as myself may be.

At the time of my story my home was a lily's cup on the bank of a charming little rivulet that sang its happy song all day, and laughingly danced over the little stones that tried to hinder its progress, and glided around the big ones, thus teaching me the important lesson, never to shrink from the path of duty because of obstacles in the way, but courageously to overcome them. I well-nigh forgot my lesson, however, when in my beautiful home I reclined listlessly upon a downy couch, draped with silken curtains of purest white, which breathed richest fragrance upon me. Here I lay one bright summer day, regardless of anything but my own enjoyment, when a beautiful little creature suddenly peeped between the curtains that shaded my couch, and thus addressed me:

"A-ha! I've found you, little friend Water-Drop, and right glad am I, for all this long day I've been seeking you."

"Seeking me?" I replied; "certainly I am honored that so beautiful a being should desire my presence.

By what name may I call you, and what service can I render?"

"I am little Sunbeam, and though perhaps you do not recognize me, I have thrown many a golden ray of light upon your path as you have been traveling on your mission. But, why this idleness? Our great Master has work for us to do. There is suffering on the beautiful earth, and none other than yourself can alleviate it. Come, Water-Drop, up from your soft couch, and I will assist in hastening your flight to the scene of distress."

Touching me with her glittering wand, I seemed possessed of wings like herself, and we left the quiet nook where sang the little rivulet, and flew over broad fields and plains, hills and valleys.

"Mark the sights beneath you," said she, "and you will not wonder I sought you."

Just then a sweet modest violet upturned to me a most beseeching face, and I know by the look of anguish she was thirsting, and her little form was drooping. I would have gone directly to her relief, but Sunbeam bid me wait a little, so on we flew.

The little blades of grass, once so bright and beautiful, now looked sere, and many lay dead; fields of waving grain looked pale and sickly, as the same blight was upon them.

On, on we went, and the scene became more gloomy. The stately trees even looked sad and drooped their lofty heads, and the owners of the broad acres beneath us looked anxiously around, and then up to the sky, as though seeking aid. The truth flashed upon me—the land was suffering for what none but myself could give; and *I*, selfish Water-Drop, had been idly reclining on a downy couch in the lily's cup. I now felt earnest for the work, but it was too great for me alone, so, aided by little Sunbeam, I hastened my flight to a group of my fellows above me, and to my joyful surprise found them all equally interested in the sufferers with myself. There was great commotion as one after another joined the group, each led thither by a golden-winged Sunbeam.

By-and-by our company became so large, we covered all the sky and shut out the little Sunbeams from the earth. But they looked lovingly upon us still, and bade us go earnestly to our work, our mission of mercy. So, with one accord, we started, and down, down we came, bathing alike the fields of grain and withering grass. Thousands of pretty flowers, just closing their eyes in death, opened them again and gratefully breathed upon us their sweetest fragrance. The trees no longer drooped their heads, but gracefully waved their thanks to us from every branch. The whole face of Nature brightened.

Oh, how sweetly did the Sunbeams smile on us now! How cool and fragrant the breezes that fanned us! How inferior seemed to me the happiness I had enjoyed in the lily's cup, though then surrounded with luxury, of which I was now deprived. Would you learn the lesson, little friend? Our great and loving Master taught it us, and here it is: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." A. J. B.

GREAT events, we often find,
On little things depend;
And very small beginnings
Have oft a mighty end.
Our life is made entirely
Of moments multiplied,
As little streamlets joining
Form the ocean's tide.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THE Month of Roses finds me again among the old Granite Hills I used to love and almost reverence in the days of early childhood. They never seemed so beautiful as now. The pure invigorating air comes over the mountain bringing new life and strength and elasticity. I love to linger here, and wander up and down the hills and by the fishing brook among the valleys.

I tell you what it is, boys, you who so much desire to leave your country home and seek your fortune in the great city, stop before you make up your mind to leave your quiet home and loving ones for the bustle and temptations of an unknown city. You know not where or what you are going to. The chances are strongly against you there. Thousands are forever ruined under its influences. You are far better off where you are. To be sure, some resist the allurements and temptations and stand in their integrity, but many more go fast to ruin. I have seen so many start with right principles, but soon led away, a little at first, to the intoxicating cup and to ruin, that I feel now more than ever to say to you to be content with your lot where you are. Do your best in the position God has placed you, and you will be abundantly prospered.

My trip has been a pleasant one this time. I crossed the "Sound" in the steamboat "Metropolis," where I always meet friends; and in Boston and other places have taken many Merrys by the hand. It does me real good to receive your greeting. But I must not take up all the room myself, for I have a host of letters which will more than fill the Chat, even after passing twice under the manipulator. First come those left out from last month. I wish to give all a "hearing," but you must remember the rule—that the *real name of the subscriber must be sent to me*, or your letter will reach the basket *under* the table.

BROOKLYN, *March* 19, 1864.

DEAR COUSINS:—I am going to try hard to escape the hatchet this time, and have a chance to say something.

Geraldine, let us be friends by all means.

Osceola, you have not spoken to me but once since I made my *début*.

Fiddlesticks and Jasper, I shall be most happy to exchange. Send your *cartes* to Uncle Merry and he will forward them to me. I will send mine as soon as I receive them.

Leslie, is Minerva taking care of you yet? I think she has got her hands full if she is.

Uncle Hi, please don't put me under the torture of the hatchet.

HEARTSEASE.

Hurrah for Queen Fleta! To arms for the fight.
Ho! rouse ye all, Merrys! come forth in your might,
For our own rightful queen, whom we love and obey,
And who over us rules with so gentle a sway.

Ho! Earnest and Rover, and all, *all* of you
Who to our sovereign are loyal and true,
Rally under the flag for the rights of our queen,
And as we're in the right, we shall conquer, I ween.

MURIEL.

March 5, 1864.

Bob O'Link, I am always ready to X with any one who desires. How shall I address a letter to you?

Homage to your majesty, Queen Fleta! Welcome to your throne again.

Still desirous of X-ing with all.

Merrily, A. VAN A.

April 7, 1864

Do not be alarmed, Merry cousins, because I have entered the Chat this afternoon without the ceremony of ringing the bell.

Feel perfectly at home; how can I help it after the cordial greeting our Uncles gave me in March.

Winifred, did you ever attend the school of Professor C., city of D., State of M.? If so, I know you; if not, "excuse me—I am mistaken in the person."

Love to Aunt Sue. JUNO.

LOUISVILLE, *April* 4, 1864.

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I have once been enrolled on the list, and introduced to the whole family of "Merrys" by Uncle Hiram, and was then very welcome.

Willie H. Coleman, I agree with you in thinking the pin should have been instituted some time since. Who knows but that I might have met you out in this Western country?

Edie Linden, I should like to become acquainted with you. If you ever come this way, and notice a boy in "a suit of brown," wearing the "Merry Badge," you may be sure it is your humble servant, ARTHUR LEE.

FLATBUSH, *April* 4, 1864.

UNCLE MERRY :—I have so long sought a place in the Chat and found none, that I begin to feel as if I was "laid up," like a small deposit in a savings bank. I hope I shall soon be put into circulation.

Wilforley, Golden Arrow, Cap Davis, Dan H. B., Leslie, Pontiac, your photographed faces, if you please, to the address of—(tell them, Uncle).

I am ready to exchange with any of the cousins.

Whom did I see at the MUSEUM office a few Saturdays ago? I *wished* to see the "good people of the house," and the Merry Album; but I hadn't time to make any inquiries, for a friend was waiting for me.

Now, can you not, for *once*, put me in the Chat without any *carving?* I W.A.R.-ant you will, so I cease W.A.R.-bling. *Exit* COY.

Really we could not hold the hatchet; however, you are not cut as short as was your story in the "office." Make yourself known when you call again, and the "good people of the house" will let you see the album.

VINE-COVERED COTTAGE, *April.*

DEAR COUSINS :—A Merry greeting to all. "Her Majesty" is determined to reign, whether we wish it or not. I was not in favor of it at first; but as I do not feel disposed to "lower lie," as she intimates all in opposition will have to do, I decided to take the "oath of allegiance."

Winnie, have you deserted the Chat?

Saucy Nell, what is the cause of your silence? Are you repenting of your sauciness, or plotting mischief?—the latter, I expect.

Jessie Bell, nothing would please me better than to be your friend.

Prairie Rose, I know of a Merry cousin that will correspond with you if you wish: direct a letter to Box 652, Evansville, Indiana, and you will receive an answer.

Comet, accept a welcome from me.

I have a badge, so if any of you will wander out to the old Hoosier State, down on the banks of the "beautiful river," you can find me.

Nuisance, although I don't like the name, I will speak to you.

Sorry Cousin, how do you ever expect to become a Merryite unless you change your name?

Nina Gordon, Jessie Linwood, and May of Irvington, can I claim you for my friends? Love to all.

MAY CLAYTON.

You are welcome, May, though it is June. I shall certainly call if in your vicinity, and always wear the badge. Hattie will be glad to receive a letter from you, I know; try it, and see if she will answer. You know she has much to do to help take charge of the sanctum.

For six long months Leslie has remained in seclusion, and has kept within the limits of Point Green. Methinks his face will be new, and his name sound strangely to some who have only lately joined our Merry band. Uncle Merry proclaimed that war had ceased, that the red flag had been furled. Winnie positively refuses to accept the position to which I would have exalted her, and by my persistence in claiming for her the throne and scepter, I fear I frightened her away. Her poor heart began to flutter, and, in her dilemma, she (one bright moonlight evening) placed her trembling little hand in that of a bright (very fine-looking) particular Starr, and said, as did "the little Indian maiden, at the door-way of the wigwam," "I will follow you, my husband."

Within the sacred walls of an old church at Detroit, Mich., the ceremony was performed, and the next steamer from the port of New York bore her and hers toward the Eden of America, the land of flowers and of gold. Fare thee well, Winnie; thou hast left some true and loving friends behind thee, and

if within the future years there should come a time when you shall again set foot upon the soil of the old Empire State, do not fail to come where true, warm hearts shall ever continue to beat in a unison of love for thee.

But the warm spring days have come again, and again the red flag has been unfurled (this time, however, not by Leslie), and the sound of the bugle note from the enemy's camp warns us to be up and doing.

Come, now, Merrys, don your armor,
The time for action comes at last;
Cling to the right, and one true Queen,
Till all our hopes and fears are past.

And who shall this true Queen be? Who in all the Merry throng of fair ones so fit, so competent to rule us as "Pertine?" She has for many years been identified with the MUSEUM and our Chat, and above all other deserves the title and the honor.

Then all hail to Queen "Pertine." Ollie, Jasper, Tommy, and all of ye Merrys who have one bit of vim and determination left, come to the rescue. Ha! ha! Miss Fleta calls woe down upon him who dares to quoth her nay. I have already done so. She shall never wear the Merry crown.

Ida May, you ask what "I think of Fleta's borrowed proclamation?" Only the bursting of a mighty bubble. Only the escape of a large quantity of surplus gas. Probably the Chicago Gas Co. have extended their pipes to New Haven, or, what is more likely, perhaps Dan has sent her some by telegraph.

"Grasshopper," did you sleep well on the night following the composing of your Feb. article? Such thoughts, such mighty ideas, flashing through such a wee little brain, certainly can not be conducive to health.

But, Uncle, I expect it. I know what is coming. I've lots more to say, but it'll keep. Clip—clip—clip! Mercy! Uncle, mercy! Leave room for

LESLIE.

"PROSPECT PLACE," W. HARTFORD, CT., *April* 4, 1864.

Ha! ha! Ida May—I rather think I *have* discovered who L. F. R. is: do *you* know Devereux?

Nell of B., I think W. A. R. is bent on "killing" us Merryites by *punch*ing, but I defy him to mention me in "killing" terms. You're fairly challenged, sir; and if I'd a glove handy, you might have it as "proof positive;" but I've a "mitten"—will that do? Yes, 'tis fortunate I can't "reach your ears!"

Phene, Spectator, Coy, W. A. R., and others, you shall be accommodated with dispatch. Thanks for cartes.

Pontiac, I'm not done regretting those letters.

A nod to A. E. D., Oliver, Jolly J., Leslie, and Prairie Rose. I am, Merryly,

COUSIN FLIB.

I was much disappointed in not meeting you among the Granite Hills in N. H., Flib, but hope to be more successful next time. You are quite too venturesome with the Trojan *W. A. R.*-rior. You will be gibbeted without mercy, unless the manipulator comes to the rescue—"mittens" won't save you.

NEWARK, 1864.

Rover, that's a good idea of yours—I mean that *I*ndependent *O*rder of *G*reat *T*alkers which you speak of. I am afraid some of the Merrys *do* belong to it; for instance, look at Wilforley's "respectable appearance" after being cut down one half. However, I am for "free speech"—remember that, Mr. Manipulator.

Vera-lee, I say unto you, give me thy carte——and I will retaliate.

Titania, Fred A. F., T. V. J. Jr., Irving, Pontiac & Co., if I wern't afraid of ruining your prospects for life, I might say how long I've been writing for——, but if you will—— before Jan. 1, 1870, I will "forgive and forget." "Fill the blanks," etc.

A. H. R., how is "Bleach?"

Ophie, if you are ready, why don't you do *so?*

It's a pity that "Voice from the West" hadn't time to sign *its* name. There's genius there.

Louise, I doubt, somewhat, whether the beauty of those lines can be justly appreciated; but the great central idea can be grasped by the feeblest intellect.

Aunt Sue, I think by stating No. 56 as you did, you destroyed its character as a "simple sum in division."

A. W. I., I've something to say to you—but I aint going to say it.

If I don't stop I am afraid this will become a "dead letter" in more ways than one. FRED W. C. C.

THE MANSION, *May* 5, 1864.

Do, good people, just allow me to say a word—but you all talk so fast, I despair of ever getting a chance.

Wilforley, don't ask me about the preaching. Our minister has been on a furlough, so we've had "sermons from Stones." Aren't you coming to see your dear cousin this summer? How is G. W.? Zephyr says "he is perfectly splendid!"

Teaser! Teaser! you are enough to vex a saint. Oh! W. A. R., oh! W. A. R., what has befallen you? Are you love-cracked or crazy? I can but sigh when I think of you, "poor moonstruck lad."

Flib, dear, we did have a nice time. Remember you are to come to C—— this summer.

Elfie, I've taken to study "military tactics." "When he comes all dressed in blue, that's a sign he'll"—— I'll write and tell you what.

Wanderer, I've a pet name for you —it's ——; don't you wish you knew?

Winnie, I wish you all sorts of joy.

Devereux, I wonder if I don't know who you are.

Fred W. C. C., your "Aunt Fred" sends her love to you. She hasn't changed her name yet, though I "kinder" think something is going to happen, as there is a "chap" hanging round, all covered with glory and brass buttons.

Mamie, Hattie L., Josie, and Puss, won't you write to me? Well, 'tis time to say good-bye. Oh! one thing more: I think, Wilforley, you'd make a jolly prime minister. How comes on the "pious and awe-struck look?" Is it tamed down with a mustache, "soft as the down on butterfly's wing?"

Come, Uncle Robert, I've something to tell you, so I'll leave the parlor and sit down in some corner with you. If any of your soldier-boys happen to feel homesick and blue, just sit down and write to your loving cousin,

PERTINE.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—Please let me slip in on the blind side of the Uncles, and let me whisper a few of my troubles in your kind ear.

I'm a six yearling, who loves fun and frolic with all his heart.

This winter I have had a jolly nice time skating; but now the ice is gone, and I want very, *very* much to learn to swim. Mamma promised to let me try when the weather became warm. Yesterday I was playing on the piazza, when Jamesy came along and told me he would teach me to swim, and catch bull-frogs, too. Off we ran to a nice place—undressed, and plunged in.

The water didn't *feel* cold, although there was some snow on the ground; and though I wince terribly when washed in the house, if the water hasn't had a good smell of the fire. I was trying with all my might to swim, when Tom the coachman spied me, and told my sister I was in a frog puddle, and would get my death of cold. Out she rushed and called me in. We popped out and hid ourselves in the barn; but I was soon caught and led to mamma.

Now, Aunty, don't you think it was rather severe to put a hungry, active, chatty little boy, supperless in bed at three o'clock, and not even allow him to speak?

Worst of all, I had to dress in the morning without first jumping in papa's bed to have my hugs and kisses as usual.

I didn't take cold—wasn't it lucky?

They all told me I would I'm rather frowned on yet; but you will soothe me, won't you, Aunty? for I'm real sorry.

SANS SOUCI'S LITTLE BROTHER.

Yes, *indeed*, my poor little six-year-old, I always try to comfort any one who is "real sorry for a fault;" but are you sorry you were put to bed at three P.M., or that you were hurried out of the "frog puddle," or that you were disobedient? Because, you see, it makes a difference; if the latter, I'll give you a good hug; if for the other reasons, we will talk a little further on the subject.

DEAR COUSINS:—Hither I come, not to war, but peacefully inclined, a flag of truce in my hand to prove my assertion. Now, Uncle, just let me have my say, and then I will disappear into oblivion. Dost object, Hiram?

Sharpshooter, how fares the fair hazel-eyed maiden with fair hair?

Teaser, *est il possible?* I know you, my boy! One sentence told me that Lieut. —— and you were identical. How do you like Camp Stoneman and frizzled hair?—Guess who I am, if you can.

Phene F., that "sell" was a good one, as I know by gay experience.

Jasper, *war* seems to engross your mind.

Prairie Rose, something out of season, are you not?

I am coming to New York, so, cousins, be on the look-out; and if any of you meet a young lady five feet five inches in height, with blue eyes and brown hair, just claim cousinship. Love to all. BLUE-EYES.

If you come to New York, and fail to report yourself to "111 Fulton Street" and make yourself known, you shall be "crossed off the books" of Uncle Robert, as was one before you. Beware!

E———, *April* 21, 1864.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNTS, AND COUSINS:—I have long wanted to be a member of the Chat, but did not dare write for fear the hatchet would not let me in; but as I have taken the MUSEUM for ten years, I think I have as good right in there as "any other man."

Saucy Nell, Sam Slick, and a lot of other cousins, I would like to exchange *c's de v.* with you. LUCIARE.

Extracted Essences.

NEHI, from "somewhere," hails from a land flowing with milk and honey, and is welcome to be "Merry" if he is only knee-high.

Moss PINK comes again, bringing perfumes of spring and a Merry greeting to all, and would like to receive photos.

Moss ROSEBUD, blossoms in "Mossy Dell," and sends greeting to all the circle; shouts "Long live Queen Fleta!" and wishes to know "who will exchange cartes."

"C. M. E." has leave to change name to "Sigma," and acknowledges the receipt of five photos, and still cries for "more." Address Sigma, Box 211, Jacksonville, Ill.

DOLLY sits by Curly Head, and wishes to exchange faces "on paper." Send yours along, "Curly."

BOB O'LINK, sing another song not quite so long, and take a different "key," the concert is not over. To your first question, No; to your second, Sometimes.

Will BROWN-EYES please send *c. de v.* to Uncle Merry?

THE FERRY BOY AND THE FINANCIER, by a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston, is a narrative of the early life of the eminent Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. S. P. Chase, written for the youth of our land, and which we trust will have a wide circulation.

The private life and public services of this successful American statesman are well worth the study of all our readers, and will be warmly welcomed by a host of friends.

THE PIONEER BOY, AND HOW HE BECAME PRESIDENT, by the same publishers, contains the early history of President Lincoln; and the lessons of perseverance, honesty, and industry inculcated by the book, renders it one of the best that can be put in the hands of the young.

IN SCHOOL AND OUT, OR THE CONQUEST OF RICHARD GRANT; a Story for Young People, by Oliver Optic, is the second volume of The Woodville Stories, and is one of the most readable books of the season. It is full of stirring incidents and exciting events, giving young Grant's experience "in school and out," and his final conquest over all his enemies, including his strongest and most dangerous foe within his own heart. We commend it to all our young readers. Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston.

THE GOLDEN CENSER.—This new singing-book for Sunday-schools, by Wm. B. Bradbury, follows the "CHAIN" and "SHOWER" in quick succession, but not too quick to meet the demands of the children.

Mr. Bradbury's music reaches the hearts of the children, and they love to sing it over and over again. No better books are published for Sunday-school singing. The CENSER contains many choice pieces, two of which we gave in last month's number.

AUNT SUE'S WORK-TABLE.

WELL, how many of you experimented with the initial letters for embroidery, last month? Here are some

more for the *Fannys* and *Susans*, etc. They might be worked in part red and part white, working cotton with a very pretty effect.

PEN-WIPER.—A very pretty and useful pen-wiper may be made as follows: Crochet red worsted in simple crotchet stitch, widening until you have a round flat mat about two inches in diameter. Then go on crocheting, without widening, until you have made a *proportionable* smoking cap. Now take a piece of wash leather, about as large round as the top of a tumbler, and fasten it by the center to the inside top center of the cap. Now fasten a long black silk tassel (which may be made out of a skein of silk) to the outside center of the cap, letting it hang down over the side, and you will have a very useful and ornamental pen-wiper. Black silk or rag may be substi-

ted for the wash leather. These make excellent contributions to Fairs, and sell readily.

AUNT SUE.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

SIGMA wins the prize for April, having sent the longest list of correct answers.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

134. A coin, or a nickname,
An adjective,
A privilege,
All, my first proclaim.
A small preposition
Claims to be next;
Now this, annexed
To my last—a portion
Of which fails to be the lot of some, [none.
And wo betide those who may have
Of my whole, mention is made
In the Scripture,
As a treasure,
'Mong the articles of Trade.

Harry Bowles.

135. My first comes first by telegraph,
By mail, though not so fast,
And many an anxious face is seen
Eager to hear the last.

My next is of much use to man,
Though made of useless things,
For every purpose it is used,
By beggars as well as kings.

Few would know, without my whole,
The things that by my first are told.

Jim.

136. My first is the joy of the household or heart—
Is always thought witty, or pretty, or smart;
My second's a letter most sadly abused,
Whene'er as a personal pronoun 'tis used.

A weapon of war is my terrible third;
It was used by the ancients, as we have all heard;
With its shaft, and its wings, and its sharp-pointed dart,
When hurled, the doomed foe with his life-blood must part.

My whole may be seen in the sick little child—
Then we soothe it in accents both gentle and mild;
But when in grown people the vice may be seen,
It excites our contempt and our pity, I ween. *Ella S.*

137. An —— in a —— jacket, ate an —— as he stood on his —— on the summit of a high ——. (Out of the name of one city—by repeating some of the letters—you may find suitable words to fill the blanks, making sense of the whole.) *A. S.*

138. Fill the blanks with the same word transposed:

—— will —— while —— is ——. *Merrimac.*

139. He that would —— a —— and tell —— —— concerning it, is smaller than the —— of ——. *Peter.*

140. What town contains (1) a preposition, (2) a jewel, (3) a piece of land, (4) a conjunction, (5) a verb, (6) a state of being, (7) a fountain, (8) an interjection, (9) a liquor, (10) to encircle, (11) a necessary article, (12) an abomination, (13) to cut, (14) a person, (15) to dress, (16) a mournful ditty, (17) an action, (18) to scorch, (19) a desert, (20) to cultivate, (21) to moisten, (22) to eat, (23) to strike, (24) a noise, (25) a heap, (26) to perish, (27) part of a plant, (28) to slide, (29) a color, (30) timber, (31) to run, (32) an action, (33) to draw out into threads, (34) to cut, (35) to clear, (36) to travel, (37) to cleanse, (38) abounding, (39) a bone, (40) part of a fish, (41) a quality, (42) to discover, (43) a flame, (44) a tree, (45) to touch, (46) a line of soldiers, (47) an enemy, (48) a fruit, (49) to move nimbly, (50) to finish. *Moss Rosebud.*

141. Find the value of x, y, and z in the following equations:

$$x + y = 10.$$
$$y + z = 23.$$
$$x^2 + y^2 + z^2 = 298.$$

Sigma Kappa.

142. My whole is to minister unto; behead me, and I mean to extend; now curtail me and transpose, and I'm a piece of land; transpose again, and I'm a trouble; replace my final letter and transpose, and I'm a pain.

143. Transpose a down into a vessel.
Behead a fish, transpose, and leave a pronoun.
Subtract one letter from nothing, transpose, and leave an adjective.

144. Transpose a mad-house to an old woman. *H. C. Hazen.*

145. Transpose part of a house into a class of people.

146. Behead one bird or the noise of another and make a disturbance. *Uncle Will.*

NAMES OF FLOWERS.

147. A disease, and not many.
One of the seasons, and a color. *Forget-me-not.*

FLOWERS.

148. A hurricane.
A hand.
Pussy's end. *Clarke.*

149. An animal and relation. *C. F. W.*

PLANTS.

150. Two pronouns. *Josie.*

151. My second is generally taken from my first in November. *C. F. W.*

BIRDS.

152. Part of a ship, and a disturbance.
To pilfer, and a preposition.
A boy's nickname, an exclamation, and part of a chain.

153. Behead a boy's nickname and leave grade. Curtail and leave what some of the Southerners did at Fort Donelson. Behead and leave an article. *Mary of J.*

ANAGRAMS.

154. Not asleep. *A Older.*

155. Report notices. Combativeness. Belligerent.

156. Why should a blockade runner from North Carolina be fired upon? *W. A. R*

157. Hieroglyphical Rebus.

Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of next month.

Answers to Questions in April No.

80. Abraham Lincoln.
81. Anna, Hannah, Eve, Ada, Dod.—A head.
82. Shrub, brush.
83. Strap, parts, straps
84. Dime, idem.
85. March, charm.
86. Cornelia, Caroline.
87. Maximilian.
88. Parallelogram.
89. Violet, olive.
90. Orchis, choir.
91. Ermine, miner.
92. Amber, cream.
93. Cashmere goat.
94. Kickshaw.
95. Hitherto.
96. Counterfeit.
97. Railroad.
98. LOVELY.
99. Frances.
100. Milky way.
101. Philomela.
102. Orettie Fenwick.
103. Major-General Gordon Granger.
104. Hand over what you owe.

Sigma answers all but 84, 102.

E. M. Miller answers all but 81, 82, 84, 86, 102.

Franc answers all but 84. 102, 103.

C. W. J. answers all but 83, 84, 86, 88, 89, 98, 102.

Archy H. Bill answers all but 81, 82, 84, 86, 90, 92, 102.

Aubrey Benson answers all but 81, 82, 84, 86, 92, 102.

Merrimac answers all but 82, 84, 86, 102.

Heber answers all but 81, 82, 83, 84, 86, 90, 92, 102.

A. P. answers all but 81. 82. 83, 84, 86, 90, 91, 92, 93, 98, 99, 101, 102.

J. Coy answers 83, 85, 87, 92, 93, 95, 96, 100, 101, 103, 104.

G. D. R. answers 80, 85, 87, 95, 96, 100, 101, 103, 104.

Peter answers 80, 85, 86, 87, 88, 93, 94, 95, 96.

Angie answers 80, 87, 95, 96, 97, 99, 100, 104.

Schuylkill Jim and Nell answer 80, 85, 87, 90, 94, 95, 103, 104.

B. Adger answers 80, 85, 93, 95, 96, 99, 104.

Libbie Prince answers 80, 85, 95, 96, 100, 104.

W. A. B. C. answers 80, 86, 103, 104.

Ophie answers 80, 85, 95, 96, 104.

Victor Percy answers 80, 85, 99, 103, 104.

H. C. Hazen answers 85, 100, 104.

Omega answers 80, 96, 104.

Julia E. answers 80, 85, 99, 103, 104.

Moss Rose answers 80, 86, 93, 104.

Hero answers 80, 99, 100, 101.

Stephen E. Brooks answers 80, 87, 104.

Jennie Bangs answers 80, 104.

Boreas answers 80, 104.

Bravo answers 80, 101.

Omega 2d answers 80, 104.

Tim Bee answers 80, 104.

C. S. B. answers 80, 104.

To Correspondents.

The many correspondents who will, as usual, eagerly look for some notice of their welcome communications to Aunt Sue, we are sure will forget their disappointment in their sympathy, after reading the following note to Hattie Lee at our office :

Brooklyn, N. Y., *May* 5, 1864.

Hattie, dear, my daughter is very ill, and I have no heart to attend to puzzles. I send you all the papers, etc., connected with the puzzle-drawer.

Give my love to the dear children and do the best you can for them for,

Yours affectionately, Aunt Sue.

WATER-LILIES.

Behold the water-lilies!
How wondrously they grow,
Unseen, untended, springing
In gardens far below,
And upward ever yearning
To catch the sunny glow!

How meekly on the water,
How silently they lie,
Their simple joy out-giving
In fragrance to the sky,
And on the ripples rocking
A voiceless lullaby!

'Twas God, our Father, planted
The tiny seed down there;
He gave them life, and watched them
With never-ceasing care,
And smiled upon their climbing
Into the sunlit air.

He clothed them with rare beauty,
Which 'tis a joy to see,
And bade them in their meekness
Whisper to you and me,
"If God so care for lilies,
Will he not care for thee?" H. H.

THE LITTLE CAPTAIN.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

HORACE CLIFFORD, a little boy just eight years old, lived in Indiana, but came to spend the summer in Maine, at his grandmother's. He was a very busy lad, and dreaded nothing so much as quiet. His fast friend, Gilbert Brown, one of the neighbors, came to see him at all hours of the day, and between the two boys there was a noise of driving nails, firing pop-guns, shouting and running, from morning till night.

Horace had a cannon, a foot long or more, which went on wheels, with a large box behind it, and a rammer lashed on at the side, to say nothing of an American flag which floated over the whole.

With a stout string Horace drew his cannon up to the oilnut tree, and then with a real bayonet fixed to a wooden gun, he would lie down under the shade, calling himself "a sharp-shooter guarding the cannon."

There was a tempting swing hanging from the oilnut tree; but wo to Gracie Clifford, or anybody else who wanted to come near it! for sharp-shooter Horace gave the order to charge, and the charge was made with vigor.

Upon the whole it was decided that everybody would feel easier and happier if Horace should go to school.

This plan did not please the little soldier at all, but he was forced to obey with the best grace he could command. It did not take him a great while to become acquainted with the schoolboys, who all seemed to look upon him as a sort of curiosity.

"I never knew before," laughed little Dan Rideout, "that my name was Dan-*yell*."

"He calls a pail a bucket; he don't know which is which, you know," said Gilbert Brown, the friend whom Horace dubbed "Grasshopper;" "and he calls a dipper a *tinkup*."

"Yes," chimed in Willy Snow, "and he asks, 'Is school took up?' just as if 'twas knitting-work or needles!"

"How he rolls his r's!" said Peter White. "You can't say *ho-r-r-se* the way he does. There aint a boy anywhere can do it, unless it's a Cahoojack." Peter meant *Hoosier*.

"Well, I wouldn't be seen saying *hoss*," returned Horace with some spirit—"that's Yankee!"

"I guess the Yankees are as good as anybody! See here, now—wasn't your mother a Yankee?"

"Ye-es," faltered Horace; "she was born up north here in the frigid zone, but she isn't so much relation to me as my father is. Her name wasn't Clifford. She wouldn't have been any relation to me if she hadn't married pa!"

One or two of the larger boys laughed at this speech, and Horace, who supposed he had said something foolish, and could never endure ridicule, stole quietly away.

"Now, boys, you behave!" said Edward Snow, Willy's older brother; "he's a smart little fellow, and it's

mean to go to hurting his feelings! Come back here, Spunky Clifford—let's have a game of hi-spy!"

Horace was as "silent as a stone."

"He don't like to be called Spunky Clifford," cried Johnny Bell—"do you, Horace?"

"No, I don't," replied Horace; "and the reason I don't is because it is not my name!"

"Well, then," said Edward, winking to the other boys, "won't you play with us, *Master Horace?*"

"I'll not go back to be laughed at," replied he, stoutly. "When I'm home I play with Hoosier boys, and they're politer than Yankees!"

"'Twas only them big fellows," said Grasshopper; "now they're gone off, come let's play somethin'."

"I should think you'd be willin' for us to laugh," added honest little Willy Snow; "we can't help it, you talk so funny! We don't mean nothin'."

"Well," said Horace, quite restored to good-humor, but speaking with some dignity, "you may laugh at me *one* kind of a way, but if you mean *humph* when you laugh, I won't stand it!"

It was not two days before Master Horace was at the head of that part of the school known as "the small boys." He would be leader or nothing.

He talked to his schoolmates a great deal about his father, Captain Clifford, who either was now, or was going to be, the greatest officer in Indiana.

"When I was home," said he, "I studied pa's book of *tictacs*, and I used to drill the boys."

There was a loud cry, "Why can't you drill us? Come, let's have a company, and you be cap'n!"

Horace gladly consented. He and Grasshopper formed a "scouting party," and went out to reconnoiter, as you see in the foregoing picture; and the next Saturday afternoon a meeting was appointed in "the Glen." When the time came, the boys were as joyful as so many squirrels suddenly let out of a cage. They wore fierce-looking paper caps with huge feathers. Their weapons were wooden swords, sticks, and pop-guns. The cavalry was composed of one officer, Gilbert Brown, or Grasshopper, mounted on a very lively goat.

"Now, look here, boys," said Horace, brushing back his hair and walking about the grove with a lordly air—"first place, if I'm going to be cap'n, you must mind, will you?—*say?*"

Horace was not much of a public speaker—he threw words together just as it happened; but there was so much meaning in the twistings of his face, the jerkings of his head, and the twirlings of his thumbs, that if you were looking at him you must know what he meant.

"Ay, ay," piped the little boys in chorus.

"Then I'll muster you in," said Horace, grandly. "Has everybody got a gun?—I mean a stick, you know."

"Ay, ay."

"I want to be corporal," said Johnny Bell.

"Put me in major," cried Willy Snow.

"There! you've spoke," shouted the captain. "I wish there was a tub or bar'l to stand you on when you talk!"

After some time an empty flour barrel was brought and placed upright under a tree to serve as a dunce-block.

"Now we'll begin new," said the captain; "those that want to be *mus-*

tered, rise up their hands, but don't you snap your fingers!"

The caution came too late for some of the boys; but Horace forgave the seeming disrespect, knowing that no harm was intended.

"Now, boys, what are you fighting about?—say for our country."

"For our country," shouted the soldiers, some in chorus and some in solo.

"And our flag!" added Horace, as an after-thought.

"And our flag!" repeated the boys, looking at the little banner of stars and stripes, which was fastened to the stump of a tree, and faintly fluttered in the breeze.

"Long may it wave!" cried the captain, growing enthusiastic and pointing backward to the flag with a sweep of his thumb. "There aint a secesh in this company—there aint a man but wants our battle to beat? if there is, we'll muster him out double quick!"

A few caps were flourished in the air, and every mouth was firmly set, as if it would shout scorn of secession if it only dared speak!

"Now," said Horace, "forward! march!—no, form a line first!"

A curved, uncertain line, not unlike the letter S, gradually straightened itself, and the boys looked down to their feet, as if they expected to see a chalk-mark on the grass.

"Now, when I say Right! you must look at the buttons on my jacket—or on yours, I've forget which—on yours, I reckon. Right at 'em! Right at the buttons!" Obedient to orders, every boy's head drooped in a moment. "Stop!" said Horace, knitting his brows, "that's enough;" for there seemed to be something wrong, he could not tell what.

"Now you may 'bout face!—that means, whirl round. Now, march! One, two, quick time, double quick!"

"They're stepping on my toes," cried barefooted Peter Grant.

"Hush right up, private, or I'll put you on the bar'l."

"I wish you would," groaned little Peter; "I tell you it hurts."

"Very well," said Horace, decidedly; "then I shan't, for 'twouldn't be any punishin' Can't somebody whistle?"

Willy Snow struck up "Dixie," which soon charmed the wayward feet of the little soldiers and set them to marching "double slow," as Horace called it.

Afterward the captain gave lessons in "groundin' arms," "stackin' arms," "firin'," and "countin' a march," by which he meant "countermarching." The truth was, he had really read several pages in "Hardee's Tactics," but without understanding very well what the terms meant.

"Holler square!" cried he, when he could think of nothing else to say: he meant a "hollow square."

"Shall we holler all together?" cried a voice from the ranks.

The owner of the voice would have been "stood" on the barrel, if Horace had not been so busy thinking.

"I've forgot how they holler, as true as you live; but I reckon its all together, and open your mouths wide."

At this the young volunteers, nothing loth, gave a long, deafening shout, which the woods caught up and echoed.

Horace scratched his head. He had watched his father drilling his company, but could not remember that he had ever heard any screaming!

A pitched battle came off next, in which the captain's cannon and Grasshopper's goat figured largely. It would have been a very peaceable

battle, if all the boys had not wanted to be Northerners. But the feeling was greatly changed when Captain Horace joined the Southern army, saying "he didn't care how much he *played* secesh when everybody knew he was a good Union man!" After this there was no trouble about raising volunteers on the rebel side. The whole affair ended very pleasantly, only there was some slashing right and left with a few bits of broken glass which were used as swords; and several mothers had wounds to dress that night.

Mrs. Clifford heard no complaint from her little son, although his fingers were quite ragged and must have been painful. Horace, like all boys who are good for anything, was brave, and always bore suffering like a hero. He considered his wounds rather fortunate, as the blood served for paint; and the first thing after supper he made a wooden sword and gun, dashing them both with red streaks.

From this time the boys formed a regular drill-club, and far and near Horace went by the title of "the little boy captain."

USEFULNESS.—How barren a tree is he who lives, and spreads, and cumbers the ground, yet leaves not one seed, not one good work, to generate after him! I know all can not leave alike; yet all may leave something, answering their proportion, their kinds.

DARE to be right, dare to be true!
You have a work that no others can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

CLOUDS.

'Tis morn, and far up in the ether,
Bathed in the sunlit air,
The golden cloudlets are hanging,
Beautiful, downy, and fair.
And the lark is soaring to meet them,
Trilling his morning lay
So richly, as if he would gladly
Warble his life away.

And high in the azure at midday,
Clad in a vesture of light,
They are softly, dreamily floating,
White-winged, pearly, and bright.
And beautiful, too, at sunset,
Is their ever-changing hue, [ly,
And their forms, now weird and ghost-
Then lovely, and melting from view.

But at night, when the shadows have gathered,
When Luna, resuming her sway,
Throws her silvery wreaths around them,
And decks them in shining array,
Oh, beautiful then are those cloud-homes,
So glorious, pure, and fair, [them,
That we fain would nestle among
And never know aught of care.

But the clouds are not always gilded,
Fleecy, and fair, and bright;
Anon, they are dark with tempest,
Heaving, and black as night.
Now, swelling with storm and fury,
Drenching the earth with tears;
But behind them the sun is smiling—
The rainbow soon appears.

Thus life, like the cloud, is fleeting,
And changing ever its hue;
To-day, it is bright and blooming—
To-morrow, fading—untrue.
Yet if, 'mid all its changes,
To our Father's hand we cling,
The sunlight of peace will surround us,
And life be perpetual spring.

OPHIE.

PRAYER.

Good children will certainly never neglect
To offer their praise to the Lord;
But some prayers there are he will surely reject,
And leave them despised and unheard.

There's the prayer of the thoughtless which God will not hear,
But send it unanswered away;
For those who would come with acceptable prayer,
Must remember to think when they pray.

There's the prayer of the wicked which God will refuse,
And treat with indignant disdain;
For if we perversely will wickedness choose,
Our prayer will most surely be vain.

But the prayer of the upright is still His delight,
And still He will bless the sincere;
May our prayers then forever be good in His sight,
And such as our Father will hear.

"GO-AHEAD," AND THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILIP SNOW'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—*Continued.*

BETTER; I hope so," said Lucy, looking back just at the moment when Bill Hone stood in the church door—Benjie holding fast his hand and saying—"Come in, why don't you come in?"

Bill's big blue eyes were looking for the first time into St. John's church; they wandered over it from arch to aisle; Bill's feet paused at the threshold, and his heart thumped into his ears, "This isn't your place;" yet the boy stood there spell-bound.

"Out of the way there, we're coming!" shouted the bearers of evergreens; and Bill stood out of the way to let them pass.

"I'm cold—they've got a fire in there; let us go," said Benjie.

"You run in—I'll help, out here," said Bill, and Benjie slid in with the throng.

Mrs. Lake and Lucy warmed and petted the child within, and Bill Hone stood outside bewildered and very much inclined to run away as fast as possible; but Benjie Wood was inside, and he had promised to take him home to his mother.

Bill's mind was wavering in the balance. The temptation to get away from a place that seemed so awkward to him, and in which he knew not what to do, was very strong.

"Would you please just for once?" said Fred Lake touching his arm; "these big trees are to stand inside, and they are *very* heavy."

The tide had turned—Bill Hone was a young Samson, bearing manfully pillars into the temple.

The harvest was in the granary at last, and Bill went to look for Benjie. He found him wrapped up like a kitten in Lucy Lake's shawl, and Lucy was listening to his story of the nicest time that he had had in the woods.

Bill had a wholesome fear of Lucy. Since the morning she told him the truth so fearlessly, he had not spoken to her. She saw him approaching, and she called out, "Here's your little boy safe and sound; he says you are to take him home;" and Lucy smiled as she looked at Bill. Bill's face flushed crimson at the remembrance of Lucy's last words, and he stammered out, "I guess it's a good thing your father came up that time—may-be one of your brothers 'd been in the Pond; they're heavier than this one, and I couldn't have got out with one of them so well."

"You know everything happens for the best, Bill," she said, "and I spoke cross to you that morning—I was wicked and got angry—I'm very sorry."

"Oh, don't *you* mind," said Bill, as much astonished at this confession from Lucy as he would have been had he been confessing himself. Bill took Benjie's hand in his and led him out.

Lucy followed them to the door.

"Would you mind coming to-morrow and helping me tie some wreaths for the windows up there?" she asked.

Bill looked down at his awkward

hands, heavy with bone and hard with muscle, and was silent.

Lucy feared she had lost him.

"My brothers are too young, their hands are not stout. They can't cut enough for me; you see I use up the bits very fast—will you come?"

Bill Hone seized Benjie and dragged him out.

"You haven't told me," cried Lucy.

"I'll come," shouted Bill, hurrying away as fast as he could walk.

"You hurt my hand—you pinches," said Benjie.

"Oh!" exclaimed Bill; and he opened the large, rough hand and took the little hurt one in both of his, stroking it very gently a few times; then he lifted the child in his arms and whistled as he went.

"Here's your boy, safe and sound," said Bill, shoving the little fellow inside the door of his home; and before any one could speak he was gone.

Bill Hone worked very hard through the afternoon, and when the farmer with whom he lived came home at night, he found no part of that day's work left for him to do.

Night came, and Bill lay a long time awake. It must have been a very exciting cause that kept his eyes open and his thoughts out of dream-land after his head found a pillow. The moon shone into his room and lit up a pathway of light across the place where he lay. For a long time he had looked at it in silence. Suddenly he lifted both his hands; he spread out the fingers to their widest extent in the moonlight; he laughed aloud; he exclaimed, "*Bill Hone's hands tying wreaths for Christmas!*"

The moonlight watched him asleep in the barren room. Angels watched with the moonlight.

A mother's prayer, prayed sixteen long years before, was on the angel's record.

CHAPTER VIII.

AGAIN the sleds waited at the foot of the hill, and received their burden. St. John's church was filled with eager hands anxious to add their mite of labor. Mrs. Lake and Lucy were tying a wreath of unusual size, and the bits of green sank into it, like the rain into the ocean. Fred and Sydney had for an hour worked industriously in supplying this want. At last Fred said—

"Mother, I think it's easier to tie than to get all the twigs ready—my hands ache."

"Oh, there is Bill Hone!" shouted Sydney; "he's good and strong. I saw him standing outside in the vestibule when that lady came in."

"Run quick, and ask him to come here," said Mrs. Lake.

Fred and Sydney made haste to obey, and brought Bill, a prisoner, within the church.

"Just look at that!" whispered a good woman as she saw Bill walking between the two boys; "who would have thought it? I should think Mrs. Lake would know better, and she's always so mighty particular who her boys play with. She even teaches them herself for fear of contamination with our children, I suppose."

"Yes," replied the person whispered to; "and here they are, bringing that wild, good-for-nothing into the church. What does he know about dressing a church, I wonder?"

"Well, see what will come of it," replied the first whisperer.

"Here she comes—hush!"

"I would like your opinion of a plan I have here for the decorations in the chancel," said Mrs. Lake's plea-

sant voice to a group clustered about the stove, near the entrance. The two whisperers joined the circle.

"You know the plan of the church requires peculiar decorations," said Mrs. Lake.

Now the church of St. John in the village of L—— was an object of particular pride and devotion. It had been erected on the site of its predecessor at great cost and much trouble, considering the few who had achieved its erection.

For a moment the two looked at each other in dismay. Could Mrs. Lake mean to disparage the church itself? If a doubt arose, it was momentary, for Mrs. Lake went on to explain how fine the effect would be of the plan she held, as if the architect had conceived it and built the chancel for it.

Mrs. Lake's voice and plan were at once applauded, and St. John's church was dressed for Christmas in a manner approved by all.

Bill Hone was received by Lucy in a quiet way that insensibly hid his awkwardness and his discomfort.

"We are just needing you," she said; "my brothers are getting tired, and we've yards and yards of this to do—it is to hang from the center of the arch up there."

"My! how pretty 'twill be! Did you ever do this before?—don't it hurt your hands?"

"Not much. I've never tied anything so heavy. See! mother makes hers nicer than mine."

"What's the matter with your finger?" asked Bill, handing Lucy a cluster of ivy, "why, it's bleeding!"

Lucy was in doubt. She did not know that she had bitten her nail—but there was the blood in evidence against her. Lucy bit her lip and smothered a sigh as she thought—Christmas was still six days distant, and her chances were nearly gone! but she went on steadfastly with her work, only she forgot for a few minutes to thank Bill when he supplied her ever-recurring wants.

At last the work was done. There was a cross in the chancel, and above it a crown, branching with cruel thorns; and high above all another crown, to be filled with light and glory at Christmas time.

The last wreath was tied—the last branch in place—the last fragment swept away, and the church was ready waiting for the coming of Christ.

"It *is* beautiful!" said Bill Hone, as he lingered after all had gone, except the Lake party.

"What did you say?" asked Mrs. Lake.

"What is it all *for?*" asked Bill.

Mrs. Lake shuddered at the question—the thought that any one should not know, shocked her.

Bill Hone lived with a farmer who never went to church, and permitted his household to go whither they would on the holy day, and Bill had wandered to and fro, in the forest, by the rivers—anywhere, but never into the house of God.

Mrs. Lake did not stop to explain to him the festival that we so dearly love; she simply said, "Come to us to-morrow-evening early, and I will tell you."

Yes, Christmas was coming, and fingers had been busy, and heads had been planning pleasant surprises. Lucy's gifts were ready.

"Mother, do you think we might give Bill Hone something for Christmas? I don't believe he will get a present, and he's been so good at the church," said Fred, on the evening

after the door had been locked, because the church was ready.

"Yes, and I'm sure he's sorry about Benjie Wood—he's so good to him," said Sydney.

"What shall we give him?" asked Mrs. Lake.

"Most anything," answered Fred. "His cap looks as if it had been used on the first liberty pole that ever *was* raised and had been blowing in the wind ever since; and his boots look as if they had been through nineteen crusades; everything he's got is old and worn out, and never was decent."

"We don't want to give him clothes, do we, mother?" asked Lucy.

"Why not skates?—he made his out of bits of iron," suggested Sydney.

"Good!" said Fred—"a pair of skates, like mine."

"That will be nice," chimed Lucy.

"And plausible. Give me my writing-desk at once, or we shall be too late. Get your coat on, Fred, to carry the letter to the mail, so that your father can get it in time to bring the skates up with him."

Lucy obeyed, and Fred waited. The letter was written, and it went whizzing past the Highlands on its way to New York, just as the moon came up.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VIOLETS.

Violets, beautiful violets!
Eyes of a heavenly blue,
Holding up in your painted cups
A drop of the morning dew.

Nestling down 'mid the mosses,
You cosily rock to sleep,
While the perfume you fling from your censers
Makes all the south wind sweet.

I remember Nina, my sister,
When we laid her down to her rest,
With her white hands meekly folded,
And violets laid on her breast.

Nina crossed over the river,
Went up to the heavenly land,
Garments of white flowing round her,
And violets held in her hand.

PERTINE.

There is no one else who has the power to be so much your friend or your enemy as yourself.

EVENING.

The golden sun is sinking in the west;
Nature is slowly sinking down to rest;
The beautiful Mayday is nearly gone;
The stars are peeping out, one by one.

So with life; 'tis true of every son of man;
Slowly the days are short'ning; lessening is the span
Of our existence. Yet through the dark and cheerless night,
Stars come peeping, sparkling, shining bright.

When the sands of life are nearly run,
And the night of death obscures the sun,
Then, if we can calmly look above,
We'll see the stars of faith and hope in Jesus' love.

LESLIE.

There is no condition so low but may have hopes, nor any so high that it is out of the reach of fears.

THE PICNIC.

ONE day, when I was a child, I received an invitation to a picnic. I was almost wild with joy, for I had never been to one; and as if to make my happiness complete, I was promised that if the day were pleasant and the ground dry, I should go.

The excursion was to take place on Thursday. What anxious fears I had all the previous week lest I should be sick or the day unpleasant! Wednesday it rained all day. Thursday I rose full of anxiety lest the rain should prevent my going. I peeped out of the window, when to my great joy I discovered that the sun was shining pleasantly, and the grass sparkling with dew-drops, as if trying to compensate for the unpleasant weather of the previous day. The little birds were singing sweetly on the trees, and all nature wore a fresh green look. I dressed hastily, and ran down stairs full of glee, saying, "Oh! Aunt Sarah, may I go?—it's so pleasant;" when to my great surprise and sorrow she said, "No, my dear, it is too wet —you can not go."

I knew it was useless to tease, as some children do, for auntie would not yield. I went up to my room, sat down, and cried. Oh, how I felt! my heart was full of wicked thoughts. I wished that Aunt Sarah might be invited to a picnic, and be obliged to stay at home. My childish mind thought that would be a sufficient punishment for her misdeed.

I sat a long time, my eyes so blinded with tears that I did not notice the pleasant, warm sun streaming into my room, nor hear the joyous twitter of the birds, as they poured forth their song of thanks to their beneficent Creator for the beautiful day he had given. Thus, often in life, while we brood over our sorrows and disappointments, we forget our joys and blessings, and our repining hearts are filled with evil instead of good.

Gradually my passion gave way, and sober second thought took its place. Although it was very hard for me to give up the day's pleasure, one of the greatest disappointments of my young life, I finally decided that since I must yield to Aunt Sarah's better judgment, I would do so with as good grace as was possible. I busied myself about the room for some time, in order to dry my tears and dissipate the color on my cheeks, then went down stairs, took a book, and commenced to read. I do not think my mind was very much improved by what my eyes saw, for it was full of other thoughts. If I had been asked, an hour after, what I was reading about, I could not have told.

Soon Aunt Sarah entered, and said, "My dear, I think if you dress warmly, and wear your over-shoes, it will be safe for you to go. I thought it would rain again, and as the ground is very damp, I did not think it safe for you to go."

I jumped out of my chair, threw my arms around auntie's neck, told her of my wicked thoughts, and asked her forgiveness. She talked with me some time of the folly of doing wrong, then kissing me, said, "Now, dear, go and dress."

My heart was light and happy as I bounded away. By nine o'clock I was off, and such a pleasant day as I spent! I can remember almost every event that occurred. It was a good lesson to me, for ever after when tempted to get in a passion, I remembered the picnic. HELEN.

ATTENDING ANGELS.

THERE are two angels which attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page.
LONGFELLOW.

QUEER FREAKS OF TYPE.—It is not stated whether the following item, which is said to have been printed once upon a time, was the result of inebriety on the part of the printer or reporter:

"*Horrible Catastrophe.*—Yesterday morning, at four o'clock P.M., a small man named Smith, with a heel in the hole of his trowsers, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. The verdict of the inquest returned a jury that the deceased came to the fact in accordance with his death. He left a child and six small wives to lament the end of his unfortunate loss. In death we are in the midst of life."

THE POWER OF COMMAS.—The following sentence from a recently written novel shows the importance of punctuation:

"He enters on his head, his helmet on his feet, armed sandals upon his brow; there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare he sat down."

THE TWO BEARS.

I REMEMBER reading not long ago about a man and his wife who were known to live very unhappily together. They were said to be the most quarrelsome people in the whole village in which they lived. They wouldn't bear the least thing from each other. Like a cat and dog, there was a constant snarling, and growling, and quarreling between them. But all at once it was observed by some of their neighbors that a great change had passed over them. They didn't quarrel any more. No harsh, cross words passed between them. Instead of this, they were observed to be gentle and kind to each other, and their house, from being a scene of constant strife, became the home of peace and happiness. Of course this excited a good deal of surprise in the neigborhood. Everybody was wondering what had happened to the old couple.

At last an old lady in the neighborhood, whom we may call Miss Inquisitive, felt that she couldn't stand it any longer. She must find out what it was. So she paid a visit to their house and said, "Mrs. Snarling, everybody in the village is talking about the wonderful change which has come over you and your husband. But nobody seems to know what it is owing to; so I thought I would just come in and ask you *what it is* which has produced this change?"

"I am glad to see you, Miss Inquisitive," said Mrs. Snarling; "I assure you the change has been a very happy one to us. It has been brought about by *two bears.*"

"Two bears!" exclaimed Miss Inquisitive, lifting up her hands in astonishment.

"Yes, two bears; and I am very glad they ever came into our house."

"But what in the world do you mean?"

"I mean two Scripture bears."

"Two *Scripture* bears! why, you puzzle me more and more."

"It's true, though."

"I don't remember reading in the Scriptures of any two bears, except those that ate up the wicked children who mocked the prophet Elisha; and they must have been dead long ago."

"Yes; but there are two other bears mentioned in Scripture."

"Pray tell me where they are spoken of—for I don't recollect them."

"We read about one of them in Gal. vi. 2, where it says, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' And we read about the other in Ephes. iv. 2, where it says, 'Forbearing one another in love.' Their names are *Bear* and *Forbear.*"

"Well, I'm sure!" said Miss Inquisitive, and away she went home.

The simple meaning of it was, that Mr. and Mrs. Snarling had become Christians, and had taken these two Scripture bears home to live with them. How I wish you would all take these two bears home with you, my young friends. Yes, and keep them there. Let them stay in the nursery—in the dining-room—in the chamber where you sleep—and in the play-room. Take them with you when you go to school—make them your companions wherever you go. They make no noise. They cost nothing to keep. They can do no harm—but they may do a great deal of good. Oh, if these two bears were only allowed to come into every house, and dwell there, how much trouble and sorrow it would prevent! and how much good it would do!—*Rev. Dr. Newton.*

USE OF CAT'S WHISKERS.

Every one must have observed what are usually called the whiskers, on a cat's upper lip. The use of these, in a state of nature, is very important. They are organs of touch. They are attached to a bed of close glands under the skin; and each of these long hairs is connected with the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the hairs of themselves are insensible. They stand out on each side of the lion, as well as in the common cat; so that, from point to point, they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood in an imperfect light, we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him, through the nicest feeling, any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body; they prevent the rustling of boughs and leaves, which would give warning to his prey, if he were to attempt to pass through too close a bush; and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet, and the fur upon which he treads, they enable him to move toward his victim with a stillness even greater than that of the snake, which creeps along the grass, and is not perceived until it is coiled around its prey.

THE FOX AND THE SWALLOWS.

A FABLE.

ARISTOTLE informs us that the following fable was spoken by Esop to the Samians, on a debate upon changing their ministers, who were accused of plundering the commonwealth:

A Fox swimming across a river happened to be entangled in some weeds that grew near the bank, from which he was unable to extricate himself. As he lay thus exposed to whole swarms of flies, who were galling him and sucking his blood, a Swallow, observing his distress, kindly offered to drive them away. "By no means," said the Fox; "for if these should be chased away, which are already sufficiently gorged, another more hungry swarm would succeed, and I should be robbed of every remaining drop of blood in my veins."

MORAL.—We should well consider whether the removal of a present evil does not tend to introduce a greater.

MY INDEPENDENCE-DAY.

THE 4th of July, 1863, with all the hallowed associations of the past and its promise in the throbbing present, has passed away; but it came to me so freighted with the memory of an eventful day in my life that I can not sail smoothly on with old Tempus without first unburdening myself. Trusting that now and then some fretted traveler as he journeys on may be tempted to peep into and profit by my budget, I cast it upon the highway.

I had been dining out. The meats served on the occasion were good, the wines superb, the speeches brilliant, and, better than all, my own unpremeditated remarks, which, by a singular coincidence, had haunted me for the past four days, had been received with decided *éclat*. It was on the night of the 3d of July, 185–. The shop-windows were gorgeous with their display of fire-works, and under the peculiar flicker and multiplication of the gas-lights the rockets and pin-wheels seemed to be having a premature frolic on their own account.

On the whole, I felt peculiarly happy and amiable. A bright-eyed, rosy beggar-child asked me for sixpence; she was *starving*, she said. My heart was touched, and I threw her a small handful of silver. Three young gentlemen came swaying arm in arm along the side-walk, jostling me rather roughly. At any other time I might have been indignant; but now, were they not men and brothers? I bowed gracefully, and at the same time, I felt confident, with dignity, and stepped off the curb-stone to allow them to pass. At last I reached my own door. The lock was out of order; for my key would not turn it. I rang, first the door-knob, then the bell, violently. My next-door neighbor, Mr. Green, came to the door in his calico wrapper.

"Ah, Mister Green," I exclaimed, steadying the tottering door-post, "delighted t'see you. Is my—my wife in?"

Mr. Green seized me somewhat roughly by the arm, thereby seriously inconveniencing me (as he pitched about considerably), and led me to a neighboring door.

"Where is your night-key, Mr. F——?" he asked, gruffly.

There were about six pockets in my vest on that occasion; but after a while I discovered the right one, and produced a key, with a polite bow.

The next instant I found myself inside, the door closed, and the only visible link between myself and the second story swinging violently backward and forward in the shape of a dying gas-jet suspended from the ceiling. My efforts to resuscitate the spark resulted in total darkness.

After groping about for a while I found the stairway, and, clutching the baluster, commenced to ascend. This feat was attended with so much difficulty that I was induced to bring the full force of my reasoning powers to bear upon the performance, and soon discovered that I had been trying to mount the hat-rack. Abandoning the enterprise, with a smile of superiority over my weaker self, I proceeded in my search, and finally planted my foot firmly upon the lowest step. Alas! step number two convinced me of my error, and our Tommy's new velocipede toppled over with a crash, casting me prostrate beside it. Then I saw a flash of light, and soon, ap-

proaching nearer and nearer (as though let down by a rope from the upper regions), the white-robed, graceful form of my oldest daughter, Kitty. Rising and offering her my arm we ascended the stairs together. As she left me at the room-door I turned and solemnly gave her my paternal blessing. She was visibly affected, even bursting into tears, and exclaiming, "Oh, father!" as she hurried away.

The next morning I found myself on the spare-room bed with all my clothes on, except my cravat and one boot. The cravat was on the hearth and the boot was on the mantle-piece. Guns were booming, fire-crackers were snapping; the din of powder and merry voices of children filled the air. I could hear my own youngsters shouting out lustily in the garden, and in the hall the "first bell" was tingling its summons through the house.

It was the 4th of July sure enough, and I, as head of the family, must present myself in suitable array at the breakfast-table and inaugurate the jollities of the day. I seized the boot in one hand and the cravat in the other, and proceeded meekly to the apartment generally used in common by Mrs. F—— and myself.

"Ah! Mrs. F——," said I, bowing rather sheepishly in my attempt to pass the affair off as a joke, "good-morning, ma'am."

"Good-morning, John," replied my wife, quietly, not a shade of crossness in her tone. "I must go down and watch the children or they may do some mischief with their pistols and fire-crackers; but come to breakfast as soon as you can."

With these words she left the room. I was almost sorry that she didn't scold or "go on" a little concerning my spree. This sad, gentle way of speaking made me uncomfortable, cough and strut about the room as I would, for I knew well enough the pain and disgust gnawing at her heart, and that during the past year I had given her too frequent cause for the reproaches that never came, though I was prepared to receive them, after each offense.

Cold water, however, and clean clothes braced me up somewhat, and soon after the "second bell" rang I strode majestically through the halls, severe in my dignity as head of the household. Reaching the basement door, I paused a moment, half dreading to meet the rows of young faces on either side of the table, and my wife's sweet, pale countenance beaming so quietly over them all. This momentary weakness over, with a pompous "ahem" I mustered the requisite manner and entered.

There was no one at the table, and only Kitty was in the room—Kitty, my usually joyous girl, now standing in a pensive attitude by the window.

It was important that my children should respect me, and I felt, of course, anxious to obliterate from her mind any impression of weakness I might have given her the previous night.

"This is a glorious day, Kitty!" I exclaimed, expansively—"a glorious day, my child; the day on which we, as a nation, declared ourselves independent. To-day we must all be jubilant, victorious! We must not mope in the house—we must ride or sail somewhere in a grand family excursion, and breathe the sunshine and the glorious air of Freedom, eh?"

Kitty did not even turn her head; but I continued to speak, as I strode up and down the apartment.

"Do you not enter into the spirit of the day, child? Read your history

—read of George Washington, and the glorious men who suffered and died that we might be free—FREE!" I repeated, seating myself, and bringing my fist down with emphasis upon the arm of the chair. "Yes, we must all celebrate this day; and now, Kitty, do not be afraid, tell me where you would like to go, or how we shall best enjoy it."

By this time Kitty's face seemed fairly glued to the window. I was seriously displeased, insulted!—I who had ever enforced filial respect as the first doctrine of the household, and here was open defiance in the least-expected quarter; and that, too, after I had unbent myself to an unusual degree.

"Katharine!" I exclaimed, in a terrible voice, sturdily thrusting back unpleasant memories of the past night, "what do you mean by this conduct?"

She turned; her lips were white and her eyes swimming with tears. In a moment she was beside me, her hand upon my shoulder.

"Father," said she, looking me full in the face, "do you mean what you say when you ask me in what manner I would wish to celebrate this glorious Independence-Day?"

"Certainly, child," I answered, turning uncomfortably in my seat, and striving to look patriarchal and indifferent.

"Then, father, dear father," cried Kitty, winding her arms about my neck, "make this truly an Independence-Day for yourself, for us all. Be a slave no more, but be FREE in the sight of God and your own soul!"

Where was all my paternal dignity now? Kitty was sobbing upon my bosom; and from my bowed face tears were falling upon her golden hair.

"Do, father, *do*," she pleaded. "It is not too late—we all love you yet; and mother's heart is breaking."

Even then, as I strained Kitty to my bosom, that mother entered the room. Not a word was spoken, yet she understood all, and cast herself on her knees beside me, looking earnestly into my eyes.

"John," said she, "I have never reproached you—will you promise?"

"*Yes!*" I cried, folding my darlings to my heart in a close embrace—"before God, and to you my wife and child, I promise what you wish!"

"Never to drink wine any more?" cried Kitty, holding my face between her hands, a joyous light sparkling through her tears.

"Never?" echoed my wife, clasping my hands in hers.

"*Never!*" I answered. "With God's help, I will never taste wine nor strong liquor of any kind again. From this hour I shall be free! Oh, Mary can you ever forgive me for the past?"

She did not reply, but she leaned and kissed me in a way that made my resolution iron.

Just then the children—dear, unconscious little ones!—bounded into the room.

"Hurrah, father!" they shouted. "Hurrah for the Fourth of July! Hi! Ain't we having great fun, though?"

"Hurrah!" I responded, huskily, kissing each of the crazy little creatures in turn. "And now let us hasten to our breakfast, for we must have a jolly time to-day!"

"Indeed we shall!" laughed my wife, as she bustled about, with color in her cheek, and the old, girlish light kindling in her eye; "indeed we shall. Why, John, I never felt so happy in my life!"

All this happened some years ago.

Time has done many queer things in our family since then. He has put the baby into pantaloons; carried our oldest boy to college; married Kitty to a thriving young lawyer; woven little silvery threads in Mary's hair and mine; and, better than all, has never brought us one unhappy anniversary of my blessed Independence-Day!—*Harper's Weekly.*

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

DO my dear young friends ever think how almost all that is good comes to us? Did you ever see a farmer planting and sowing? Down in the moist earth goes the seed and yellow corn, grain by grain, little by little. God sees the farmer at his work, and knows full well that he has done what he could; so he kindly sends the gentle rain, drop by drop, and not one of these little drops ever forgets its errand upon which the good God sent it to the earth.

"I have found you out," said the rain-drop to the tiny grain of wheat, "though you are dead and in your grave. God sent me to raise you up."

Well, there is nothing impossible with Him; so when the rain-drop has done its errand, a spark of life shoots out from the very heart of the tiny grain, which is dead and buried, and little by little it makes its way out of the tomb, and stands a single blade in the warm sunlight. This is nobly done; and if the great God pleased, he could make that little blade strong and fruitful in a single moment. Does He do this? No. Little by little does the stalk wax strong; and its leaves grow slowly, leaf by leaf.

Is it not so with everything that is good? Should we like another way better? Impatience would.

It was only a few days ago that I heard a little girl say:

"I am tired, tired, tired! Here is a whole stocking to knit, stitch by stitch? It will never be done."

"But was not this one knitted stitch by stitch?" I asked, taking a long one from her basket and holding it up.

"Yes."

"Well, that is done."

The little girl was counting, instead of knitting her stitches. No wonder that she was tired.

Did you ever see a mason building a house of bricks? "Poor man," Impatience would say: "what an undertaking, to start from the earth and go on so far toward the sky brick by brick!" Who ever saw a patient, persevering person try, and not succeed at last? So, then, step by step, which is God's way, must be the best way.

Let us see that we do every day what we can. Any little boy or girl who, in looking back upon a day gone by, can say, "I have done one thing well;" may be happy with the thought that he has taken one step in the way of wisdom. But remember one thing, dear little friend, the buried grain of wheat would never start into life if God did not send it help; and it is by the same help that it increases day by day.

As the little rain-drop—God's beautiful messenger—descends into its tomb, so, in the darkness and death of sin, the Holy Spirit comes to us. If He breathe upon our hearts, we live to do good; without Him, we do nothing good. Let us obey this Spirit, and all good will be ours at last, though we gain it little by little.

MRS. ROBERT WHITE AND HER FAMILY.

THE heads of wheat grew heavy and golden under the summer's sun, and a mother-quail looked out with an anxious eye one morning from her nest in the fence corner. The reapers were whetting their sharp sickles, and laughing and singing and talking as merry as could be. In all probability they would find out her nest, and then what would become of her poor little flock? There were full a "baker's dozen" of them to look after, and no wonder she was anxious. But Mrs. Robert White was keen as a brier which grew over her head.

"We'll show them a trick, little dears," she said, with a merry chuckle. "When I give this sort of a cry, do you dive, each by himself, into the tall grass on the other side of the fence, and I will take care of the rest. Only mind, when you hear me whistle 'Bob White' quite softly, all come back to the nest again, for then the danger will be over."

Sure enough, that very afternoon she had occasion to put her scheme into practice.

"Hallo!" said the farmer's son, "here is a quail's nest, boy. If we

will take home the little ones, they will grow up as tame as chickens. The old brown hen hatched out two last year, and they stayed about the barn all winter."

But when Master Tom sought for his prize he found an empty nest. Just before him, though, was the old mother-bird, panting and beating the ground with her wings at a terrible rate, fluttering slowly on like a wounded bird, but discreetly taking a course quite different from that which her nestlings had taken. She seemed so easy a prize, the boys did not greatly exert themselves, but walked leisurely on in the path she indicated, until at last, by an artful dodge, she quite eluded them. It was a skillful piece of generalship, and honorable to her motherly feelings. The boys were called off to their work again, and the happy mother awaited their departure before she called together her little flock.

"Eat your suppers in peace, my darlings," she said, when the last reaper had left the field, "and remember the lesson I have taught you to-day. It may come useful a great many times in your lives. Our tall enemy is so avaricious, he will always follow the largest prize, even if it is not half so sure. But he got paid to-day as avarice often does, by disappointment and vexation." And then, in her glee, she flew up on the top of a fence rail, and sang a curious, little, nonsensical dunning song for her own fun, which some people interpret this way:

"Bob-o'-link, Bob-o'-link to Tom Denny. Tom Denny, come pay me the two-and-sixpence you've owed me more than a year and a half now! 'Tshe, 'tshe, 'tshe," and down she dove in the grass again. J. E. McC.

BETTER alone than in bad company.

THE POWER OF LITTLES.

GREAT events, we often find,
On little things depend,
And very small beginnings
Have oft a mighty end.

Letters joined make words,
And words to books may grow,
As flake to flake descending,
Forms an avalanche of snow.

A single utterance may good
Or evil thoughts inspire;
One little spark enkindled
Will set a town on fire.

Little words are often
Full of weal or woe,
Joy or grief depending
On saying "Yes" or "No."

What volumes may be written
With little drops of ink!
How small a leak unnoticed,
A mighty ship may sink!

A tiny insect's labor
Makes the coral strand,
And mighty seas are girdled
With grains of golden sand.

A daily penny—saved—
A fortune may begin;
A daily penny—squandered—
Oft leads to vice and sin.

Our life is made entirely
Of moments multiplied,
As little streamlets joining
Form the ocean's tide.

Our hours and days, and months and years,
Are in small moments given;
They constitute our time below—
Eternity in heaven!

THE pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

EVERY Merry boy and girl should celebrate the Fourth of July. It is the anniversary of our Nation's Independence; and we all love our country and the blessings which it gives us. If our Revolutionary fathers had not, with heroic courage and persevering energy, for seven long years maintained to a successful issue a bloody war, in which many valuable lives were lost and very much property destroyed, you might never have had the advantages of our public and private schools, or the other numerous blessings which follow in the path of free institutions and civil liberty; you might never have had the Sabbath-school, or the beautiful and instructive books, or even "MERRY'S MUSEUM," and other privileges which you now enjoy.

Then celebrate the day with all joyousness of heart, at the same time remembering that this nation is now fighting over again the same great battles of freedom against tyranny and oppression.

Remember especially the many Merry boys in the service of the country, either in the army or navy or in prison, and amid your shouts and joys let the earnest prayer go up to the God of Nations, that our boys may be blessed and saved, and the blessings of a permanent and righteous peace soon return, and abide with us forever.

May 7, 1864.

I, too, Annie, sigh for that "boundless contiguity of Chat," where I might double my letter's size, and, to please you as well as myself, eschew puns forever. But it is because one word is made to carry double the meaning that puns are so popular among us. It is a species of smuggling that must be very common where there is such a high tariff on ideas.

Jolly, I think I know, but if my surmise be correct, have not the pleasure of knowing by sight.

Whenever you please, Jasper.

Concerning this mushroom royalty I say nothing, and consider that I do justice to the subject.

I would merely like to say to Mr. W. A. R. that the only good point in his proclamation is the date, and that he can "have" A. N. on no side of his kingdom comin' but the opposite side, so long as she remains a free-will agent.

Will all who have been pleased to speak to me for the last four or five months consider themselves answered in the way most agreeable to them, and thus spare me the mortification of being cut short in the utterance of some polite reply. It is the only way to do—take everything for granted, and then grant everything taken, and may Grant take everything!

Uncle, where is Eugene? has he ever been released? A. N.

We go for Grant, and you are "granted."

Eugene has been a prisoner, and is still in rebel hands. Let us all pray a speedy deliverance may be GRANT-ed him.

HOME, *May* 6, 1864.

Uncle Robert, you must give me a chance to speak, for I'm "awful" angry to think that one of the new cousins should appropriate my name; but I'm not going to change now—no, indeed! I wish all the cousins to understand my name is copyrighted, and if they take it, they must "pay the full penalty of the law (*i. e.*, send me their photo).

Spec(k)tator, I suppose I am to appropriate some of those thanks.

Pontiac, shall I ever see your photo, or hear from you again?

Winnie, I hope you are happy; may your *Stars* shine ever bright!

W. A. R., see Uncle Rob's advice to Neva, and take warning.

Cousins, let us have no kings nor queens, but a Merry Republic, with Uncle Robert for president and Aunt Sue for vice-president, and every one that pays their dollar in advance shall be allowed to vote.

Liberty, shall I ever hear from you again?

Now last, but not least, I must introduce your new cousin, "Tulips."

MAMIE.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *May* 6, 1864.

UNCLE ROBERT :—I see the Chat is all full every month, but I think there must be room for me. I have been out in the cold all winter, and as it is getting along into May, the time for flowers, I, as the flowers do, ought to come in and see all the folks. I am ready for a scrape with anybody that belongs to the Chat. This Chat is a great institution, and the inventor ought to receive a pension.

Are all the Chatterers so full of business they can't notice me, or will some of them notice my poor self? Will somebody take pity on TULIPS?

There are "several" ready to welcome Tulips to our circle. You will find a warm reception.

Me-ew, me ew! Please, Uncle Merry, let Kitty Clover come in—Kitty's almost freezed.

You opened the door for Puss long ago—please let Kitty come in now. I don't care if I do have to be squozed away up in a corner. If you'll let some nice cousin sit by me, I will promise to keep very quiet, and speak only when spoken to—perhaps.

I know lots of cousins, and I know Tommy, too.

Jasper, you *are* "right" when you "write" of the marriage "rite" of the wheel-"wright."

Osceola, do you recognize me?

Uncle, did you ever chop anybody's head off? *Will* you kill

KITTY CLOVER?

UNCLE MERRY :—Although I may be an entire stranger to you, yet some of the Merry cousins are not unknown to me; and in the course of this my first epistle I shall mention those with whom I have any acquaintance. To *me* it is plainly evident that *Winnie* is a particular friend of Pontiac! Now, Uncle Merry, my curiosity is somewhat awakened, for Pontiac is an old friend of one of my relatives, and many a chat have they had together by daylight and star(r)light. With Golden Arrow I can not boast of intimate friendship enough to recognize him by his style of composition, but he is sufficiently known that I may hope he will not tower above his new "cousin." *Leslie*, too, grants me a bow and a smile, when we may chance to meet. With the authoress of "Look beyond," I have had some very pleasant conversations. But wait! If I state facts more plainly, there is some fear that she may discover me under my false guise, so I will be silent as regards her! Osceola, too, with his sunshiny countenance, has driven away many a gloomy thought in times gone by, as well as in days more nearly present. I have experienced his unconquerable desire for teasing, but have also heard him utter kind words of sympathy. But I fear, Uncle Merry, that my first attempt to write you will prove tedious; so I must bid you a kind adieu.

STRANGER.

Thrice welcome, little Stranger. Our doors are only closed to the unworthy. Please bring your photo for the Merry album next time, and then you shall be fully installed into the good graces of Uncle Robert.

GREEN POINT, *May* 26, 1864.

"Home again—home again,
From a foreign shore."

You see, Uncle Hi, I've just returned from "Jersey." Haven't we had a fine anniversary this year, though? Flib, we missed you. I wish that you had been here to enjoy it with us. If anything, better than last year.

So "Leslie" cries for "Pertine!" Pertine it is, then. Hurrah, boys, hurrah for Queen Pertine.

"Rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom"

from the yoke of a usurping queen, Fleta, who has tried, but couldn't reach high enough to gain the scepter—I mean "sharp stick."

Our queen of old—Queen Winnie—has left us to be a Star(r) in her own particular sphere. Never mind, Winnie, nothing like a Starr, is there? So Willie H. Coleman has "been and gone and went and took unto himself a partner "for life." I'll WARrant somebody else will be leaving us soon.

Nell, I received your message per "L." Can't say when "*they*" are coming. I'm so *busy* now-a-days. I see that picture No. 4 which "L" has received from you. I think it excellent. Will you send one to above address?

Josie, Margaretta, and Gipsey, will you send photos for an X to Uncle Hi or Hattie Lee? Golden Arrow, call and

see me, I have a *coin* for you. "Irving," come with Frank. Merrily yours,

PONTIAC.

What do you think of the "manipulator now? I took it along with me on my trip to Schenectady. Hattie is not to blame for the result.

DEAR UNCLE:—What next? Here comes W. A. R. declaring himself king of the Merry kingdom.

His plans appear to have been concocted on a *roost*. What tribe does he belong to, pray? He sends forth his would-be inaugural, and very ungraciously offers to relieve the present most honored queen from all further concern. He has a high opinion of those he would make his subjects. He seems to think we *kick* persons out of office.

Merrys, how do you like the idea of being ruled by a *rooster*, and he being in a *W.A.R.*-like state.

I hope that chivalry is still as prevalent as it was some months previous. Why, I should think the cry of *women's rights* would ring in his ears.

Wanderer, come back for a month, and give us a long speech on the state of the country. Merrys, support your queen, and allow no *rooster* (*especially*) to take from her the honor due FRED B.

ADDISON.

DEAR COUSINS ALL:—How *de* do? Grasshopper, what would you give to know Rosebud's address? perhaps I might let you into the secret.

So, Dan H. B., you want to know the point of discussion between Wanderer and myself—send your carte and I'll explain.

Josie, I am still waiting very patiently.

Jessie Bell, I guess we can be friends.

Spec(k)tator, I appreciate your specks.

Oh! W. A. R, What A Rambler!

Ida May, I Desire About Myriorama At You. How do you like tongue, eggs, ham, etc.

Hattie, I am waiting patient(lee)ly for an answer to my letter.

A. E. D., Elfie Dryad, Mamie, Teaser, and all ye Merryites, won't you exchange with DOWN-EAST GIRL?

See what you get by calling Uncle Hiram names. The manipulator is a genuine Cutter, and spares neither friend nor foe.

HARRISON, O., 1864.

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—The April Chat seems to sparkle with more than usual brilliance. So much so, that I feel tempted to assume the pen and enter the list for a moment's chat.

So you hail from "Everywhere," do you, Teaser? I have a coz who is said to go there often; sometimes I go with him. If we ever come your way, we shall expect you to invite us to *tea, sir!*

Comet, are you "begging humbly" that you may increase in brilliance on each return? Would you eclipse our bright particulars? Don't try; for failure would only provoke the reply, "*you can't come it!*"

I see, good Uncle, you have introduced a *hickory* this month. Is that to preserve order? And, by the way, when you *preserve* order, how much sugar do you put to the *pound?*

Nell of B., I am right glad to see you and Jolly Jingle with us once again. Cousins all, you have had a *jolly* time in the April Chat. Accept my congratulations. Until we meet again, adieu!

Yours, truly, HARRY BOWLES.

UP IN THE AIR, *May* 18, 1864.

Now did ever any one hear of such another decidedly cool piece of business? Here while poor I have been cooped up in school and not able to show my face in the Chat, another quietly walks in and takes my name without as much as saying, "by your leave."

Uncle Robert, won't you help me to assert my rights? To be sure, it is a long time since you have felt my cooling breath fanning your cheeks.

Wilforley, Black-Eyes, Leslie, won't you take my part? It is long since I've heard from any of you, but still I think of you once in a while.

As I'm afraid you will not give me a very hearty welcome, I'll go and wander among my own flowers. Good-bye.

The ZEPHYR.

You are welcome, and could not have come at a more appropriate time. Please send your *c. de v.* and address.

June, 1864.

Well, Merrys! you are having lively times, and some of you are growing entirely too bright. There is W. A. R., for instance; if he isn't careful, this continued mental exertion will hurry him into a decline. (No, I don't, W. A. R.)

What roused you, Pertine? Was it a sense of your right to the throne, as acknowledged by Leslie the Loyal? In which corner of the parlor do you intend to hold your court—when you have one?

How Leslie seems to grieve over Winnie's departure! Do, some of you, try to comfort him. Fleta and Grasshopper might be willing to attempt it, he is so charmingly polite to them.

May be I don't know you, Juliette; we used to meet frequently.

Coy, I think we are neighbors; I wouldn't be surprised if we were. You couldn't enlighten me, could you?

Don't change your mind, Jesse Bell! I'm afraid you will accept my love.

"Who is Geraldine," Jasper? I thought you knew a "*lot*" about her.

Thanks, Golden Arrow! I hope you will excuse my delay in exchanging.

Willie H. Coleman, allow me to congratulate you, if it is true.

Phene F., where are you? Have you indeed gone off "willfully at last?"

Are you always to be found "on the banks of the beautiful river," May Clayton?

Hattie, *do* protect me this time. Goodbye all. ELLA.

CITY OF THE CHURCHES, *May* 28, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Isn't there some benevolent young Merry who will "take me in" and introduce me to my numerous relatives? for my sights at cousins are at present like angels' visits.

Is it possible that Devereux has turned out to be a sheep in wolf's clothing? or have the letters written in seven unknown languages for *the fair* made me slightly insane?

I am thinking of setting up a gas company, and would like the names of some of the Merrys who have the greatest amount of stock on hand. We'll pay a dividend every month to MERRY'S MUSEUM, and live on the interest of our debts.

Blue-Eyes, I hope I shall see you in New York.

Sans Souci's little brother, I pity you. I know what fun it is to be sent to bed (but not to sleep) early in the afternoon.

C. M. E., Fleta, Pertine, Blue-Eyes, Sans Souci, Flib, Leslie, W. A. R., Wilforley, etc., if this should ever see the daylight, you may understand that I'd like to become acquainted. LOYALTY.

May I enter? What a W.A.R. of words this is, Uncle! It is certainly punishme(a)nt.

Will, I am Amused at Rousseau's last work. Should think Devereux would feel inclined to foot that "Bill," on the ground of its being too bad to pass!

Elfie Dryad, dost sing "The Doctor with his whiskers cast a sly glance at me?" Suggestive, isn't it?

And, monsieur the Wander(er(r)ing Jew, what "bird of beauty" has the sweetest notes for you?

"Twinkle, twinkle." Winnie Star(r),
But don't "go off" forever,
Even though before "the shining shore
You may almost discover."

The Golden Gate of happiness
Now opens wide to thee.
But 'mid thy thoughts of Merry friends,
I pray forget not me.

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour!" Wilforley, my compliments to L. G. You'll give them for PHUN.

Extracted Essences.

ZEPHYR desires a change of name to Lurline, as there was a little Merry girl once upon a time by that name, whom we are glad to hear from again.

GERTIE has a place in the *van*-guard of our Merry album, where she can look over her shoulder at the Merrys. Please accept thanks, and let us hear from you.

E. S., New Albany, Ind. We have a "humming-bird" already in our family, though she does not "hum" much, and hope you will take some other name, and find your way again to our parlor window. We like the notes you warble, and shall listen while you sing.

NEB, "remember!"

JESSIE BELL, thanks for your cheering letters. We must have your photo for the Album. Some of the boys wish your address, but of course I shall not let them have it without your consent. I agree with you, that they should be smart enough to find it out themselves.

H. A. D., the "Navy" predominates in the Album since the latest arrival H. A. D-*anker*-ed there.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

ANNA J. B., having sent in the largest list of correct answers, wins the prize for May.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

158. Where rise the hills of Scotland high,
Where the cataract roars nigh,
Where green forests murmur and sigh,
My *first* in beauty fair doth lie.

'Tis night! and in a jungle drear
A hunter, lost, now quakes with fear,
As lion's roar breaks on his ear;
Horror! my *second's* surely near.

Where a mountain stream is flowing,
Where the breeze is softly blowing,
Where the herds are gently lowing,
My *whole*, a fair tree, is growing.
Omega.

159. A lover to 1246 a magnificent 123456,
That seemed like the 536 of the 145,
He took him a 6534 very 2564, for a 2456,
And felt that he needed no 6512 and no 12456.
To transport all his 253 and his 245,
With delicate 34561 and with notions of 532,
To the goal that he yearned for, the far distant 6532.
At length for a 1452 to 3412 and to 452
A 652 he selected, and what was his 6452?
Oh, Cupid! he 524, while he 152,
Not a tender young 356, but a horrid old 352.
Thus 142 did he 12534 at a 1253,
At 6531? Nay, he heeded it not.
'Twould only his revery 653,
And till that he could 1524 he 152 and he 524,
And he cries, "Ah, no 435 in life,
So great as when 64 and my 6524
Shall dwell in the cot by the 51243,
And I of the 1564 shall be 651243.
No more will I fret about 2534 and 2342,
Nor dream of a 2453 when the dear ones are 642.
Thus he floats in a dream, without 6512 or 12456,
To the 6532 of the 123456 the magnificent 123456. *O. H.*

160. I am composed of 16 letters:
My 7, 14, 11, 8 is what everything has.
My 2, 9, 1, 10, 5 is what we all have.
My 13, 6, 3, 15 is what we all do for Peter Parley.
My 4, 11, 16 is what you must do if you solve this.
My 12 is myself.
My whole is one of the United States. *Texas Boy.*

161. I am a word of 8 letters. Out of me make 1, an animal; 2, something bright; 3, to look hard; 4, a vehicle; 5, to place; 6, a body of water; 7, to prepare skins, 8, a fissure; 9, a game; 10, a sailor; 11, a number; 12, a small piece of cloth; 13, a small animal; 14, something necessary; 15, scarce; 16, an insect; 17, maturity; 18, close; 19, a great general; 20, what we all do.
Irving.

162. Fill the blanks with the same word transposed:
Old —— may practice many —— to catch —— by —— light.
Blanche.

ANAGRAMS.

163. *St. Ives tin soup* may be classed with ——.

164. —— may justly be called mean beasts. *Grasshopper.*

165. 1. Ancient heirs. 2. Red machines. 3. One sad toil. 4. Sound lies. *Adelbert Older.*

166. Cane chairs. *Tommy.*

NICKNAMES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

167. 1. A boy. 2. A coin. 3. Part of a bird. 4. To petition. *Jim.*

TOWNS IN WISCONSIN.

168. 1. A fruit and a weight. 2. A color and a body of water. 3. A wine and a noted general. 4. Transparent and a liquid. *Josie.*

169. My first is a tree; my second is some relation; my whole is a measure. *Arthur Lee.*

ENIGMATICAL WORDS.

170. 1. Forty. 2. Little girl more round. 3. Twist a fork.
H. A. Danker.

Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of next month.

Answers to Questions in May No.

105. Mandrake.
106. Grasp.
107. Copperhead.
108. Cowardice.
109. Antic.
110. Friendship.
111. Mithridates.
112. I will try, has done wonders.
113. Attenuate.
114. Insinuate.
115. Henlopen.
116. Leopard, parole.
117. Tyro, Tory.
118. Raven, nave, rave.
119. Thyme.
120. S. Q. rial (Escurial).
121. Fates, feats.
122. Irving, virgin.
123. Teach, cheat.
124. Peach, cheap.
125. Tease (after T)ease.
126. Jake, hake, lake, rake, wake, cake, make.
127. A dandy wishing to be witty, accosted an old bellman as follows, "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Certainly—jump in."
128. Epigrammatist.
129. Marshall Infirmary.
130. Basalt, a salt.
131. The letter N.
132. Constantinople.
133. Elizabeth.
134. Because though it follows W. A. R.'s remark, it doesn't follow that it follows it.(!)

Anna J. B. answers all but 105, 106, 111, 112, 120, 121, 125, 128, 129, 134.

Aubrey answers all but 105, 109, 113, 114, 117, 120, 121, 124, 125, 134.

Merrimac answers all but 106, 107, 113, 114, 116, 117, 121, 125, 127, 129, 134.

Sigma answers all but 105, 106, 109, 110, 111, 112, 116, 120, 124, 125, 128, 134.

Tuttler answers all but 105, 106, 109, 111, 112, 116, 120, 124, 125, 127, 128, 129, 134.

A. P. answers all but 105, 106, 109, 111, 112, 117, 120, 121, 122, 124, 125, 126, 134.

Lily Chase answers all but 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 120, 121, 124, 125, 127, 128, 129, 134.

Unknown answers all but 105, 106, 108, 109, 112, 113, 114, 116, 121, 124, 125, 127, 128, 134.

Franc answers all but 105, 106, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 116, 120, 124, 125, 128, 131, 134.

Maria W. Marshall answers all but 105, 106, 108, 109, 111, 112, 113, 114, 117, 120, 121, 124, 127, 133, 134.

Loyalty answers all but 105, 106, 108, 109, 111, 112, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 123, 124, 125, 129, 134.

H. P. Swezey answers all but 106, 109, 111, 112, 113, 114, 116, 117, 120, 121, 124, 125, 128, 129, 133, 134.

Birdie answers all but 105, 106, 107, 109, 116, 117, 119, 121, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 133, 134.

Sun Flower answers 107, 110, 115, 118, 122, 123, 124, 131, 132, 133.

B. Adger answers 107, 113, 115, 116, 118, 122, 123, 130, 131.

Flower of Dumblane answers 110, 115, 122, 123, 130, 131, 132.

Calleta answers 110, 115, 122, 123, 130, 131, 132.

Victor Percy answers 110, 115, 118, 130, 131, 132, 133.

Hero answers 107, 115, 118, 119, 122, 131, 132, 133.

Omega No. 1 answers 107, 110, 122, 123, 131, 132.

Mercury answers 107, 115, 118, 122, 131, 133.

Muriel answers 107, 110, 122, 137, 132.

Bravo answers 115, 122, 131, 132.

Sans Souci answers 110, 115, 131, 132.

Arthur Lee answers 110, 122, 132.

A. Van A. answers 110, 131, 132.

Adella McBride answers 110, 119, 132.

Delta answers 131, 132.

S. E. Brooks answers 122, 132.

R. F. K. answers 113, 132.

Mischief answers 115.

My and S :

Do U think t it is 2

another h roglyphic ? do.

ready 2 give U 1, and am going 2

T capacities just a little

t ——; 4 s F will

B NEEded ake G th S .

this

of Q riosit U may not get a

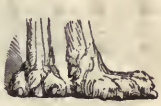
deal of FvOARLMuAATBlLOEN; BUT our is

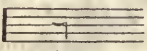
10 ded 4 M U U MENt as

as instruction; and hope **U** ever regret

ta the trouble **2 D** 0 our conun , etc.

Now not travel through this **A** at a

very rapid , **4 U** WILL have **2** 

and  awhile occasionally, as you ru

ainst a stumbling-block. BUT Cunnin **2** come difficulties, and ad itself with zeal **2** the task.

Our Merrys, in to puzzles, etc., **R** brave-

ed, and no ards. They are as ef-

ent as the e'er .

Now, good **B** , my d ; with

much love to , believe me, truly,

AUNT SUE, lyn.

Our Fathers Long Ago.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. WM. B. BRADBURY

7—*Four to each measure.*

1. When a- eross the o - eean wide, Where the heav - ing wa - ters flow, Came th
May-Flower o'er the tide, With our Fathers, long a - go; When they neared the rock-y
strand, And their cho - rus rent the air, Children in that pilgrim band Clasped th
lit - tle hands in prayer, Children in that pil-grim band Clasped their little hands in praye

2.

Sweetly rang their evening hymn
O'er that region vast and wide,
Through the forest dark and dim,
And the rocking pines replied.
'Twas a cold December night,
And the earth was robed in snow,
But the stars with mellow light
Blest our fathers long ago.

3.

When the early buds were seen,
And the robin's song was heard,
Children frolicked on the green,
Happy as the woodland bird;
Culled the daisy young and fair,
Watched the brooklet's quiet flow,
Banished every cloud of care
From our fathers long ago.

4.

When our country's banner bright
Told her deeds of noble worth,
Children hailed its radiant light,
Hailed the land that give them birth
Children now rejoice to hear,
All their youthful hearts can know,
And the precepts still revere
Of their fathers long ago.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by WM. B. BRADBURY, in the District Court of the United States for the District of New Jerse

LITTLE PILGRIMS.

The way to heaven is narrow,
And its blessed entrance strait;
But how safe the little pilgrims
Who get within the gate!

The sunbeams of the morning
Make the narrow paths so fair,
And these early little pilgrims
Find dewy blessings there.

They pass o'er rugged mountains,
But they climb them with a song;
For these early little pilgrims
Have sandals new and strong.

They know it leads to heaven
With its bright and open gates,
Where for faithful little pilgrims
A Saviour's welcome waits.

"GO-AHEAD," AND THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILIP SNOW'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—CHRISTMAS EVE.

HEARKEN! the bells are ringing! Christ is coming! Christmas is almost here.

The country custom of celebrating Christmas Eve had not departed from S——.

The church of St. John was brilliantly illuminated. The great crown of glory was resplendent with light. One almost forgot to notice the thorns below.

In his barren room, in the farmer's red house on the hill, Bill Hone made ready — for what? He knew not. Christ, who is coming, knew. His liberty-pole cap received all the garnishing possible at Bill's hands; the crusade boots were blackened and polished to the utmost of his skill; and his red hair, utterly astonished to receive attentions from a comb, stood every way in affright, but Bill was unconscious of that. He put his cap on, and for the first time in many days the boy stepped slowly when he went by the little looking-glass in the farmer's kitchen.

"Be in by nine, or you'll find the doors fastened," said the man sitting by the fire.

Bill heard the words in silence, and went out. The air seem tempered like steel, determined not to bend in the clear coldness, and the flowers of stars shook their petals just over the velvet pall, never dropping one. Earth was ready—waiting for Him to come.

Bill Hone hastened on. Lights were gleaming out from the vine-clad window of the little stone church.

"Do you believe Bill Hone will come?" asked Lucy Lake.

"Why not, Lucy? Of course he'll be here, when mother asked him. Hark! some one comes."

Joyous shouts are heard—"Father's come! Here's father, as big as Santa Claus, with all his bundles. Dear papa, *did* you bring Bill's skates?" urged Lucy with anxious forebodings fingering her beating heart lest they might have been forgotten.

"Perhaps—I can not tell; I started with so many parcels, that the boys called after me on the street, 'Old Santa Claus, don't forget my chimney!'" and Mr. Theodore Lake gradually emerged from the packages that encompassed him.

A timid knock chanced to be heard amid the joyous uproar at the hall door.

"It's somebody that don't know where to find the bell-pull," said Sydney.

Bill Hone's great muscular hands had given the gentle knock, and with a timid, awkward feeling he found himself amid the family group.

"There is the bell! who would have thought it?" exclaimed Fred, as the pealing notes throbbed out their shout of coming joy.

"We must hasten, Lucy," said Mrs. Lake.

It had not occurred to any of the

party to remember that Bill Hone was in ignorance of their destination, and so he looked on in silence.

Tea had been partaken by Mr. Lake. Mrs. Lake and Lucy were in readiness. "Come, Bill," said Fred, and they went forth.

"Be very careful, Lucy," whispered her mother, who had been anxious lest Lucy's last opportunity should be lost.

"I will, mamma, so careful!" and Lucy clasped her gloved hands tightly.

"Where are you going?" questioned Bill, walking by the side of Fred.

"To church, to be sure; this is Christmas Eve."

"Oh!" was Bill's sole reply.

They reached the entrance. Mrs. Lake turned to Fred with a word of counsel, and then—they were in the temple. A holy hush pervaded the place. It was filled with worshipers. A voice broke the stillness as they trod the aisle—

"The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him."

A silence, profound as that which brooded over the earth ere man's creation, reigned for a moment.

"There! *did* you see that?" whispered a voice in a corner under the branches of a tree.

"What?"

"Why, that boy, Bill Hone, sitting in the Lakes' pew; they will ruin him!" We remember that the whisperers have spoken on the subject in our hearing before.

The silence was broken. Bill looked up. He thought he could not have seen the place until now—that the wreathing vines were not of his fastening—that the great cross between the desk and the pulpit could not be that which he had supported to its place; and the crown, filled with light, *could* that be the twining of Mrs. Lake and Lucy? and the mossy velvet that he had gone so far to find for it? All seemed enchanted mystery, and when the organ rolled out note after note of joy, Bill caught Fred's arm. Fred did not understand; he shook the hand off, and Bill, conscious of some impropriety, kept his impulses within himself. Chant and prayer were ended. The story of Christ's coming, told simply and touchingly, so that the smallest child could know *that Christ came for him*, was the theme of the sermon, and Bill Hone heard every word. What if his hair stood erect, and his mouth stood open to let the words in, angels will wonder throughout eternity at man's redemption. The worship was ended; the worshipers went forth into the midwinter night; the wax candles withdrew their light from the crown, and the church slept, dreaming, perchance, of the joyous time just coming. All things were ready; the earth waited; cables of green flashed the story to and fro—Christ is coming!

The stars glowed brighter, the snow gleamed whiter, than when Bill went in. Christ was coming nearer to him. Mrs. Lake walked beside Bill.

"Do you know now why we dressed the church?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you like the service?"

"I heard the story—is it all true?" he asked, with energy.

"All true, and not half told, Bill."

"It seemed like moonshine sometimes—I couldn't believe it."

"What part of it?"

"About Christ leaving that city with cobble-stones, all gold, and great gates. I suppose they are to keep poor people from stealing the gold

stones. I couldn't believe he had come down to live here."

"Do you remember, Bill, only three weeks ago, when you were skating on the pond and Benjie Wood fell in, how *you* left the nice ice above, and the skating, and plunged into the cold, dark water to save him?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then, can you not believe that Christ would come down out of heaven to this world to save us, to save you?"

"I *will believe it—it's so good*," resolutely said Bill; and they paused at the gate.

"Good-night, good-night; we're coming up pretty early to wish you 'merry Christmas,'" said Fred and Sydney.

"Good-night, Bill; I thank you for going to church with us to-night," said Mrs. Lake; and she clasped the large, strong fingers of the boy in her own, with a sudden thrill of remembrance that Bill once had a mother to love him.

"Good-night; I forgot to thank you for all the things you've done to help," timidly said Lucy. And Bill was on his way home.

The lights were out in the church—the door was closed—the sexton had gone. Prompted by a feeling that he could not explain, and did not resist, Bill went to the side of the church, parted the ivy from one of the low windows and looked in. The moon had just come up, and the level beams struck through the church lighting up a narrow way. Bill looked in with mysterious awe. Suddenly he started—a light twinkled, near the ceiling. It was in the crown. It burned there through the night. The sexton missed it in his haste. The church, in its mysterious shadow and silence with the solitary light, made a strong impression on the boy. As he yet looked at it, the clock, whose face Fred, Sydie, and Lucy had watched in the dawning, struck out the hour of nine.

Bill rushed away. It was nine o'clock. "I wonder if I am locked out," he thought.

Not a light was visible in the house as Bill approached. He tried the door—it was fast. He knocked—no one answered. The house was as silent as the church. Bill knocked the second time.

"There's the boy," said the farmer's wife.

"It's past nine; I *told* him; it's his business to be on hand."

"I'd let him in—it's cold to-night."

"I won't, and you shan't."

Just as these words were said, Bill turned away from the door-step and walked across the white snow to the barn.

"You'll let me in, won't you?" he said in response to the low sound of welcome from the horse.

Bill went in; he found a blanket, wrapped himself in it, and lay down. The friendly hay closed around him; it warmed him like a bed of feathers.

Lying there in the darkness, Bill forgot to feel angry at the farmer; he tried to remember one of the prayers he had heard prayed in the church. The form was new to him—he could not. At last, had one been in the barn, they would have heard these words—

"O God! I'm so glad Christ is coming!"

That was Bill Hone's prayer. Haste, good angel! take it home quickly! it will rejoice the heavenly host to know that *some one* is glad that Christ is so near.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SUN AND THE WIND.

A FABLE.

PHŒBUS and Æolus had once a dispute which of them could soonest prevail with a certain traveler to part with his cloak. Æolus began the attack, and assaulted him with great violence. But the man, still wrapping his cloak closer about him, doubled his efforts to keep it, and went on his way. And now Phœbus darted his warm insinuating rays, which, melting the traveler by degrees, at length obliged him to throw aside that cloak, which all the rage of Æolus could not compel him to resign. Learn hence, said Phœbus to the blustering god, that soft and gentle means will often accomplish what force and fury can never effect.

MORAL.

Gentle means on many occasions, are more effectual than violent ones.

MERRY HAYMAKERS.

MERRY haymakers, sure enough! Every part of the picture is animation and joy. Now for a wheelbarrow-load of sweet, fresh hay for Old Jack. Master George steadies the load, while Master Frank, with his long stick, drives his span of boys who draw at the rope. Miss Susan and little Shady-face there, in the rear, each carry a rake. Miss Shady-face is playing with Carlo, as he is having a ride on the hay; and little Chubby has driven his curly-headed sister as his pony so fast, that she has fallen flat upon the soft grass, where she lies the very image of good-nature.

Now, what interests us especially in this merry scene is, the happy, joyous expression on every face, even to Carlo's. There is not a selfish, fretful one in all the group. If you look at them a whole day, you will not hear an unpleasant word. Little Curly-head, not being sure-footed, has tumbled down; but no scream or angry word comes from her pretty lips. She will be up again in a moment, bounding on her way.

Why should not all children, in their play or their work, be pleasant and loving? Why should they allow wicked selfishness to lead them into strife? The Good Book says, "Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another." Try that, and you will seldom be led into contentions.—*Well Spring.*

NOBODY likes to be nobody; but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody. And everybody is somebody; but when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he generally thinks everybody else to be nobody.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

ONE summer morning early,
When the dew was bright to see,
Our dark-eyed little Charlie
Stood by his mother's knee.
And he heard a robin singing
In a tree so tall and high,
On the topmost bough 'twas swinging,
Away up in the sky.

"Mamma, the robin's praying,
In the very tree-top there;
Glory! Glory! it is saying,
And that is all its prayer.
But God will surely hear him,
And the angels standing by,
For God is very near him,
Away up in the sky."

"My child! God is no nearer
To the robin on the tree,
And does not hear him clearer
Than He does you and me.
For He hears the angels harping
In sun-bright glory drest,
And the little birdlings chirping
Down in their leafy nest."

"Mamma, if you should hide me
Away down in the dark,
And leave no lamp beside me,
Would God then have to hark?
And if I whisper lowly,
All covered in my bed,
Do you think that Jesus holy
Would know what 'twas I said?'

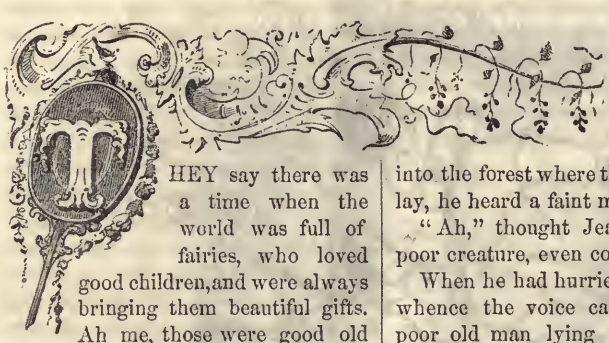
"My darling little lisper,
God's light is never dim;
The very lowest whisper
Is always close to Him."

Now the robin's song was filling
The child's soul full of bliss;
The very air was trilling
When his mamma told him this.
And he wished, in childish craving,
For the robin's wings to fly;
To sing on tree-tops waving,
So very near the sky.

THE MERRY HAYMAKERS.

THE FAIRY OF THE FOREST.

BY SOPHIE MAY.



THEY say there was a time when the world was full of fairies, who loved good children, and were always bringing them beautiful gifts. Ah me, those were good old times! In those days a little boy lived with his mother at the edge of a forest. The wind howled through the trees, and crept in at the cracks of the windows, for the cottage was old and ready to drop.

But the little boy Jean was as happy a lad as the world contained, and loved his gray-haired mother with all his heart. All the fire they burned was made of the dry sticks he gathered in the forest, and more than half the money they used was earned by his small hands.

Because he obeyed his mother, and worked for her so gladly, the fairies loved him; and one of them, the queen of the forest nymphs, decided to make him her especial care. She visited him every night in dreams, cheering him with loving words, and giving him sweet glimpses of fairy-land; but when he was awake, the boy could never see even so much as the tips of her wings.

One day the ground was frozen hard and the snow-flakes whitened the air. Jean was coming home from a hard day's work, and all the colder he grew the more he whistled, to keep up a brave heart. Just as he struck into the forest where the thick shadow lay, he heard a faint moan.

"Ah," thought Jean, "it is some poor creature, even colder than I."

When he had hurried up to the spot whence the voice came, he found a poor old man lying on the ground, nearly perishing with cold. It was growing dark, and the boy himself was much benumbed, but he went briskly to work rubbing the hands and face of the stranger, and taking off his own woolen jacket, he wrapped it about his neck. "Poor old man," said he, "I will not let you die of cold." Then he helped him to rise, saying, "We will go to my mother's cottage and have a warm supper of oatcakes and herrings, and our fire of dry boughs will do you good."

The brave boy knew there would only be supper enough for two, but he was willing to go hungry to bed for the sake of the poor old stranger. In the ear of his heart he heard the words his mother had so often said: "Never fear starving, but share your last loaf with the poor soul who is hungrier than you." As they walked through the forest the old man leaned on the boy's shoulder quite heavily.

"I am a poor old pilgrim," said he, feebly, "and but for thy aid I might have died of cold and hunger. Now I will point out to thee a beautiful tree whose leaves are green lined with silver. Take it home and plant it before thy door."

Then he showed Jean the tree with green leaves lined with silver. All the other trees were dry and hard, but this was alive, hidden behind a clump of firs. It was an aspen-tree. When Jean began to dig about its roots, it seemed to come out of the ground of its own free will, and lie over his shoulder as if it would caress him.

Jean turned to thank the stranger for the little tree, but he had vanished. He ran home with all speed to tell his mother of the strange old pilgrim who had faded from his sight like a wreath of smoke. His mother said:

"How can we plant your tree in the frozen earth?"

But they found a spot as soft and warm as if the sun had shone on it all the year. There they placed the tree, and Jean brought water and moistened the roots.

The next morning the tree had grown a foot higher, and the leaves were green lined with silver. Jean went into the woods again, and as he was whistling at his work, he found on the ground at his feet a purse full of gold. He counted the pieces—there were fifty, all bright and new.

"I will go to the town," thought the boy, shaking his head sadly, for the gold was tempting, "I will go to the town and ask who has lost a purse with fifty pieces of gold. If it were only mine! but stolen money is worse than a mill-stone about one's neck, so my mother says."

"Keep the purse," said an old woman's voice close at his elbow. "I will be your friend. That purse was dropped by a lady who wears a fur cloak and a long vail. If she asks for her purse, I will say it fell into a hole in the ground. She comes to me for advice. She will believe what I say—never fear."

"Poor old woman!" said the boy with pity; "I have a dear mother at home, and I love her better than fifty pieces of gold. I must go to the town and find out the lady with the fur cloak and long vail."

"Since you will be a fool," grumbled the old woman, "I will go with you and show you the way."

So she led the boy out of the forest into the thickest part of the city, up to the door of a splendid mansion; but when Jean turned to look at her again, she was gone!

The lady in the mansion took the purse with thanks, and would have given Jean a piece of the gold, but he said, "No—my mother says we must be honest without the hope of reward."

The next morning the aspen-tree had grown another foot, and Jean and his mother watched the trembling leaves and touched them with curious fingers. They were green, and lined with shining silver.

Jean kissed his mother, and went into the woods as usual. This time he met the king's officers, who were out searching the forests for something that could not be found.

"Prithee, little urchin," said one of the men, "can you tell us what has become of a young aspen-tree with green leaves lined with silver?"

"I dug up an aspen-bush," said the boy quivering like a leaf on that very tree, as he spoke.

"There are many aspen-trees in the forest," said another of the men, gruffly, "but only one is green at this time of the year, and has silver leaves. It was planted here by command of his highness the king, and no one was to touch it under pain of death, for when the night-time came, it was to be uprooted and planted in his green-house."

Jean grew pale. His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and he could not speak.

"I must hold my peace," he thought; "I must never own it was a tree with silver leaves! As soon as I go home I will pluck up the tree and burn it, and then no one can say that I have done an act which the king had promised to punish with death!"

But Jean could not forget his mother's words: "Tell the truth, my son, though a sword is held over your head."

Then, as soon as his voice came back to him, he said that the tree he had dug up bore green leaves lined with silver; and he begged for mercy, because, as he said, he had never heard that the king's mandate had forbidden that tree to be plucked up.

But the men bade Jean lead them to his mother's house and point out the tree, declaring they could show him no mercy, for when their king had made a decree, no man should alter it by one jot or one tittle.

When Jean and the king's officers had reached the door of the cottage, they found Jean's mother watering the roots of the beautiful aspen.

"Pluck up the king's tree," said the men to Jean, "and carry it to the palace, for no one else must dare to remove it."

Jean touched the tree, and it came out of the ground of its own free will, and in a moment stood on its feet, and shook out its long branches into arms, and in another moment it was no longer a tree, but a fair-haired woman, with a crown of diamonds upon her head and a silver wand in her hand.

"Wicked men," said she, in a voice whose angriest tones were sweeter than the music of an Eolian harp, "wicked men, you may go home and tell your king that the schemes he has plotted against me have all failed. My enchantment is over forever. Yonder boy," said she, pointing to little Jean with her wand, "has saved me. The cruel fairy who changed me into an aspen, had no power to keep me in that form forever. She was obliged to make a condition, and she made the hardest one that her mind could invent. It was, that I might be freed if ever a good child should touch me, who was merciful enough to *divide his last loaf with a stranger*, honest enough to *give back a reward for his honesty*, sincere enough to *speak the truth when a lie would have saved his life*. This boy has been tempted and found true. Now you may all return whence you came, for the aspen-tree shall never quiver with its silver leaves in the green-house of your king."

Then the fairy of the forest, for it was she, gave Jean and his mother a beautiful home, and made them happy all the days of their lives.

GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home—the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her—the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along her pathway. The right education will modify both a little, and unite their good qualities in one.

ONLY PERSEVERE.

"COME, Phebe, do let us go home," said little Winnie; "there are no blackberries here, and the sun is so hot, and I am thirsty, and the briers scratch right through my stockings. We shall not get a cupful if we stay all day."

"Oh, yes, Winnie, there is a cupful on this very bush, if we will only pick every ripe one, great and small."

"I don't love to hunt about so. I want to find a great bush loaded full; then we could fill our pail up in a minute."

"Well, if we will only persevere, I believe we shall find some big bushes before long, but I want to make sure of these while we can. You know Uncle Will says a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush! Take care where you step, dear, and the briers will not scratch you. Remember those nice jelly cups mother gave us, and think how nice they will look full of jelly. Half of them we can send to the poor soldiers, you know. How you liked blackberry jelly when you were sick last year! Think how nice it will be for them, away there where they have nothing to make them comfortable."

Thus exhorted, little Winnie renew-

ed her exertions, and stepped more daintily over the bushes, and did not tease her sister any more to go back to the house. Presently they came to a little brook with grassy banks, which rambled off to seek its fortune through the meadows, and here they filled their tin cups and took a refreshing draught. Then they bathed their hands and faces, and trudged on from one fence corner to another, picking the ripe berries so closely that it would have taken a smart bird to find another.

Pretty soon a glad shout from Winnie, who always kept a little ahead, announced rare picking. No boys had found that spot, it was plain. Some bushes were high above their heads, but industrious Phebe found a way of bending them down and securing their treasures. The little tin pail was filled in double quick time; and after dinner the little girls came back to the ground and filled it again.

How happy the little girls felt that evening, as they sat down on the little garden bench in their clean frocks and aprons to enjoy the refreshing breeze!

"I am glad we did not come back when I asked you to," said Winnie; "then we should have missed all those nice berries."

"Grandpa says 'we shall never accomplish much if we do not learn to persevere, even when we don't like it.' You know our little song says—

'You will conquer, never fear,
If you only persevere.'"

"When mother makes the jelly to-morrow," said little Winnie, "she is going to make a little china cupful for us, and we can have a little tea party, with Della Adams for company. Mother will give us some sponge-cake and biscuit, and won't we have fun?" she said, with sparkling eyes. "Pussy, you shall come to our party, too, if you can spare the time from your work."

A great deal of enjoyment that forenoon's work paved the way for both themselves and others. I am quite sure they never were sorry for it.

J. E. McC.

LOVE AND MEMORY;

OR, THE VALUE OF LITTLE THINGS.

"WHO'S here *now?*" said Grandma Ross, as she was carefully stepping down from her door-way, one pleasant morning, to pick her way about a little in her garden, and was met by two eager children ready to give each a helping hand.

"Only us," said little Sammy; "Anna and I; and mother's coming —we're *all* coming—baby and all."

"It isn't one of your lonesome days, is it?" asked Anna, as she thought her grandmother's face looked a shade sadder than usual.

"I don't think it's going to be," she replied, pleasantly, "if you're all coming. It would be hard to call it so if 'only us' should be here;" and she patted Sammy's head playfully.

Pretty soon the children's mother and Robby and "the baby" came up, Robby trundling his hoop, and the baby holding triumphantly the basket of nice seed-cakes and cookies, of which grandma was so fond.

"Baby brought them all the way," said little Susie's mother.

"And mother brought Thusie," lisped the sweet little girl, and she was gently placed upon the ground; and both hands held up the basket of cakes for grandma, while she added, laughing, "and one in my pocket for Thusie."

"They will be all the sweeter because such a little darling brought them," said grandma, stroking back the stray curls and kissing the smooth white forehead. "Didn't you know there was something sweeter than sugar?"

"Candy," suggested Susie.

"Preserves," said Robert.

"I don't know about that. I think our little lady," glancing at Anna, "might make a better guess."

"Love," said Anna, timidly, as she balanced the question whether it *really was*, to her.

"Yes, love is the sweetest, and sweetens all the rest. But I don't see why I should have so much wasted on me."

"Wasted! why, grandma," exclaimed Anna, "how could we *help* loving you? What should we do without a grandma to visit?"

"Well, let us all go in, and then, if you won't think it one of my 'lonesome days,' I'll tell you one reason why your love seems so precious to me."

Their mother took little Susie on her lap, and the children gathered round grandma, for they loved her pleasant voice, and always hoped for a story.

"Well, it's precious, because I remember I did not always love *my* grandmother as I ought."

"Why, I should never think you ever *had* a grandmother, or at any rate that you could remember her," said Anna. "Why, what should she be?—our great-great-grandmother!"

"Well, and for all that, it only seems to me like yesterday—and besides, she is alive to-day, and very happy."

This was a sudden turn to Anna's thoughts. She had never been much inclined to think of persons who were dead; and making it such a simple reality as her grandmother did, made it seem new and pleasant to her.

"Yes, my grandmother was a precious woman. She loved me dearly, and I know, as a general thing, I loved her; but I did not always love to do the many little things she needed. It was irksome, sometimes, for me to leave my play to thread her needle—[here Sammy touched Anna's elbow gently]—and arrange her cushions just to suit her, or to keep still when her head ached."

"I don't see how you remember such little things," said Anna.

"They do not seem little now. When those we love are taken away from us, we remember it *very long* sometimes, if we have been unkind to them. I do not mean that I was often unkind; but it is very sweet to see children love their aged friends. I shall not be long with you, and it will be pleasant for you to remember that what I have now said was because you have always been so kind to me."

It was, as she said, not long that she was to be with them; and when, a few months later, she was silently borne away to her long resting-place, her last words of testimony to their kindness became unspeakably precious to them.

Children, have you still a grandmother? Will you lay up pleasant memories for your whole life by helping to make her last days her brightest ones? KRUNA.

LITTLE EFFORTS.

A LITTLE child I am indeed,
And little do I know;
Much care and help I yet shall need,
That I may wiser grow,
If I would ever hope to do
Things great and good, and useful too.

But even now I ought to try
To do what good I may;
God never meant that such as I
Should only live to play,
And talk and laugh, and eat and drink,
And sleep and wake, and never think.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle, poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing!

Then let me try each day and hour
To act upon this plan;
What little good is in my power,
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus I try,
I may be better by-and-by.

MOST of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

Kindness makes sunshine wherever it goes; it finds its way into the hidden chamber of the heart and brings forth treasures of gold; harshness, on the contrary, shuts them up forever.

MINNIE'S WONDERFUL ALPHABET.

ONE day Minnie Lockwood was playing with her letter-blocks, when her Aunt Fanny came into the room.

"Oh, auntie," she cried, "come here and help me build a house with my blocks."

Aunt Fanny came and sat down beside her.

"Why, Minnie," she said, "this is the wonderful alphabet."

"What do you mean, Aunt Fanny, by the wonderful alphabet?" said Minnie. "I don't see anything wonder-

ful in it; it is just like Mattie's and Clara's."

"I dare say it is," said Aunt Fanny; "for theirs is a wonderful alphabet too. All alphabets are wonderful, and yet they are not all alike."

"How do you mean by all not being alike?" asked Minnie.

"Why, some have twenty-six letters, and some have only twenty-five, and some more, and some even less. How many has your alphabet?"

Minnie counted her letters over, and said,

"There are twenty-six different names, but then there are large and little letters, and ever so many of a kind."

"That makes no difference," said her aunt; "twenty-six letters you have, and yet just think how many words you can write with these few letters."

"How many do you suppose, auntie?" asked Minnie.

"I think you could spell *twenty thousand* English words with them; and then a French girl could spell just about as many words in her language with the same letters, and so could a Spanish girl, and so could an Italian; and then if you could go back a great many hundred years, and find some ancient Romans, they could take the same letters, and spell thousands of words in Latin, which you could not understand, but which would mean the same to them as your English words to you."

"Well, auntie," said Minnie at last, drawing a long breath, "I do think it is wonderful that twenty-six little letters can make so many words for so many different people to understand. I wonder who first made letters. Do you know?"

"I know that an old story says that a man named Cadmus brought letters into Europe, and taught the Greeks how to use them. But long before that the old Egyptians used them, and Cadmus learned from them."

"And did they write just such letters as we do?" asked Minnie.

"Oh, no, they were very funny shaped letters that the Greeks used. You could not understand them at all, but they meant the same that our letters do; and then the Hebrews, or Jews, had another strange set of letters for an alphabet, and so did many other people."

"And were they called a, b, c, auntie?"

"No, the Greeks called them alpha, beta, gamma, and they were written so, α, β, γ; and the Jews called them aleph, beth, gimel, and their letters were very different from those of the Greeks. I have not any of them here to show you. I wish I had, for I know you would like to see some of the letters that were used by Moses and David of old. But you see that their letters had something like the same sounds that ours have. And here I must tell you of another very curious thing about the Hebrew mode of writing. They began all their lines on the right side of the page, and wrote across to the left. And so they began their books at what we call the end, and ended at our beginning."

"Well, I don't see how anybody ever learnt to read in such a queer way," said Minnie.

"It was just as easy to them as your way is to you," said Aunt Fanny; "but there is another thing that makes the alphabet wonderful."

"What is it, Aunt Fanny."

"It is the wonderful thoughts we can write with these few letters. We can take six letters, and spell *heaven;*

and then just think how much that little word means."

"And then we can take five letters and spell *Jesus*," said Minnie.

"Yes, Minnie; and then we think of a great many wonderful and sweet things when we see the word written."

"Oh, dear, how much there is in my little alphabet!" said Minnie.

"Yes, Minnie, a great deal that people don't often remember. Those old Jews we were talking about just now had a way of remembering one thing which it would do us good to think of. Whenever they wrote the holy name of *God*, which in their alphabet took four letters, they wrote it with a new pen, and never used the pen again. It was holy, for it had written the most holy name. Then, when they were reading, and came to that name, they did not speak it as it was written, but they looked at it reverently, and called it 'The unpronounceable name,' or 'The four letters;' and so those letters, when they were put together, were holy, for they spelled the holy name 'Jehovah.'"

Aunt Fanny was called away just then, but when she came back she found Minnie still with her blocks. She had spelt the word *God* upon the the Bible that lay on the table, and she was looking at it with deep, earnest eyes, evidently thinking of the old Jews who reverenced that name so greatly. Aunt Fanny thought that the word *God* spelled thus *upon* the Bible was another beautiful thought, and she wondered if little Minnie understood it, but she said nothing.

HANNAH HATCHET.

A GOOD man need not be over-anxious to refute calumnies. His character, like a life-boat, will right itself.

WORK both fast and fair,
Yet rest when you are weary;
Breathe the purest air,
Neither smoked nor beery.
Publicans may go
To the Bay of Biscay;
Flatly tell them no
Brandy, ale, or whisky.
Let alone their gin,
Yet keep your spirit cheerful;
Of nothing but of sin
Let your heart be fearful.
Eat the plainest food,
Drink the pure cold water;
Then you will do good,
Or, at least, you ought to.

KEEP BUSY.—Men who have half a dozen irons in the fire are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes, and pines, and thinks himself into the madhouse or the grave. Motion is all Nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental, and yet nine out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisnre to do nothing, or something, only if they feel like it—the siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest, and will live to most purpose.

PUNCTUALITY.—It is said of Melancthon, that when he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that no time might be wasted in the idleness of suspense; and of Washington, that when his secretary, being repeatedly late in his attendance, laid the blame on his watch, he said, "You must either get another *watch*, or I another *secretary*."

LIFE AND SERVICES OF JOHN O——,

A CELEBRATED VOCALIST AND DELINEATOR.

BY SIGMA.

THE subject of this little and inadequate sketch of one who has been the life and light of our family for many years, was born amid the canebrakes of sunny Louisiana, before treason's bloody hand had blighted the hitherto fair fame of that State and its Southern neighbors. Of the exact year of his birth he has never been able to inform us, a fact which I have often regretted.

At a very early age, in fact before he was old enough to leave the parental roof, he was stolen from his pleasant home and happy freedom by the "ruthless" hand of a planter's son, who simply for the sake of "filthy lucre" was willing to deprive him of one of the inalienable rights of mankind, *i. e.*, freedom.

Our hero's captor guarded him closely, ay, even cruelly, until they reached the "Crescent City," where he knew he could procure a higher price than in the country. John's master demanded and obtained a large remuneration for him, because he belonged to a family which had already gained considerable celebrity as vocalists, and as he, even at this early stage of life, evinced unmistakable evidences of the same enviable power.

His purchaser was a Northern lady then spending the winter in that pleasant clime. She rightly thought it would be an act of mercy to release him from his present owner. She did not give him his perfect liberty, but he has ever since then remained near her, never seeing fit to leave one who gives him the best of food, a comfortable home, protection from the inclemencies of the weather, and almost everything that is necessary for his complete happiness. She only asks of him in return that he will regale her with his sweet songs, or if humorously inclined, imitate men, or animals, or birds, all of which he can do in a most perfect manner. But I am getting ahead of time.

When delightful spring came once more, our creole friend left New Orleans, embarking on one of the splendid steamers of the "Father of Waters" for St. Louis. During the voyage Jack seemed sad, and was silent, not enjoying the fine scenery which every now and then was to be seen along the banks of this grand old stream. Undoubtedly he was thinking of his warm home "left behind," and pondering in his heart his future fate in a Northern climate, far away from "the old folks at home." But, nevertheless, not a word of repining or sorrow escaped his throat. There was another thing which troubled Jack O——: it was the preparations for war which he saw on every side, for by this time foul Secession had "fired the Southern heart." Traitors in arms were gathering at all the principal places by which our party passed.

At Cairo, however, John's loyal heart was pleased by seeing the gallant "blue coats" of Illinois, who were determined that the Mississippi should be open from "the Lakes" to the Gulf. But he soon reached his destination, which was a beautiful prairie town of the "Sucker State," a place made famous by its State insti-

tutions, its schools and colleges. It is not necessary to mention its name here. From this place J. O. has never removed, and here he still remains, passing his days in a cheerful and contented manner.

The regular routine of his daily life is seldom broken; but once, indeed, he came very near losing it by an attack from a wild animal, many times his size. It sprang upon him suddenly when alone, frightening him exceedingly; but he fought bravely, and with only the loss of a part of his clothing, he drove off the beast. The noise of the tumult by this time had brought others to his aid, and so he escaped. While I am writing, he sits near me noting my progress, but utterly ignorant that I am penning this account of himself. I have now given you the principal events of his "life," and will write of his "services."

His "*forte*" is not the piano-forte, but in the use of his voice. This has increased of late years in power and sweetness by his continual practice. Singing seems to be his way of expressing all his wants, joys, and sorrows. Every visitor to the house is unwilling to leave without hearing one or more of his songs. His voice, properly speaking, is a "soprano;" but he often sings the other parts, and, in fact, all parts. I have not a musical ear, but I enjoy greatly his mimicry. A peculiar laugh or sneeze he can imitate perfectly. Many a time have I gone to the door to let in a cat, or see whose colt was in the yard, while he sat chuckling over his joke. His imitations of crowing, cackling, peeping, neighing, and mewing are done as well as if it were his nature so to do. But I have said enough, and I suppose all will recognize in this sketch of John O——, the life of Jacko, my pet Southern mocking-bird.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S CAPS.

A TRUE STORY.

IN a beautiful home in dear New England dwells the beloved grandmother of whom I write. More than threescore years have passed over her head, and still her steps are followed by the blessings of those whose lives are made happier by her acts of charity and kindness. A model of thrift and tidiness, it is woe indeed to the insane fly that ventures to intrude upon her premises, and she takes, even now, a worthy pride in the whiteness of her household linen.

It was on a beautiful afternoon of June, many years ago, that my grandmother said to me, "My child, take these bits of lace, and run out under the trees where the grass is clean and nice, and spread them out carefully, that they may be bleached by the heavy dew."

How like yesterday it seems to me—the soft air as it came in through the open window, the sweet voices of the birds that sang in the tall trees, and the beauty of the varied landscape, as it lay bathed in the warm sunset glow, on the threshold of summer!

"Don't drop any of the pieces," said grandmother, for I was a heedless child. I promised care, and took the lace. I remember each bit—the round pieces for the crowns, the straight pieces for the tops of the caps,

and the yards of soft, delicate border which shaded the dear face everybody loved so well.

Selecting a little out-of-the-way place, where no cat or dog would wantonly step upon it, I stretched each piece carefully on the soft grass, and went to my play.

Several days had passed when my grandmother said to me one morning, "Now you may go out and bring in my caps—by this time they must be quite white."

I hastened to do her bidding, but on reaching the spot where I had laid them, what was my surprise to find them gone—not a trace of them left! I ran back to the house and told the fact, which to all the family seemed quite unaccountable We had none but honest neighbors, and knew of no mischievous cat or dog about which was known to have a taste for such delicate finery. On the whole, it was a mystery; and, as the time passed, when anything was lost about the house, and could not be accounted for, a common expression with the family was, "It has gone with mother's caps."

One afternoon, late in the autumn, I stood by the window with my brother, watching the trees as they swayed to and fro in the chilly wind. The sweet birds had all sung their good-by songs, and taken themselves to a warmer climate, for the winter was fast coming. We children were talking of the nice fun we would have when the beautiful snow came again, and we could coast and skate. Suddenly my brother exclaimed, "What do I see upon that tree, so white, like a feather?" Following his eye, I saw what appeared like a white ribbon or strip of cloth, as it fluttered in the wind seeming to grow larger as we watched it.

At last we called the aunts and grandmother to look, but no one could decide what it could be. "Well," said Ned, "I'll climb the tree, and then we shall know." So out he ran, and slowly but surely he drew himself up the tall slender trunk, and reaching the branches, he carefully dislodged a white bunch to which the streamer seemed to be attached, and placing it inside his jacket he began his descent. It was but the work of a moment to slide to the ground, and in another moment he was surrounded by an eager group, all wondering what he had found—grandmother with spectacles and knitting-work as interested as any one.

One look explained a long mystery, and with united voices we exclaimed, "'Tis grandma's caps at last!"—and sure enough, there in the shape of the nicest of all robins' nests was the lace so long missing.

The crown pieces were just the things for the bottom, the top pieces were laid around the side, while the bit of white which had attracted our notice was but an end of the border, which with great care and dexterity was woven in for a kind of finishing touch to the whole. Slender twigs and bits of straw were glued together with the lace—making a really elegant and fanciful home for some ambitious robin, who had spent the summer in happy possession, with no idea that his property would be seized and appropriated so soon after his departure.

With great care the lace border was detached from the nest, and though unfitted for use, it was distributed for relics, a piece to each, and it was the sight of the bit in my mother's possession which brought back the incident to my mind.

JULIA'S FIRST FISH.

"OU get back, Carlo! back! my fish will not bite when you make the water boil up so with your splashing;" and the huge black Newfoundland, as if he *felt* the weight of Libbie's fishing-pole across his back, sprang upon the beach, shaking his shaggy coat till the spray showered his laughing companions—three sweet little girls, who were in the height of childish glee over their first fishing excursion. Libbie, the eldest, excitable, nervous, hopeful of getting, as was her right, the first fish, yet half glad that, should she fail, if Carlo *did* "stir up her waters," she could lay the blame on his broad shoulders. Julia, a little farther down the stream, cool, calm, and quiet, but intently watching the little minnow bait, which she could see dangling from her hook, in spite of turbid waters, which Carlo's antics did not help to clear. And then the shy, sensitive Mary, self-forgetful in her excitement, full of chatter and change. There they stood, on the green banks of one of the pleasant western streams that feed the noble Ohio. Behind them the tall old sycamores, standing like gray sentinels of a past generation watching over the young generation rising up around them. A little way off stands their good "Uncle John," whose kind heart spares their tender feelings by baiting every hook with the helpless minnows, and who had taught them how to throw their floating lines; watching with one eye that which dangled from his own cane pole. Above them, on the sloping bank, stands their father, proudly watching the little group, and thinking, not of pike or perch, but of the cheapness of true enjoyment, and *how little* the brightest pictures cost that we may hang up for children in the play-room of memory—pictures which Time himself shall only brighten—when a sudden shout of triumph from the successful Julia bade him rejoice with her, as she shouted, "I've got it! don't you see? a real live one!" And while her father hastened to secure her good-sized glittering sunfish, she stood with triumph in her eye and proud of her success, as a general when he first sees the flag of the foe come down before his advancing battalion.

"Hurrah for Julia!" says Uncle John, at the same time tossing a fine perch into the basket beside her sunfish.

"If it hadn't been for Carlo," said Libbie; "but no matter—I'm glad Julia got it."

"*That's worth more than a fish,*" says Uncle John; but hardly had finished the sentence before Libbie's pole was bent nearly double by the catfish she proudly gave her uncle to "take off."

And what of little Mary? Happy in their success, she hardly knew how to stand her own when the little hook *pulled* and gave her fat hand a sudden jerk, and she drew out a tiny green perch. What a happy group! It was a scene for a painter, and I wish one had been there to sketch it for Uncle Merry.

KRUNA.

CHARLEY AND HENRY.

ONE bright morning, a long time ago, I was awakened from my sleep by the deep and loud booming of a cannon.

I was much astonished at first, but I soon remembered that it was the Fourth of July—the glorious birthday of a glorious nation, and that the cannon I heard was fired in welcome of the dawn of another of those natal days.

So excited was I that I could hardly stop to eat my breakfast, but wanted to run immediately and see the cannon fired.

My father, who had been confined to his room for some days, was very unwilling for me to go, and after exhausting every other argument promised, if I would stay in the house, he would tell me a story. Now I would go without eating any time to hear a story, so I immediately consented, and when I had taken my seat by his side he commenced as follows: "Once upon a time there lived in a pleasant little house not a hundred miles from New York, two little boys with their parents. Their names were Charley and Henry. Their father was a preacher, who was often absent from home, as was the case at the time of the story I am going to tell.

"One warm summer evening, after coming home from school, they strolled about the house for some time, and at length went away again. When supper was ready their mother sent out in the yard to have them called, but they were nowhere to be found. She thought probably they had gone to some neighbor's house, and would be back soon, and so she did not feel uneasy or alarmed.

"Soon it became dark, and with darkness came apprehension, for the boys were never allowed to be out after dark without special permission. She sent a servant around the little village, but no one had seen them. Soon her alarm was communicated to the neighbors, among whom Charley and Henry were great favorites, and a large party of men and boys turned out to hunt for them. The country was searched for several miles around. The creek where the boys used to fish was dragged, but nothing could be found.

"It was now about twelve o'clock at night, and the nearly distracted mother was sitting in the dining-room wringing her hands, weeping bitterly, when suddenly the door opened and in walked the objects of all the tumult, yawning, stretching, and rubbing their eyes.

"Their mother started back in horror, thinking it was the ghosts of the boys returned to their home. But the first words of the horrible apparitions undeceived her:

"'Mamma, ain't supper nearly ready?—awful hungry!' said Charley.

"The boys were much astonished when they heard what time it was, and what had happened. They had gone down to the barn-yard, and had amused themselves throwing hay at each other for some time.

"At length they laid down, and Charley commenced telling Henry a story; before he got half through, though, he found his audience was asleep, so, being of a sympathizing nature, *he* went to sleep too. Nor did either wake up until midnight; and you may be sure the neighbors, on returning from their unsuccessful search,

were much pleased to find their little friends there before them."

"Oh, that was a nice story," said I; "but, papa, is it true?"

"Yes," said he, "it is a true story, and really happened just as I have told you. I am the Charley I have told you about, and your Uncle Henry was my brother."

I have never forgotten this story; though it has been many years since it was told to me, yet it is as fresh in my memory as ever. They had stopped firing the cannon by this time, and so my father secured his object.

W. G. T.

BABY'S WRONGS.

I HEARD my papa reading the complaint of a little cousin of mine in his paper to-day, and I can bear witness that every word is true. I know very well how aggravating it is to have "your nose washed up instead of down every morning;" and haven't I tired myself out this very day creeping across the carpet to pick up my mother's bright thimble, and then just as I was going to try how such a pretty thing would taste, had it snatched away from me?

I never crept to the top stairs yet, "just to look about me a little," and tumbled head over heels to the bottom, as my little newspaper cousin did. But it was almost as bad, that day I rolled over and over on the nice bed where nurse had laid me a minute, to talk with the cook, and the first thing I knew, I struck so hard on the floor, I did not know but all my bones were broken. Then because I screamed as loud as I could to let them know how much I was hurt, she turned me up and down in the air until I was out of breath and could not cry, so my mamma never found it out.

My papa is the nicest man I know, but even he does not understand a baby's feelings always, or I am sure he would not brush my tender flesh with his big whiskers so roughly every morning and night. He thinks it very funny to see me throw out my little arms when he tosses me up "sky-high," but he does not know what a fright I am in.

I like very well to have on my pretty embroidered dresses and blue sash, and to be taken into the parlor when ladies call; but it is very trying to be held up to the *étagere* and shown all the pretty things on it, and then just as I reach out my little hands to feel of the bright pink shells and flower vases to be suddenly whisked away, or have my arms held down tight. I wonder what they build such a play-house for, unless for a baby to play in.

The nice ladies talk very sweetly to me, but if I offer to touch a rose or a cherry in their bonnets, I am forthwith imprisoned again. I heard one say the other day, when my mamma was out of the room: "The little fright has ruined my bonnet-strings."

I only took my fingers from my mouth and clutched hold of the ribbons when I thought she was going to let me fall.

If it were not for my dear mamma, I do not think I could possibly live in such a world, where nobody understands a baby at all. J. E. McC.

Be not over wise in thy own estimation. Let thy works, and not thy words, praise thee.

Life is shortened by the irregularities of the *liver*.

AT GETTYSBURG.

IT was October. Well do I remember the day. The maple-trees had hung out their gold and crimson banners; and from the elms the leaves of tawny yellow went slowly sailing downward to the ground. The hills were bright with aster and golden rod; and by the roadside the sumac glowed like fire. My thoughts were not with the beauty of the morning, but with our boys, as we proudly called them, who were going forth to fight the battles of justice and freedom. I caught the sound of martial music, heard the tramp of armed men, saw in the sunlight the gleam of the bayonets. Nearer and nearer they came, slowly marching down the street, their silken banners floating out behind; the "stars and stripes" seemed waving a fond adieu to "old New England's cloud-capped hills." They were passing us girls as we stood looking for those who were so dear to us. How grandly they looked in their suits of army-blue! how proudly they seemed to tread! Suddenly, as if with one accord, the regiment burst into a song. We had heard it often before, but never had it rung out so grandly. A moment more and they were gone. We caught the last gleam of the bayonets and the waving of the banners, but back upon the breeze came the last strain of their song,

"Rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!"

Then all was still. We stood looking in each other's faces, striving to keep the tears to still the aching pain in our hearts, and to our lips arose the prayer, "Father, bring them back once more to the waiting ones at home."

* * * * * * *

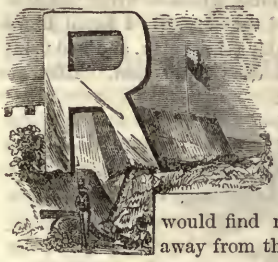
The glory of the autumn, the winter's wind and snow, and the gleeful spring-tide had all passed away, and the time was drawing near when we should bid our "soger laddies" welcome home. The June month, with its wealth of roses and golden days, had come and gone. The July sun came burning fierce and hot, scorching the roses that bloomed beside the garden wall; why did they linger? God only knew. A month rolled by, then they came back to us. They came marching slowly up the street, their flags rent and riddled with bullets. They were not all there—"our boys"—one was missing. 'Twas upon the blood-stained field of Gettysburg he had lain down his life. "Do not mind me, comrade," he said to one who knelt beside him, striving to stop the life-blood flowing from his side, "it will soon be over. Tell Nell I died for the old flag, it was all that I could do. God bless—" a sigh, and it *was* over. He saw, instead of blood and carnage, the beauteous hills of Paradise. Instead of going to the home amid New England hills—to the dear ones waiting at the open door—he went into "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and heard the angels whisper, "Brother, well done." But ours were not the only sad hearts that day; "thousands were weeping their dead." But I pray the time may come when war shall cease, when we shall hear the voice of Him who calmed the Sea of Galilee, saying, "Peace, be still."

PERTINE.

GOD washes the eyes with tears until they can behold the land where tears come no more.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

CITY POINT HOSPITAL, VA.,
July 13, 1864.



EALLY, I little thought when we had our last Chat, that this month would find me so far away from the "Sanctum," among the sick and wounded of our noble and heroic Union army. But so it is. I had intended to give you a full account of my trip to Cleveland, Ohio, in June, while the National Division of Sons of Temperance were in session there—of the pleasant times and excursions and interesting meetings, especially my visit to the various Sunday-schools, in company with Mr. Mellen, that friend of every good cause, and of the large gathering of the Sunday-school children on Sunday afternoon, all of which were very interesting to me, and long to be remembered;—but I have other things to talk with you about just now, so gather round the old arm-chair, and let me tell you of what I have seen and heard in the hospital tents where our brave soldiers suffer and die for our country.

Some of you may not have heard of an association by the name of the U. S. Christian Commission. It was founded in Nov., 1861, to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of the officers and men of our army and navy. Christian ministers and laymen are sent as delegates to the battle-fields, hospitals, and camps throughout our country. The delegates go for four or six weeks, without pay, visiting the hospitals and military camps, seeking out those who need their attention. They carry water for thirsty lips in one hand, and the water of life for thirsty souls in the other—"going about doing good"—ministering to the wants of both body and soul.

This is practical Christianity; and the devoted soldier, with heroic bravery on the battle-field, and uncomplaining endurance in the hospital, never yet has failed to appreciate these acts of love on the part of the delegates in the field, or the loving hands and generous hearts at home who have supplied his needs. And as so many of you have been interested in the soldier, and made so many articles and sent them, I will tell you how his heart is made glad, and his faith strengthened, and his "spirit nerved for the stern hour of strife" by the reception of these little gifts.

There was an urgent call for delegates, and Uncle Robert put on his badge,

which all wear, and started with others on this mission of love. I only wish I could tell you the half I have seen and heard during my sojourn here. There are about 100 delegates of the Christian Commission now with the army of the Potomac, and more will be sent when a great battle takes place. About fifty are located at this Point. There are field hospitals for each division of the army near the front, but the general one is located here, on the banks of the Appomattox River, where the sick and wounded are brought from the field hospitals. From here many are sent to Washington and the various hospitals north. We have now about 2,200 here; there have been as many as 6,000 at one time. Our work consists in distributing stores and clothing when needed, aiding the men with paper and envelops and

stamps, to write to their friends, writing for them when they are unable, and personal conversation with each man, to strengthen the heart and try to win souls to Christ. We assure them they are not forgotten by the loved ones at home, and while they are fighting our battles for us, we are ever praying that our heavenly Father would shield, protect, and bless them. They understand and appreciate this, and it makes them better men and better soldiers.

And here let me give you a few lines by a soldier in the First Delaware Cavalry Regiment, whom I found in the Sixth Corps Hospital, which he wrote just after he entered the service. I found him a noble Sunday-school man, and had many a pleasant chat in his tent. Here are the lines :

I've bid farewell to my friends and my home,
I've enlisted my country to free,
But in the midst of my dangers and gloom,
I've a sister that's praying for me.

I may be called for all that I know,
In a month, or a week, or a day,
To fight with the insolent foe— [me.
But I've a brother that's praying for

My foes may be many or few,
But conquered I never can be,
Though their weapons be never so true.
For I've a father that's praying for me.

In the battle that presses me sore,
When cowards their colors would flee,
I never can run or give o'er,
For I've a son I am longing to see.

In the heat and the depth of the strife,
Though death all around me may be,
I am safe, for at home I've a wife
Who is praying every hour for me.

Then forward to victory or death,
For I'm fighting my country to free;
I'll not fear, for I know that the best
Of Christians are praying for me.

Then Christians, patriots all,
Come fight for your country and me;
Though you fight not with powder and ball,
You are fighting while praying for me.

But what I wish to talk with you the most about is these little "housewives," or "comfort bags," as some of you call them. Many of you have already made some and sent to the soldiers; but I want you each to make at least one, and then ask your Sunday-school superintendent or teacher to bring the matter before your school or class, and have them all set to work, and see if the Merry family can not be instrumental in making at least 50,000 of them at once, and sent to the Christian Commission for distribution. If you will, I will go again and help to distribute them, for nothing pleases the soldier so much, or is more acceptable, than a well-filled "comfort bag" or "housewife." I have heard many say they wouldn't take ten dollars for theirs, especially when there is a dear little letter in it, kindly addressed to the soldier. Give him your address, and invite him to write to you. I distributed quite a number from Shawmut Sunday School, Boston, which were bountifully filled and very gratefully received.

I will show one little letter, written by a little girl belonging to that school, which was received by a noble-hearted Christian soldier of the Second Conn. Heavy Artillery. Here it is:

BOSTON, *April*, 1864.

DEAR SOLDIER:—I am a little girl about twelve years old, and wish to aid you to a few extra buttons, tape, pins, and needles, etc., as I have no brothers myself to aid in the army, and you may have no sister at home to send you these little wants that make camp-life more comfortable. Please accept these articles as a token of my love to those who have so bravely gone out to fight for our country, and remember you are not forgotten even by the little ones at home.

Now, wishing that peace may soon come to gladden both you and me, and that our heavenly Father's love may protect you and bring you safely home, is the wish of our friend, EVA B——T.

THE SOLDIER'S REPLY.

CITY POINT HOSPITAL, VA, *July* 8, 1864.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND EVA: I received a little comfort bag, packed with buttons, thread, soap, scissors, tape, wax, thimble, pins, needles, yarn, pencil and paper, and envelops neatly packed by your little hands, and the best of all was your dear little letter.

My dear little friend, my heart was made strong by reading of your dear letter and the reception of those needful articles which you sent. It is a great comfort to the soldier to know that he is not forgotten by the little ones at home. This little gift was presented to me by Mr. J. N. Stearns, a delegate of the Christian Commission.

I am sick in the hospital; I can not walk without the support of crutches; I have another support that is far greater and more precious than any earthly support—it is Jesus, my blessed Saviour. He is my support in time of sickness and distress; He is my support in the hour of danger; with His support I can face the cannon's mouth without fear, feeling that if I fall, I shall fall into the arms of Jesus.

Now, my dear little friend, have you got this support?—do you love Jesus?—have you given your heart to Him? If you have not, I would invite you to come and give your heart to Him, and have this blessed Saviour for your support. If you have given your heart to Him, then you have that support and comfort that will carry you through trials and difficulties. Trust in Jesus, and He will carry you safely through. My dear little friend,

When trials do surround you,
And troubles cross your way,
Then cast your cares on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.

Brother S. visits us every day, with a basket on his arm filled with nice jellies and fruit and a plenty of reading matter which make the soldier's heart glad. He always has a word of comfort and encouragement to the poor sick and wounded soldier. I wish you could see the faces of the poor sick soldiers brighten when they see him coming!

His presence brings a smile upon every face.

The Christian Commission is doing a great work in our army. The sick and wounded soldiers want for nothing here. We have good care and a healthy location. I have just had word to get ready to go to Washington to the hospital.

May God mete out to you and yours his choicest blessings, and keep and uphold you by his good Spirit, hoping that if we never meet on earth, that we may meet in heaven.

My little friend, you are doing a great work by sending these useful little articles to the soldiers. Go on in your work of usefulness and love, and God will reward you. Little Eva, you have my hearty thanks, and I shall ever remember you in my prayers. Accept this from a sick soldier. SAMUEL M. SCRANTON,
2d Conn. H. A.

Here is another letter, from one in the "Infant Class."

BOSTON, MASS.

I am but a very little girl, six years old, but I thought I would like to make a comfort bag for you as well as the big ones.

I go to the Shawmut Infant School. I know lots of verses in God's Holy Book. I have got a mother, but I have not a dear father living. I hope he is living in heaven with Jesus Christ.

TENY.

I gave one little housewife to a member of a Delaware regiment, without knowing where it came from, containing a letter which read as follows :

NEW IPSWICH, N. H.

MY DEAR SOLDIER :—I wonder whether you are a well or a wounded soldier. I hope you are not sick. I am a little boy nine years old. I hope you love Jesus Christ. I hope you will love him, if you do not. I shall pray for you. I hope you will write me a letter if you have time. From

JOHN W. CUMMINGS.

Did you think, Johnny, when you sent that to the army, that your Uncle would be there, and have the pleasure of giving it out, and see the smile of gratitude as it was received? The soldier wrote a letter to you, which I took to the post-office with many others. The investment paid, Johnny. Make some more, and send.

I would like to say much more if I had time, but can not this month. Will you all take right hold of this matter, and see how much you can do before next month? And here let me say that there is no better agency to send them through than the Christian Commission, for they have delegates in the field all the time, and take these useful articles direct to the soldier himself.

The battle-field and the hospital make us realize that man is mortal, and familiarize us with death; still I was much startled one morning, and my heart made very sad, on receiving a paper containing the following :

OAKLEY.—In Brooklyn, July 11, William F., eldest son of the late Robert S. and Mary E. Oakley, aged 26 years and 11 months.
Funeral services from Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, corner of Clinton and Lafayette avenues, on Wednesday, the 13th inst., at 3 o'clock P.M.

Gone! and yet through our tears we can rejoice that he was ready, and that though man is mortal yet he is immortal; and if we all follow the bright example of Wilforley, and trust in Christ, we can meet him

"In those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are wardens,
Where every flower brought safe through death's dark portal,
Becomes immortal."

The following letter is from a mutual friend, who knew him best, and could judge of his life and character :

UNCLE ROBERT :—The pen of WILFORLEY will never send you another greeting. The *last* line it wrote, in his diary, was the initials of his lamented father (who went from the altar of his household about two years ago, after morning devotions, to the heavenly world), with these words :

"He walked with God, and was not, for God took him."

With these Wilforley laid down his pen, forever. Yesterday (July 13) I attended his funeral services in the church where he early professed his faith in

Christ, and where he continued to worship till "God took him." The last time I spoke with him was at the close of a parlor entertainment in aid of the late City Fair, where I had noticed him in company with a lovely and loving girl, to whom, some one whispered to me, he was engaged. "Wilforley," said I, "what would the originals of those photographs of the Merry circle say could they have seen you this evening in yonder seat? Wouldn't they be jealous?" Will was startled at the unexpected salutation, and, blushing, was eager to know where and how I discovered his identity, etc., etc.

But I wish to say to the circle of his friends that although he has, at the age of twenty-six years, been summoned to the heavenly rest, he was fully prepared. His pastor, standing over his coffin, said, "He had matured his own character, and established his influence upon others. I would never erect as a monument over the grave of *such* a young man a broken shaft, emblematical of an unfinished life, but a solid, perfect column, symmetrical and complete. 'His life and conduct were of crystal purity.' It was remarked by one who had known his late honored father from his boyish days, that he never uttered an impure thought or word, and the same might have been said of the son, whose lips, smiling, are sealed and cold in death."

Uncle Robert, will it not be a profitable suggestion to the Merry circle for you to commend to them the bright example Wilforley has set before them? "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

We have room for but few letters this month; many others must wait their turn.

PELLA, IOWA, *May* 13, 1864.

MERRY COUSINS:—I am coming again to chat with you. I would be happy to exchange photos with several Merryites.

Cousin Romance, I would be very much pleased to see you in my album.

Will not some of the dear cousins send their "phiz" to their loving cousin,

EM. MOORE?

We are interested in "Pella," because one of your good ministers told our Sunday-school all about your people and place, and we shall be glad to hear and see "More" of you.

NEW IPSWICH, N. H., *June*, 1864.

"I am a Merry gipsy maid;

From my tent in yonder glade"—

forth I come with my song and shout to uphold "Equal Rights," our sentiment "Peace," our motto "Excelsior," with the feeling *we* are right.

Leslie and Pertine, I am sorry you must be my foes, but let us be friendly, and each rejoice in the end, whatever it may be.

But, cousins, don't you think W. A. R. makes a *beautiful* king, proclaiming his sovereignty, then running off to South America to waste his royalty on wild beasts and nobodies?

By the way, how shall I pay my debts, King? Shall I send that *carte* preserved in spirits?

A. N., I once supported you; neither Fleta nor Winnie succeeded; and let us now unite against Pertine and W. A. R.

Pertine, if you were Queen, I would not *dare* to come to C——, so I think you'd better not think of it.

I begin to tremble at my audacity in speaking on such "momentous questions," but will hope for the best.

One of A. N.'s *supporters!* FLIB.

COUSIN HATTIE:—If you have as much power in the Chat as in the Puzzle Drawer, won't you smuggle this in for me? I have not said a word since November, 1861. I am writing this letter with my new gold pen—it writes real well.

I have lately been looking over my old MUSEUMS (old numbers, I mean), and I find that previous to January, 1864, thirty-three (33) of the Merrys have gained the heart puzzle as a prize for answering the most puzzles in one month; of these, twenty-four have won the gold pen, and nine are "out," having obtained the third prize—the gold pencil-case.

I was surprised to see what large rewards Uncle Robert used to give—sometimes a gold watch, sometimes ten bound volumes of the MUSEUM.

Loyalty, I shall be delighted to increase acquaintance. If I had your address I would write.

Mary of J., I *think* that I know you.

Franc, I *know* the same in regard to your individual self.

Are any of the cousins interested in collecting coins? Give my love to all the Merry soldiers and sailors.

Yours, Merryly, SIGMA.

FLUSHING BAY, *June* 17, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I thank you very much for your photo, and have placed it in my album.

I was reading the June number of the MUSEUM, and saw (when too late) that you required the *real* name of the correspondent, otherwise the letter would be consigned to the basket under the table; that is cruel, but just.

I hope you won't object if I should happen in at your "sanctum sanctorum;" or is it sacred, like the ashes of St. John in the cathedral at Genoa, which the ladies are allowed to *look at* but once a year?

Love to all the cousins. INO.

Call, by all means; you will find friends, and the "Album."

The "basket" is well filled, but every month receives more, because we are "cruel, but just."

PITTSFIELD, *May* 19.

DEAR MERRYS ALL :—As this is my first letter to you, I have probably not got the hang of writing yet, but you will excuse me, I know.

W. A. R., you will be a second Longfellow, and do battle with Hood.

Lillie Linton, if you want to scrape an acquaintance with me, just write; you will find my address in the May number.

Flower of Dunblane, you must be "Old Guesser's" daughter. Send your address.

Always thanks and a kind word to you, Uncle Merry, from CALLETA.

June, 1864.

DEAR COUSINS :—Now I hope you are going to admit me, for I've taken a deal of trouble to dig myself out of the ocean, on purpose to come to the Chat.

Uncle Hi, I'm acquainted with you, or my father is, which amounts to the same thing.

Jessie Bell, will you shake hands? I like your name, and want to try you.

Nina Gordon, will you give me a friendly kiss?

Queen Fleta, will you receive as one of your subjects a little PEARL?

June 6, 1864.

Oh, dear! I am getting lonesome—have been sitting in the corner since the first of February, and not one of the cousins has spoken a word to me; but as I am tired of keeping in the background, I shall come forward and speak to *you*. Will I be intruding, Uncle? Taking it for granted that I will not, I proceed.

If there are any persons present who love music and enjoy reading the works of Longfellow and Gail Hamilton, I will shake hands with them, and we will be fast friends immediately.

Pertine says to Uncle Robert, "If any of your soldier boys happen to feel homesick and blue, just sit down and write to your loving cousin." So say I.

Aunt Sue, I hope your little girl is better. JUNO.

DEAR UNCLE :—Twice have I been entirely manipulated—not even an Extracted Essence left. Now, this third time, if I do not slip through, I shall be just a *little* wrathful.

"W. A. R"ooster, you are exceeding sharp, but were slightly mistaken about Romance.

Jolly J., how do you expect me to take a shine to you before I have seen your "pretty pictur?" Please send it; my address is in the March number of the MUSEUM.

You are right, Mamie; let us stop quarreling about Queens, and have a grand republic. Will her royal majesty Queen Fleta send her *carte* for me? I wish to *visite* her.

With Queen Winnie, also, would I exchange, if that Starr will shed its radiance in this direction.

But, good-bye—I fear the hatchet will not respect ROMANCE.

Extracted Essences.

SUSAN SIMPLE, "only thirteen," is not too young for a "Merry." Come right in, and soon you will gain instruction enough to be simply Susan.

D. H. WOODS—have them send along their letters or articles; we can then tell whether they can be published.

F. E. J., your courage has triumphed, and your seat secured. Shall be glad to have it always occupied.

PRINCE, all who write must send their real name and residence, as a guarantee of good faith.

PRESIDENT is frank, open-hearted, and welcome.

NELLIE T. G.—We were glad to receive your letter, and extend to you a welcome. Come again, and bring your *c. de v.* and address.

ROGERS is admitted to a seat near Leslie, promises to be an active Merry, and would like to exchange with all the Merry family. Come often.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

TATTLER wins the prize (her third) for the June puzzles. *Don't* leave us *now*, dear Tattler!

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

171. My first in winter often hath
Protected travelers on their path,
From the rude blows of Winter's wrath.

My second sometimes mean an arm;
It has no fingers, yet does harm;
In poets' eyes it has a charm.

Here comes the valiant son of Mars!
Proudly he shows his wounds and scars,
Bearing my whole home from the wars. *Grasshopper.*

172. My first is a foe that gives battle at night,
When the arms of old Somnus encircle us tight,
And boldly invades all our gardens by day,
To forage whatever may come in in his way.

On the glittering iceberg my second is seen
In vestments of white and eyeballs of green;
Roams the forest and jungle, ferocious and wild,
Yet to its own offspring so gentle and mild.

My whole is a dread to an ignorant host,
For I'm kin to the hobgoblin, phantom, and ghost. *Ella S.*

173. Curtail a fruit and transpose into a musical instrument. *A. P.*

174. Divide a discharge, and make something meaning "Look out for a speech." *Clementina.*

175. Entire, I am a trench; transposed, I'm a particle; beheaded, I'm a plant; behead me again, and I'm a preposition; again behead me, and (in sound) I'm a plant. *Forestina.*

176. Behead a flower and leave what most young ladies wish to meet. *May of Irvington.*

177. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 1, 3, 17, 6 is a nice place in summer.
My 2, 4, 12 is something curious.
My 15, 5, 11 a lawyer will not refuse.
My 7, 9, 13 is an interjection.
My 14, 8, 16, 10 is what many ladies are. *Pennsylvania Dick.*
(Fill the following blanks with the the same word transposed.)

178. The rebels will soon see the —— of their ——. *Sigma.*

179. The —— gave a ——.

180. My —— flew from ——.

181. Don't —— ——. *Stupid Harp.*

FLOWERS.

182. My second is a part of my first.
An insect and a poison.
My second is sometimes found in my first. *C. F. W.*

183. I am composed of 12 letters:
My 1, 10, 12 is a kind of boat.
My 4, 2, 7, 11, 5 is a bird.
My 6, 3, 8, 11, 5, 9 is a plant.
My whole is the name of a heroine. *Adelbert Older.*

ANAGRAMS.

184. No, I saw a cent. *Louisa Dolbeer.*

185. O, lunatic! 'tis no nut!

186. Deal caution. *Ellian.*

187. Is not sane. *Myrtle P.*

188. I present no rate.

189. Oh! ma, me mind Sam.

190. From Troy I can. *G. T. McKinney.*

191. My first is a hard substance.
My second is soothing.
My whole is inflammable. *Mercury.*

192. My first is a tribe.
My second is a verb.
My whole is a country. *Ida.*

193. 100500100k. *James.*

194. Entire, I am a dog; behead and transpose, and I am used in nearly every house. *Fred W. C. C.*

Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of next month.

Answers to Questions in June No.

134. Frankincense.
135. Newspaper.
136. Petulance.
137. Ape, plaid, apple, head, hill, Philadelphia.
138. Evil, live, Levi, vile.
139. Steal, slate, stale, tales, least, teals.
140. Springfield.
141. x=1, y=9, z=14.
(In No. 141, "298" should be "278," which many of the cousins discovered.)
142. Preach.
143. Nap, fan; fish, his; nought, tough.
144. Beldam, bedlam.
145. Rooms, moors.
146. Crow, row.
147. Fever-few, wintergreen.
148. Wind-flower, five-finger, cat-tail.
149. Catkin.
150. Thyme.
151. Earth-nut.
152. Sparrow, robin, bobolink.
153. Frank.
154. Antelopes.
155. Retrospection.
156. She's on a tar-get excursion (there for target purposes).
157. All is not gold that glitters.

Tattler answers all but 138, 149, and parts of 143 and 148.

Addie W. answers all but 144, 154, 155, 156, and part of 143.

Sigma answers all but 149, 151, 156, and parts of 143 and 148.

Suda May answers all but 141, 149, 154, 155, 156.

H. P. Sweezey answers all but 138, 141, 144, 155, 156.

Merrimac answers all but 140, 149, 151, 154, and parts of 143 and 148.

Franc answers all but 139, 149, 151, 156, and parts of 143 and 148.

Aubrey answers all but 137, 141, 149, 154, 155, 156, and part of 143.

Ophie answers all but 138, 141, 143, 149, 151, 155, 156.

Mercury answers all but 138, 140, 141, 151, 154, 155, 156.

Nedloh answers all but 138, 140, 143, 149, 151, 154, 155, 156.

C. W. J. answers all but 139, 140, 141, 143, 145, 149, 151, 156.

Nod answers all but 136, 138, 139, 141, 143, 149, 155, 156.

M. Francis answers all but 138, 141, 144, 148, 149, 151, 154, 155, 156.

Sun Flower answers all but 138, 139, 140, 141, 143, 150, 154, 155, 156.

Forestina answers all but 138, 140, 141, 143, 145, 149, 154, 155, 156.

Loyalty answers all but 143, 144, 145, 147, 148, 149, 151, 155, 156.

Birdie answers all but 138, 140, 143, 145, 149, 150, 151, 154, 155, 156.

Clara answers all but 137, 138, 139, 141, 144, 148, 149, 150, 154, 155, 156.

B. Adger answers 135, 138, 139, 142, 143, 145, 146, 150, 152, 153, 154, 157.

Comet answers 134, 135, 136, 137, 141, 142, 144, 146, 150, 152, 153.

Pearl answers 135, 136, 141, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 152, 153, 157.

Marie & Fanchon answer 134, 135, 136, 142, 144, 145, 146, 147, 152, 153, 157.

Susan & Julia Blackmore answer 134, 135, 136, 140, 142, 144, 146, 147, 150, 152, 153.

Mamie E. M. answers 135, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 152, 153, 154, 157.

Libbie Prince answers 134, 135, 136, 145, 146, 147, 148, 152, 153, 157.

Moss-Rosebud answers 134, 135, 140, 143, 146, 147, 149, 150, 152, 157.

Flower of Dunblane answers 135, 141, 142, 146, 147, 150, 152, 153, 157.

Willie T. James answers 135, 142, 144, 146, 147, 152, 153, 157.

Willie W. Perry answers 134, 135, 136, 142, 146, 152, 153, 157.

Arthur Lee answers 134, 135, 136, 142, 152, 153, 157.

H. C. Hazen answers 134, 135, 144, 145, 146, 152, 153.

S. A. Ford answers 134, 135, 136, 146, 147, 152.

Hickory answers 135, 136, 139, 146, 152, 153.

Union answers 135, 141, 144, 145, 152, and parts of 143 and 147.

A. Van A. answers 135, 136, 141, 147, 157.

Cora Melrose answers 135, 157.

Beda answers 157.

SONG FOR OUR SOLDIERS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Oh! for the Union, boys!
Ho! for the Union, boys!
Go for the Union, boys,
Heart, hand, and gun;
Shoulder to shoulder, boys,
Younger and older boys,
Bolder and bolder, boys,
Every mother's son!

Where you find the white men,
Union-hating white men,
Ribald, rabble white men,
Let your cannon play;
Where you find the black men,
Union-loving black men,
Let 'em run away!
Break off their chains, boys,
Strike off their chains, boys,
And let 'em run away.

Oh! for the Union, boys!
Ho! for the Union, boys!
Go for the Union, boys,
Heart, hand, and sword!
Shoulder to shoulder, boys,
Bolder and bolder, boys,
Younger and older boys,
Trusting in the Lord.

PUT IT THROUGH.

Come, freemen of the land,
Come, meet the last demand!
Here's a piece of work in hand:
Put it through!

While one traitor thought remains,
While one spot its banner stains,
One link of all its chains:
Put it through!

Lest our children point with shame
On the father's dastard fame,
Who gave up a nation's name:
Put it through!

"GO-AHEAD," AND THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILIP SNOW'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"NOW, papa, for the skates! I kept thinking about them in church; please let us see," pleaded Lucy as soon as she reached home.

"It's looking for a sail on the ocean," replied Mr. Lake, despairingly, as he turned over the pile of parcels; "but I believe I have found the sail," and he triumphantly drew out one from the number.

"Oh! famous! grand! Why, mother, these are better than mine! they've got all the improvements," said Fred.

"How grandly he will skate over 'Birchy' on these!" said Sydney.

"Oh, father, you'll be at home all day to-morrow; why can't we go and skate? it must be safe now," said Fred.

Lucy was charmed with the plan.

"Mother and I will look on with Harry," she said; and in a minute Lucy was lost in imagining how fine it would be, she said, in her picture, the skating; and, Bill's happiness.

"Lucy! Lucy!" groaned Mrs. Lake in a voice of such distress that every one looked at Lucy. "Poor, dear child! how could you? and the time so near!" asked Mrs. Lake.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" and Lucy was gone. She fled to her room and threw herself down on her little bed in an agony of disappointment and distress. "I've tried *so hard, so hard*, and I had just one left, and meant to be so good," she groaned.

"My darling!" said a voice close beside her; and an arm was twined closely around the child, and Mrs. Lake's tears followed Lucy's to the pillow. "It pains me more than it can you," said the mother after a few minutes of silence.

"My naughty habits ought not to make you feel bad, mamma," said Lucy. "Don't cry. I wasn't crying *all* for the presents, but because I want so badly to conquer. It is so mean to bite one's nails; can't you help me, mamma—tell me some new way?"

Fred and Sydie had meanwhile told the story to their father, and he, too, sought Lucy's room.

"Oh, there's papa!" exclaimed Lucy, as the same moonlight that crossed the church where Bill Hone looked in lit up the doorway, and she saw her father standing in it.

"Go away, please, mamma, and forget all about me," she whispered.

"No, Lucy; I will tell you what we will do: Fred and Sydney are going to bed now; after they are gone, you shall come down and see their presents."

"It's a shame not to kiss them good-night," said Lucy; and she sprang up, with her eyes still brimming with tears, and kissed them.

"I guess mother will give them to you, and you've got a precious lot, I know," whispered Sydie in her ear.

"Oh, no, Sydie—I know better than that."

"*I'd* bite my whole hands off at once, and not be so bothered," said Fred. "Bill Hone might just as well try to make his hair brown!"

"I haven't cried 'Peace' yet, dear Fred," said Lucy, with a smile; and she turned to follow her father and mother.

They had gone, probably to put out of sight the gifts that should have been Lucy's; for when she entered the room, a sudden movement portended the disappearance of sundry parcels that she had no time to see.

One after one, the brown shells were removed, and Lucy was in an ecstasy of delight; she had truly and absolutely forgotten that she had no part in the presents.

"How gay this will be for Fred!" she said, as a famous new sled, with runners just like a sleigh, was drawn in by her father. "Oh! and skates for tiny Harry! Now he'll think he is as big as anybody."

"Yes, to be sure. I should never have thought of them if I had not been given the trouble to get a pair for this red-haired pet of yours. You see, they can skate together," said Mr. Lake.

There were books, with pictures in them, that Lucy longed to see, and stories that she would gladly have read, and toys new and grand.

"Here is one thing that distresses me—I'm not general enough to divide it so as to leave out your share; you see it is a family present," said Mrs. Lake as she threw open the door of the parlor where the universal gift had been hidden.

Lucy peeped in one moment, or rather one second; then she started back.

"Oh, papa! oh, mamma! it's too good to be true; is it real? is it to stay here, to belong to us?"

"Why, yes, Dolly, to be sure it is, unless you transport it to the stars," replied her father, who always called her Dolly when he was especially pleased.

"We'll transport the stars to it, papa. Can we see all the moons of Jupiter? and whether Saturn's ring is the wedding ring, or the engagement ring only? I guess he wears both now, don't he?" and Lucy was close to the small telescope, elevating it as if she thought the stars and the moon grew just up in the ceiling.

"Why, mamma, I shall not feel punished at all. I'm afraid it isn't right to bring this here, because I'd rather have it than everything else put together."

"Why, Lucy, you needn't look through it," said her father.

"I never thought of that," said Lucy, her sudden joy turned into mourning, for Lucy had a strong affinity for the stars and the sky.

"Do not look so distressed, my child," said Mrs. Lake; "we will take a look at the moon now—it is far enough over the hill;" and the telescope was removed to the verandah, and the moon duly examined.

"I should like to have a photograph of the 'man in the moon' for my album," said Lucy, laughing; "he's got such deep eyes—"

"And yellow hair," remarked her father.

"Why, yes," said Lucy.

"It is growing very cold—let us go in," said Mrs. Lake; "but, Lucy, I can tell you how you can get a photograph of the gentleman with deep eyes."

"How, mamma?"

"If you'll send him yours, I'll engage that he will return his."

"It is ten o'clock—Christmas is almost here," said Mr. Lake, removing the telescope.

"Yes, mamma," said Lucy under the cover of the noise of its removal, "and we forgot to look for the Star of Bethlehem."

"In our hearts, you know, dear

Lucy, it rises with Christ's coming. Good-night, my darling."

"Good-night, child," said Mr. Lake, leaving a kiss on Lucy's face that atoned for the absence of words.

"Hallooo—hall low there? what's going on?" came, in a smothered voice from Fred, at the top of the staircase. "I thought Santa Claus was a robber, he made so much noise."

Mrs. Lake threw her shawl over the telescope, and sent Fred to bed.

Lucy went to sleep. Mrs. Lake looked over Lucy's gifts in silence, and as she packed them away, they were the silent witnesses of her tears.

"I almost wish I had not made that law," she thought; "but it was just, and Lucy would not respect me if I broke it;" and so Mrs. Lake put away her temptation, turned the key, and went to Lucy's little room.

The same moon that stole in through the crevices of the old brown barn and speckled with light the hay-loft where Bill Hone lay sleeping, trod softly the window-panes of Lucy's room, and swept over the warm hues of the carpet. A shadow crossed the moonlight—a mother knelt beside the bed of a child.

Truly Mrs. Lake suffered more than Lucy, for she was sleeping and knew not that her mother kneeled to pray that Christ might come and live always in her heart, that this present trial might end in joy.

The night went by. Angels were watching. The Star is risen. Christmas is come!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"DON'T TELL MOTHER."

"DON'T tell mother," I heard a bright-looking boy say, as he ran with nimble feet to join a crowd who were accompanying a returning fire-engine. The excitement, the eager comments of the boys and men as they passed, and perhaps the strange desires for forbidden pleasures, which are inherent in our sinful natures, drew the boy away from home, but as he went, he remembered the prohibition, and uttered those words, "Don't tell mother."

A good mother is a gift to thank God for forever. A mother's kiss, a mother's gentle word, a mother's tender care, what have they not done for us all? Eliza Cook's beautiful lines, "To an Old Arm-Chair," have thrilled through many hearts:

"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
'Tis bound by a thousand chords to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you learn the spell? a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is her old arm-chair."

When I hear young lips exclaiming, "Don't let mother see this; hide it away; don't tell mother where I am going," I tremble for the safety of the speaker. The action which will not bear the kind scrutiny of a mother's love, will shrink into shame at the look of God. Little feet that begin life by going where a mother does not approve, will not easily learn to walk in the narrow way of the Lord's Commandments. "Don't tell mother,"

nas been the rallying cry of Satan's best recruits for hundreds of years. From disregard of the mother's rule at home, springs reckless disregard of the laws of society. The boy who disobeys his mother will not be likely to make a useful and law-honoring citizen. "Don't tell mother," is a sure step downward—the first seat in those easy cars of habit, which glide so swiftly and so silently, with their freight of souls, toward the precipice of ruin.

The best and the safest way is always to tell mother. Who so forgiving as she? Who so faithful? Who so constant? Who so patient?—Through nights of wearisome watching, through days of wearing anxiety, through sickness and through health, through better and through worse, a mother's love has been unfailing. It is a spring that never becomes dry. Confide, dear young readers, in your mother; do nothing which she has forbidden; consult her about your actions; treat her ever with reverential love. It has been the crowning glory of truly good and great men, that, when hundreds and thousands bowed in admiration at their feet, they gave honor to their mothers. Mother-love has dared dangers from which the stout heart of the warrior has shrunk appalled. Happy they who early learn to appreciate its priceless worth.

A mother's prayers gave John Newton to Christianity; a mother's loving effort dedicated John Wesley to the cross. What mothers have done for the work of evangelizing the world; what they have written in letters of light upon the page of history; what the pen of the recording angel has registered for them, in the open book above, is known alone to God. Boys and girls, never go to a place where a "Don't tell mother" is necessary to cover your footsteps. Sunday-school scholar, in your every-day life show the pure teachings of your Sabbath home, by obeying the mother who endears and blesses your whole life.

M. E. M.

OUR SOLDIERS.

Oh, what are the soldiers doing,
This calm afternoon to-day?
Do they think of far-off loved ones?
Are they in battle array?

The clouds are rising at sunset,
The thunder rolls in the sky;
But what is that to the tempest
That roars where our soldiers die?

Down on the North Anna River,
Encircled by shot and shell,
The rebel hordes are retreating,
Where twice three-score thousands fell.

The smoke of battle lies heavy
O'er field and forest and glen;
The roar of death-dealing missiles
Goes shrieking through ranks of men.

The moans of wounded are thrilling
The still summer air to-day;
The roar of the distant battle
Is borne to them where they lay.

While far off in Richmond prisons
Our soldiers by thousands die,
Their covering is Nature's mantle,
On the cold, bare ground they lie.

Oh, when shall these things be ended?
Oh, when shall peace be restored?
When shall we take up the plowshare?
When shall we lay down the sword?

Blue-Eyed Lora.

THE FORGER, BRUCE.

BRUCE was as trusty a dog as ever was seen. He would take a line to the grocer and bring home the family dinner; and the finest chop or cutlet could never tempt him to poke his nose inside the basket.

Bruce attended little Georgie and Kate to the school-house door every morning, and then took his own time to come home, unless he was told to hurry.

"I am as hungry as a dog," thought Bruce, as he came trotting down Arthur Street. "I wonder if I could make my master understand it if I went into the office. He is quite knowing for a man."

So Bruce trotted into the office quite at his ease, and snuffed about in various corners until he came across some cracker crumbs, which he made quite a parade of eating.

"Hungry are you, old fellow?" said his kind master. "Well, you are too faithful a dog to want for anything;" and he patted him on the head. "I haven't a crumb here, and there is no telling whether the cook will give you anything until after dinner."

A bright thought came across the indulgent master, so he wrote on a slip of paper for the butcher—Please give my dog a three-cent bone.

"Now run to the butcher and give him that, Bruce."

Away the dog trotted to do his errand as usual, and was well pleased with the result.

It came to be a very amusing thing to see the dog come every day for his order to get a dinner with; and the butcher understood it so well after a time, that he only threw the paper aside, gave him the meat, and charged it on his book.

"If one scrap of paper will buy me a dinner," reasoned Bruce, "why won't another?" so he made a business of snatching up a bit in the street whenever he felt hungry, and trotting off to the butcher's with it. Consequence—a pretty long bill for three-cent bits when the next quarter-day came. Grave charges were made against the honesty of Bruce, and on investigation the whole affair came to light. Though fairly convicted of forgery, in view of various extenuating circumstances, no arrest was made; and I can not say but Bruce rather

rose in the estimation of all who knew him, by this rather unlawful display of his cuteness. J. E. McC.

FASTIDIOUS JENNY.

"WHERE *shall* I build my nest this year?" said little Jenny Wren, as she flitted and flirted about the old farm-house and porch. Her ladyship was more nice than wise, for she passed by ever so many capital spots, and turned up her dainty bill at them all.

"The cats'll be after me there!" she said, as she flitted past one of those tiny, unfurnished cottages which Farmer Marrison let, rent free, to Marten and Bluebird families. How even an uncommonly smart cat would make out to climb the slender pole which served as a foundation to the cottage, Jenny did not pause to consider.

"Here is a place that nobody ever thought of before," she cried, in high glee. And what spot do you think this wise little bird had selected?—the sleeve of an old coat one of the the workmen had hung up in the shed and left for a day or two!"

Having made up her mind, to the credit of Mrs. Wren be it said, she lost no time in putting her plan into execution. A busy little bird she was, gathering and arranging the coarse straws and little sticks for her nest; but, alas! the sequel proved that she "made more haste than good speed."

The next day was rainy and chilly, so along came the man and took down his coat. He thrust in one arm and then the other; but he took it off a great deal quicker than he put it on. The "handful of rubbish" he found in the ragged lining was very suggestive of all kinds of snakes. But it turned out only a harmless wren's nest, and the indignation with which that little lady "gave him a piece of her mind," did not give him half "such a turn" as the first surprise had.

When Jenny had exhausted her little stock of scolding tunes, she set to work very pleasantly, and built her nest in Arthur's old straw hat. She seemed about as possessed for old clothes as a Jew dealer. But good-natured Arthur would not turn her out, and let his old hat hang up in the porch all summer for her accommodation. It did him good as well as the dear little bird, for every kind action repeats itself over and over, bringing a good freight of happiness every time. J. E. McConaughy.

KINDNESS.

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine.

Oh, then be kind, whoe'er thou art
That breathest mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

A Gentleman gave his son some whisky to take; but the moment it touched his lips he flew back, clapped his hands upon his mouth, and cried out, "Oh, papa, papa! it will kill me." Had the little fellow been inspired by Heaven, he could not have spoken more truly. Kill, thee, my little friend? Yes, as it has killed millions already, and will kill millions more.

Longfellow beautifully says, that "Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week."

LITTLE DOG FRISK.

JOYOUS Minna was a very little child, with soft blue eyes and flaxen hair, which hung in long ringlets over her shoulders; and because God had never given her either a brother or a sister, her mamma and papa petted her a great deal more than little girls usually are petted, and more than was good for her. So when she became sick she did not know how to be patient and bear the pain, until God should choose to make her well; and when her old nurse would offer the medicines the doctor said she must take, she would screw her pretty face into all sorts of shapes, and turn her head away in disgust, or bury it entirely in the pillow, and cry and say "she would not touch the nasty stuff." Her mamma wept because Minna was so naughty, and the doctor scolded, but it did no good. Minna fretted herself into a fever every day. At last the good doctor said, "I will try what kindness will do for this little girl." And he brought into her room one morning a beautiful little white dog, scarcely larger than a good-sized cat, with a fine bushy tail, mostly black, and just upon the back of his neck was a glossy black spot. The doctor brought him into the room in his arms, and then put him upon the floor, and he immediately began to play with his master. He would jump and caper about him like mad, pulling first at one side of his coat and then at the other, being entirely bent upon a frolic.

Minna was so amused, she almost forgot her pain, and thought him the prettiest creature she had ever seen. The doctor noticed how delighted Minna was, and said:

"Minna, this is my dog—his name is Bounce, and I am going to give him to a little friend of mine, if she will take her medicines, and be patient, and not make such dreadful faces, and worry her dear mamma."

"Oh, doctor, I will take my medicines, and be patient and good, if you will give me the dog."

"Ah! then you shall have him, Minna; but remember, if you break your bargain, I shall take Bounce back again."

Just then Bounce spied the red tassel of the window-shade, and up he jumped to catch it, snapping and barking at it as if it were alive. "Oh!" exclaimed Minna, "he shall be named Frisk, and not Bounce."

While the little dog was frisking and playing about the room, the doctor slipped out, and in a little while, when Frisk grew weary of play, he missed his master and began to whine and cry most mournfully for him, putting his nose into the crack of the door, and then looking at nurse as if imploring her to open it; nor could Minna or her mother or nurse pacify him at all. All day he moaned and cried and seemed dissatisfied with his new home; but toward night he fell asleep upon the rug in front of the fire, and nurse put an old bit of flannel blanket in the corner of Minna's crib, and gently laid him there; and then raised Min-

na's head by putting another pillow under it, that she might see him, for it pleased her that she was so snugly fixed.

Frisk never wakened till morning, and then he seemed willing to make friends with Minna, and was glad enough to eat the good breakfast nurse brought him, and from that day Minna and little Frisk were almost inseparable. And when Minna got well and went to school, Frisk went with her every day and carried her basket, with her patch-work and spelling-book in it, in his mouth, to the school-room door, where he would set it down, and then run into the yard and play with the children till the schoolmistress opened the window and rung a little bell, when all the children would scamper into school, and Frisk would run home. This he did every day, and the little boys and girls grew very fond of him.

Minna had a dear aunt who lived on a pretty farm three miles from town. Her name was Lilie, and often Minna and Frisk would spend the long summer days upon the farm. Frisk would chase the chickens and turkeys and pigs, and frighten the lambs; and when they would wander by the brooks and through the woods, he would bark at the squirrels and paw the soft mossy ground so furiously, Minna was oftentimes frightened; and so Frisk led a very playful and happy life, nor ever had any discomforts or troubles, till one evening in the winter, when it was very, very cold. His master, Minna's papa, went out for a long walk, and Frisk followed him, as he often did. It was a beautiful night—the moon and the stars were shining, and the crisp cold snow sparkled and twinkled in their light. But it kept growing colder and colder, and Minna's papa, I suppose, became afraid Jack Frost would bite his nose off, for presently he turned and walked toward home as fast as he could, and forgot that faithful little Frisk was with him; and when he reached his door, he opened and shut it so quickly that Frisk did not get in.

Poor Frisk! I am sure he must have whined when he found himself shut out in the cold, and have longed for his warm corner at the foot of Minna's crib. But he was not discouraged, for he ran round to the kitchen door, and scratched at it, and barked and barked; but the selfish maid, who sat in a great arm-chair knitting by a good fire, pretended she thought it was a strange dog, and would not open the door to him. Then Frisk tried his fortune in the coal closet, but the door had been left open, and the snow had drifted in and lay in piles all over the coal, and he could not find a snug corner there. He then ran up and down the street, seeking shelter, but he found nothing but cold, cold, cold. What do you think this poor little dog did next?—that he laid down upon his master's door-step and died? No, Frisk did no such thing. But I will tell you what he did do: he remembered the kind lady at the farm, and the warm fire that always crackled on the hearth-stone there, and though his tiny paws were already half frozen, he started for the farm alone, and late at night.

Courageous little dog! I think I can see him now, by the light of the sparkling stars and the pale moonbeams, in the middle of the road, running and cantering up hill and down, never stopping to whine or look for a nearer shelter, till he reached the little farm-house under the hill. Once there, he barked, and barked,

and howled, and pawed, and scratched at the door, till Aunt Lilie, whose kind ears ever caught quickly the cry of distress, awakened, and said:

"Surely I hear the howling of a dog; can any one have been so cruel as to leave a brute unsheltered such a night as this?"

"No, no," said her husband; "the village bell just tolled the hour of twelve; it sounds strangely in the still, cold air—it was that you heard; lie down."

"Hark! it was not that," said Aunt Lilie, "for I hear it again, and it sounds like Frisk—Minna's Frisk; can it be?—at all events I shall get up and see."

So Aunt Lilie jumped out of bed and lighted a candle, and wrapping a warm rose blanket she took from the bed around her, ran down stairs. She put the candle on a stand behind the door, and then opened it just a little way, it was so very, very cold, and called out "Frisk, Frisk!" But Frisk could not bark any more—he was exhausted; and Aunt Lilie, thinking he had gone away, was just going to shut the door and go back to bed, when she heard a low moan, and looking down upon the door-step, she spied poor little Frisk, as she thought, dying. She took him up in her arms and brought him in, and took the warm blanket off herself and wrapped Frisk up in it, and laid him in the corner of the lounge. She then took the candle and went as quickly as possible into the kitchen and uncovered the fire. There was a fine bed of bright coals, and she filled the fire-pan with them, and gathered up the nicely dried light wood which had been prepared by the farm-boy for morning, and took them into the hall where Frisk was, and kindled a fire there in the stove. She then took the candle again, and went through the kitchen and down two or three steps, to the milk-room, where there were pans of milk arranged all along the shelves. She stopped at the first one, and breaking the rich cream with a spoon, she blew it from the edge of the pan and then filled a little tin cup with the milk. As she returned through the kitchen she stopped and took from the dresser the pepper-box and sprinkled a good deal of pepper into the milk, and carried it back to the hall and heated it by the stove, which was warm now. And drawing two chairs up to the stove, she put her pan of milk in one, and taking Frisk from the lounge she sat down in the other with him in her lap, and fed him the milk from a teaspoon. It soon revived him so much that he raised his head and lapped all that was in the basin, and then jumped down from Aunt Lilie's lap and curled himself up by the warm stove and went to sleep.

"Ah!" exclaims my little reader, "without licking Aunt Lilie's hand or showing his gratitude in some way—can it be? I thought better of little Frisk than that."

Yes, little reader, that night he went to sleep without showing any of those pleasant signs of gratitude, for he was too tired. But I have something still to tell you, which will satisfy you that Frisk was not ungrateful.

Nearly a year from the night that Frisk traveled to the farm, Minna was taken ill again, and the good doctor was again called in to make her well. But he said she was so delicate he could not make her well, that she must go in a ship on the blue sea to some sunnier climate, and perhaps that would cure her. So her papa and mamma determined to take her

But they could not take Frisk. Minna was very sorry to leave Frisk, but she knew Aunt Lilie would be kind to him, and of course she intended leaving him at the farm. But a lady friend of her mamma, when she heard they were going away for months, came from a neighboring city to pay her a farewell visit; and she begged so hard to have charge of Frisk during their absence, that Minna consented.

The lady tied a long blue ribbon to Frisk's neck, and took him off with her in the cars to the city she lived in, which was more than a hundred miles from Minna's home. It was a long while before Frisk became contented with his city life, for he was mostly shut up in the lady's chamber, or in her parlor, where everything was so elegant, he could take no comfort. If he jumped upon the sofa and curled up for a nap, she would say, "No, no, Frisk—the rug is plenty good enough for dogs; I can't have you on my crimson cushions." Or if he heard other dogs barking in the street, and would jump upon a chair with his paws upon the window-sill to catch a friendly peep at them, it was, "Down, down, Frisk."

But I must bring my story to an end. Frisk had lived this way more than a year, when one day the servant opened the parlor door, and in walked three ladies, all bundled up in traveling clothes, with vails over their faces. Frisk went to each one of them to say "How do you do?" as it were. But one of the ladies stood apart from the others, and when Frisk came to her, he seemed a little agitated, and frisked about her more than he had about the others. He acted as if he recognized a friend, yet was not quite sure. Presently the lady threw off her vail, and immediately Frisk knew it was Aunt Lilie. His little eyes sparkled with delight; he jumped into her lap and licked her face and her hands, and could not during that whole evening be coaxed away from her. Indeed, he showed his affection and sagacity so touchingly, that the lady consented to give him up to Aunt Lilie, who took him home to live all the rest of his life, for his little mistress Minna died in that beautiful land where the flowers always bloom, and where there is no winter, whither they had carried her.

And when Frisk became old he died too, and Aunt Lilie had him buried under a chestnut-tree in front of the parlor window, and a little marble gravestone, with "Frisk" cut upon it, still marks the spot.

LITTLE SUE.

Pleasant smile and kindly words,
Gentlest eyes of blue,
Carol sweet as summer birds—
Loving little Sue!

Busy fingers all the day,
Willing fingers, too;
Footsteps eager to obey—
Useful little Sue!

Ready tears for others' woe,
Blessing like the dew,
Whispers falling soft and low—
Thoughtful little Sue!

Trusting heart to Jesus given,
Loving, earnest, true;
Garland bright, laid up in heaven—
Happy little Sue! N. B.

A new portrait of the Rebel President has just been published in Paris, with the inscription: "Mr. J. Davids, President of South America."

THE GOLDEN STAR;

OR, A MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

"MOTHER, mother!" exclaimed Charley Morris, as he rushed into the house, after school, in great excitement, "what do you think we are going to do in school?"

"Study, I hope," said his mother, while the little boy stopped to take breath.

"We shall have to, that's the fact," said Charley, "but that is not what I wanted to tell you, mother. You know there are six weeks before examination, and they are going to give certificates to the very best scholars, who have most excelled in study and conduct during the term."

"And you mean, of course, to rank among the very best, if you can," said Mrs. Morris.

"Of course I do, mother; but there is one thing more. The boy who has been at the head of his classes for the longest time, is to have, besides the certificate, a golden star to wear on his breast. He will be called the star scholar, and will rank highest in the school."

"So you are aiming at this bright, particular star?"

"Yes, mother; and *will have it too*—you shall see! Dr. H. says it is a more honorable distinction than the Legion of Honor. Won't you be proud, mother, to see me wearing it at the evening exhibition?"

Mrs. Morris smiled.

"*Won't* you be glad, mother?" asked Charley, eagerly.

"Glad I shall certainly be of the scholarship that has won the honor, if it is fairly earned," replied the mother. "But what are your grounds of expectation?"

"Why, mother, I am at the head of all my classes but one, and in that there is no one above me but Henry Colton; I don't suppose there will be any hope of going beyond him if he is always there; but he is sometimes absent at the hour we recite, and so he won't have as good a chance of keeping his place in the class."

"What is the cause of his absence?"

"He has to do errands for his mother. She takes in sewing, and they are too poor to have a servant, so Henry carries the bundles home."

"Mrs. Colton has made great efforts to keep her boy at school. He is a good scholar, is he not?"

"Yes, mother; I don't know a boy that studies harder than Henry Colton."

"Not even Charley Morris?"

"No, mother; but then I am not obliged to study so much, because I have been to school more regularly than he has, and then I have more time to myself at home. Why, Henry is up and studying before any one else is stirring in the morning, and always sleeps with his book under his pillow at night."

"Then, if he fails to obtain the highest rank in the school, it will not be for want of diligence, or even of scholarship, but from the mere accident of his outward circumstances. But he will, doubtless, make a great effort to be punctual these six weeks to come."

"He will, if he knows of the plan," said Charley, moodily.

"He learns his lessons at home, does he not, so as to keep up with his class, though he should be absent a single day?"

"Yes, mother; but to-day we had a special explanation of something in arithmetic that I know he can not work out by himself."

"Is my boy conscious of the spirit he is indulging?" asked the mother gently. "Does he really wish to gain the prize for himself, at the expense of one who desires it full as much, and deserves it, perhaps, even more?"

"Then you don't want me to get the star, after all, mother?" said Charley, after a few moments' silence.

"You will not doubt your mother's interest in your improvement, even if she should be less solicitous about this particular honor," Mrs. Morris replied; "you know all the ambition I have in the world is centered in my children. I would see them active, energetic; foremost, if possible, in the pursuit of every honorable attainment. And yet there is a 'more excellent way,' which I would have them follow; an attainment higher even than mental wealth —without which, though possessing 'all knowledge,' they are nothing."

Charley's glowing ambition had somewhat cooled during his mother's calm but earnest conversation. He was listening attentively as he sat in his favorite place at her feet, though his eyes were downcast, and a sense of shame stole over him.

"You remember the passage in which this 'way' is described?" asked his mother.

Charley took down the little, well-worn Bible, in which he always loved to read to his mother. Turning to the 13th Corinthians, he slowly read the first six verses.

"Do you think, mother," he asked, "that this forbids seeking any honor for one's self? It says 'seeketh not her own.'"

"It is not necessary for us to settle the bearing of this on the question of prizes at school. But one question comes nearer to the case in hand. Do you think that, in strict honesty, the star would be *your own*, if you gained it, not by superior scholarship, but by your more prosperous circumstances, and Henry's hinderance, through his mother's necessities? The only value of the sign is in the thing signified. To me, this badge would mean, not that my boy was a better scholar than Henry, but only that his father was richer than Henry's mother."

"Mother, I don't want that star at all," said Charley with a resolute effort, "that is, if Henry can get it. I am going round now, if you are willing, to show him about the arithmetic, and to ask his mother to arrange, if possible, so that he can attend the school constantly, the next six weeks."

Mrs. Colton's consent to the latter arrangement was easily gained, especially when Charley had begged permission to assist in doing the errands after school-hours.

The obstacles in arithmetic were cleared away, so that the two rivals started on their friendly race, with a fair field and no favor to either. Henry had been at the head of the class just the same length of time that Charley had been before him when, three weeks before examination, he was taken ill. It would be difficult to say which of the two classmates was most disappointed at this derangement of their plans. Charley watched the progress of the fever almost as anxiously as Mrs. Colton, and daily beset the doctor, to learn the prospect of a speedy recovery.

The third week had arrived before Henry was able to be dressed and breathe the outer air for a few minutes of the day. Examination-day came.

and by Charley's earnest entreaties, the invalid was permitted to be present on the important occasion.

He sat next his friend, and leaned upon him when too weary with the effort and excitement. After many interesting exercises, the president arose, and, with some words of explanation, proceeded to confer, as he said, the highest mark of honor ever conferred in the institution. The star was awarded to Charles Morris, for punctuality of attendance, propriety of deportment, and success in scholarship."

There was a moment of almost breathless attention throughout the crowded audience as Charley walked to the foot of the platform and was seen to address a few words to the president. Those who were nearest could hear him say:

"The star, sir, does not rightly belong to me; Henry Colton has worked harder than I to obtain it. He is a better scholar, and but for his illness would have been at the head of his classes."

After a moment's consultation with the gentlemen on the platform, the venerable-looking president replied:

"The examiners, Morris, prefer that you should retain the star, as you have literally fulfilled the conditions prescribed."

"It would not be right, sir," said Charley, firmly, though with a trembling voice, "I beg you will give it to Henry."

"In that case, you must yourself bestow it," said the president. "Henry Colton will come forward."

Henry, not suspecting what was going on, advanced, his pale face flushed with wonder and excitement. Charley, stooping down, fastened the star upon his breast, and then supported him back to his seat. The noisy applause of the audience jarred almost painfully upon his heart, full as it was of a deeper joy than earthly fame can give—the joy of obedience to the precept, "In honor preferring one another."

In his mother's loving smile he found a full reward for the sacrifice of his selfish ambition. Coveting earnestly the best gifts, he had found in the spirit of brotherly kindness "a more excellent way."

WHO'LL WIN?

WRITTEN BY A GIRL NINE YEARS OLD.

"Who'll win?" is the question,
"The North or the South?"
It comes everywhere,
From every mouth.
Who'll win? now I'll tell you
Who *I* think will win,
And if I'm mistaken,
Why then 'tis no sin.
The North with its freedom,
The South with its slaves:
The slaves love the North,
'Tis freedom they crave.
The Southerners think
That the slaves are their own,
And they eat the fruit
Of the seeds slaves have sown.
Now the North with its right,
And the South with its wrong,
And "Who'll win?" is a question
I'll answer ere long.
Why, of course we shall win,
And the slaves will be free,
And then who dare touch them?
They'll have Liberty.

Why should the stars be the best astronomers? Because they have studded (studied) the heavens ever since creation.

THE DAW AND BORROWED FEATHERS.

A FABLE.

A DAW is a bird all over black, and builds its nest principally on the tops of churches and old houses. It can be taught to speak, to say, "What's o'clock?" and two or three silly phrases, for the sake of which some naughty people, instead of letting him spread his wings and fly through the air, shut him up in a cage, that he may amuse them with his conversation.

I do not know that a daw is either handsome or ugly; and, indeed, we scarcely ever call one ugly, unless he puts on fantastical airs, and seems to say, "Bless me, how handsome I am!" A cobbler is thought very good company among cobblers, though perhaps he would not be called so among lords; a daw is very good company among daws, though he would not be admitted into the society of peacocks. There is nobody so ignorant or so plain

but he may find a society of his own, where, if he will be obliging and good-natured, he may be very happy.

The daw I am a going to tell you of, was a good-natured, merry fellow, and the other daws liked him, and thought him clever. But, foolish daw that he was, he was not contented. In one of his flights, he happened to alight in the middle of a *menagerie* of peacocks. "What beautiful birds are these!" thought he. "Their colors, green and purple and gold, seem almost to outshine the sun. Look at that peacock with his tail spread in a complete circle! I think I never saw so fine a sight. How I wish I were a peacock! I can talk English, and do several things that a peacock can not do; and I think I should be every bit as fine a bird, if I had but his feathers."

While the daw was thus muttering to himself, he saw a number of peacocks' feathers scattered on the ground. The thought immediately came into his head, that he would try to be as fine as a peacock. Just at this moment the master of the *menagerie* called his birds into a little inclosure, that he might give them their breakfast. The daw was left alone. He looked again at the feathers on the ground, and suddenly began to snatch them up, and dress himself as well as he could. There was a pond in the middle of the *menagerie* that served him for a looking-glass. By the time the peacocks had finished their breakfast, he thought himself as fine as the best of them.

They came back, and he began to strut away, and show his gold-faced clothes. The peacocks did not at first know what to make of it; they thought him an odd sort of a bird. "What's o'clock?" said the daw. They were then very sure he was not a peacock. A peacock has a graceful winding motion with his neck, by which he shows off its beautiful colors, that are even handsomer than those of his tail. The daw tried to do that; you can not think what a hand he made of it. It would be just the same, if a plowman dressed himself up like a lord. The moment he said, "What's o'clock?" everybody would perceive that he was not a nobleman; and, when he began to make his *congées*, it would be impossible to help laughing.

The peacocks, when they saw what was the case, began to be very angry. They resolved to punish the daw severely for his impudence and intrusion. Accordingly, they not only plucked from him, as completely as they could, the borrowed feathers, which he had no right to, but gave him a very hard beating with their beaks. They then hooted and squalled him out of their company.

The daw, heartily ashamed of his misfortune, flew back to his brother daws, determined not to discover to anybody what had happened. But unluckily a few feathers of the peacocks still stuck about him, and his companions, knowing what a coxcomb he was, soon guessed the whole. They used him as ill as the peacocks had done, and resolved that a daw, who was ashamed of what nature and fortune had made him, should be no companion for them. They did not forgive him till he showed strong tokens of repentance, and that he was determined never again to be proud of what he ought to take off every night when he went to bed.

I saw a daw last week, who spoke English very well; but she thought more of the feathers in her hat and of her dress trailing behind her, than of the soul which God gave her.

HOW TO DO IT.

BY C. C. COFFIN.

WE find the following article in the *Congregationalist*, which tells the story of the work of the Christian Commission, as we and hundreds of others have seen it, and we transfer it to our columns, hoping it may interest our readers more in this the greatest work of the age.

"The day was hot, dry, dusty, and sultry. The sun shone from a brazen sky. The grass and shrubs were scorched and withered and powdered with the dust, which rose in clouds with every farming wagon. There was not air enough to stir the aspens or shake the long, lithe spires of the pines. The birds of the forest sought the deepest shade, and lolled and panted in the heat. It was hard even for men in robust health to breathe. They picked out the coolest places and gave themselves up to the languor of the hour. It required an earnest effort to do anything. And yet through this blazing day men sat crouched in the trenches from morning till night, or lay in their shallow rifle-pits, watching the enemy, parched, broiled, burned, not daring to raise their heads or lift their hands. To do so was death.

"The hospital tents, though pitched in the woods, were like ovens, absorbing and holding the heat poured from a cloudless sky. There upon the bare ground lay the sick and wounded, fevered and sore, with life at ebb-tide, with energies exhausted, perspiration oozing from the faces, nerves quivering and trembling with fever, pulses faint and feeble. Their beds were boughs of pine. They lay as they came from the battle-field, wearing their soiled, torn, or bloody garments of army blue. Millions of flies buzzed around.

"The surgeons in charge were kind-hearted and attentive. They used all means in their power to make the patients comfortable. This was the place where the sick were to regain their health, or from where they were to be removed to the general hospital. They were far from home and friends. There was nothing to cheer them—nothing to stimulate. Hope was dying out and despondency setting in, with memory summoning the dear old times, and revealing, by contrast, a dark and gloomy future.

"It was the Sabbath-day, and there were many among the suffering hundreds who had reverenced the day at home. It was a day of rest—of cessation from toil and care. Its return recalled their former Sabbaths—the still hours, the pealing of church bells, the grand and solemn music of the organ, or the hum of children's voices in the Sabbath-school. Is it a wonder that they had longings for home? or that the future was gloomy?

"The day was wearing away. No cloud curtains were in the sky to shut out the sun, but the brazen dome glowed with steady heat. The Christian Commission tent had been besieged all day by parched and fevered soldiers, who wanted onions, pickles, lemons, oranges—anything sour—anything to tempt the taste. There was a box of oranges which had been brought from City Point the night before. It was suggested that they should be distributed at once to the sick and wounded. 'Certainly, by all means,' was the unanimous voice

of the Commission. I volunteered to be the distributor.

"Go with me through the tents where the sufferers are. Some are lying down, with closed eyes, with pale faces and sunken cheeks. The paleness underlies the bronze which the sun has cast upon them. They breathe languidly. Some are half reclined, leaning on their elbows, bolstered by their knapsacks, looking into vacancy —seeing, perhaps, the old home, and wondering if they will ever again cross its threshold. Some are reading the papers which the delegates of the Commission have distributed. There are some who have but one leg. There is the stump of a thigh or an arm, with the lightest possible dressing to keep down the fever. Yesterday these men stood in the trenches confronting the enemy, in the full tide of life. Now they are wrecks, floating out into the unknown future, with wife and children or parents dependent on them.

"As we enter the tent, they catch a sight of the golden fruit. There is a commotion. Those half asleep rub their eyes. Those half reclining sit up straight. Those lying with their backs toward us, turn over to see what is going on. Those so feeble that they can not turn, ask what is the matter. They gaze at the apples of Paradise. How their eyes gleam! Not one of them asks for an orange! They wait. Through military discipline, through unparalleled suffering, they have learned to be patient—to wait—to endure—to remain in suspense—to stand still and be torn to pieces! They are heroes!

"'Would you like an orange, sir?'

"'Thank you.'

"It is all he can say. He is lying upon his back. A Minie bullet has passed through his body, and he can not be moved. He has a noble brow —a manly countenance. Tears moisten his eyes and roll down his sunken cheeks as he takest he orange from my hand.

"'It is a gift of the Christian Commission, and I accept your thanks for those who made the contribution.'

"'Bully for the Christian Commission,' shouted a wide-awake, jolly soldier near by, with an ugly wound in his left arm.

"'Thank you'—'God bless the Commission'—'I say, Bill, aren't they bully?' are the expressions which I hear behind me.

"In one of the wards I came upon a soldier who had lost his leg the day before. He was lying upon his side. He was robust, healthy, strong, and brave. The hours dragged heavily. He did not see me till I stood before him—and not even then. He was stabbing his knife into a chip, with a nervous energy as if he were in imagination bayoneting a rebel—trying to forget the pain—trying to bridge over the lonely hours and shut the gloom out of the future. I touched his elbow—he looked up.

"'Would you like an orange?'

"'By jingo! that is worth a hundred dollars!'

"He grasped it as a drowning man clutches a chip, as if to lose a thousandth part of a second he would miss the prize.

"'Where did this come from?'

"'The Christian Commission had a box arrive last night.'

"'The Christian Commission? My wife belongs to that. She wrote to me about it last week, that they met to make shirts for it.'

"'Then you have a wife?'

"'Yes, sir, and three children.'

"His voice faltered. Ah! the sol-

dier never forgets home. He dashed away a tear, took in a long breath, and was strong again.

"'Where do you hail from, soldier?'

"'From old Massachusetts. I had a snug little home upon the banks of the Connecticut, but I told my wife that I didn't feel just right to stay there, when I was needed out here, and so I came, and here I am. I shall write home and tell Mary about the Christian Commission. I have been wishing all day that I had an orange; I knew it was no use to wish. I didn't suppose there was one in camp; besides, here I am, not able to move a peg. I thank you, sir, for bringing it. I shall tell my wife all about it.'

"It was worth a hundred dollars to see him suck the juice—every drop, as if it were as precious as life itself. But enough. It was one of the happiest hours of my life—that passed in the distribution of those oranges—not that I was the almoner, but because of the exhibition of spontaneous, unmixed, heartfelt gratitude, not toward me, but to the friends far away.

"The Christian Commission is the symbol of Christian charity. The expressions of gratitude so freely given were not the common utterances of courtesy, but they came from full, overflowing hearts. Those sun-burned sufferers recognized the religion of Jesus in the gift. The Christian religion was not a cold abstraction, but it was health to the body as well as the soul. Jesus was the Comforter, the Friend, in time of need. It was easy to talk to those men, after they had eaten the oranges, concerning their immortal and eternal destiny. How could they repel Christian truth after having received bodily comfort from Christianity? That night the delegates of the Commission held religious service in the wards. They had willing listeners. The oranges gave a pleasant flavor to the instructions.

"This is but one of the many incidents which might be narrated, going to show the power which has come to the church universal by this war. Men in the trenches, as in the hospital, can be reached by religious truth as never before; but to reach them, we are to commence with their bodies, to relieve their physical wants. Christianity must be a personality, not an idea. It must bind up the wounds, give cups of cold water, *and do the little things* which go to make up the sum total of charity.

"Such a religion commends itself to the common sense of all men. The soldier, who has braved death in all its forms, wounded, mangled, a wreck floating between time and eternity, by instinct recognizes the true religion from the false. Make him the recipient of true Christian charity, and it will be comparatively easy to impress upon his heart the truths of the Gospel of Christ. Thus the Christian Commission becomes the great Home Missionary organization of the age, and there never has been a time when the church had a greater evangelizing power than now—never so golden an opportunity to stamp the age with the religion of Jesus Christ. Farina, oranges, lemons, onions, pickles, comfort bags, shirts, towels, handkerchiefs, given and distributed in the name of Jesus Christ, though designed for the body are so transmuted that they give health to the souls of men. To the quickened senses of a soldier in the hospital a pickle is a sharper argument than Renan, and an onion is stronger than Colenso. Good and evil in this world are always mixed. Through the evil of war we are learning as

never before understood, how to reach the hearts of men with religious truth. Let us improve the golden hour.

BERTIE RAND'S

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

"Though I am only ten years old,"
Said little Bertie Rand,
"Upon the side of Temperance
I proudly take my stand;
And nought that can intoxicate
My lips shall ever pass,
For there's a serpent slyly coiled
Within the drunkard's glass.

Poor Allen Benton's little Will,
In tattered garments clad,
Whose blue eyes oft are full of tears,
Whose heart is seldom glad—
Has learned, through fear of angry blows,
His father's face to shun;
It must be very, very hard
To be a drunkard's son!

When others round their wine shall sit,
I'll never bear a part,
And thus disgrace my father's name,
Or break my mother's heart.
But I am weak; not of myself
Can I resist this sin:
The Saviour aids the weakest child
That putteth trust in Him."

A Child's Love.—A Sunday-school teacher, speaking one day to his children upon the depravity of the human heart, asked his pupils if they knew any one who was always good; one of the class, prompted by simple and childlike affection, instantly replied, "Yes, sir, I know one—my mother."

"I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became content with my lot."

How these lines trumpet the advance of the better day:

"'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground,
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice of living thunder—
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!"

A Scotchman asked an Irishman why were half-farthings coined in England? He replied, "So that Scotchmen may have an opportunity to subscribe to charitable associations."

THE GOSSAMER SPIDER.

THE manner in which spiders form these long filmy lines that are frequently met crossing our path, betwixt hedgerows, and sometimes stretching across streams of considerable width, I have often puzzled myself to account for, till I one day made the following observation.

Amusing myself in a garden some years ago, I happened to find a spider of the above description, of an unusually large size, which I secured upon a twig, and stationed myself upon the top of the wall, with a view to observe by what method the insect would endeavor to extricate itself. The spider, after having traveled backward and forward upon the twig, and finding no means of escape from his novel situation, suddenly dropped by its thread, and, at short intervals of rest and apparent consideration, gradually lowered itself to about twelve feet. Unable to reach the earth with this length of line, he ascended back to the twig I held in my hand, and remained motionless. I shortly observed, glancing in the sunbeams, another line, which was drawn out by the wind from the bowels of the spider in a horizontal direction, about three yards distance, where, coming in contact with a tree, it was fastened, thus forming one of those lines alluded to, and by which it would appear the spider transports itself from one object to another.

Dr. Paley, in his work on Natural Theology, under the article "Compensation," seems to suppose that those spiders are wafted through the air on this substance, which from its specific lightness he has compared to a balloon. The above experiment shows that the spider does not venture upon it till it has been carried by the wind to some remote object, and then uses it rather as a bridge than a balloon, trusting more to the strength than to the buoyancy of its aerial pathway.

DELAY NOT.

"WHATEVER work we have to do
Should never be delayed;
Because the same excuses too
To-morrow will be made.

Delay is dangerous, and it turns
To trouble in the end;
But chiefly in our soul's concerns
It must to ruin tend."

"SAVED."—We were amused with the remark of an old lady who was admiring the beautiful picture called "Saved." "It's no wonder," said she, "that the poor child fainted after pulling that great dog out of the water!"

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

I AM glad to know that since our last Monthly Chat many of you have been at work for our soldiers, and that the Christian Commission have received large donations from the Merry children. I hope you will each do all you can, and receive the soldier's blessing. Let me tell you what three little girls in my Sabbath-school did. They made up a few little things, and held a "fair" in one of their parlors, inviting in a few friends, and without much effort raised eleven dollars, and brought to me "for the Christian Commission;" and their eyes sparkled and hearts grew warm as they modestly told me their simple story of "how they did it." It was easy enough—you can all do the same, if you try. Two other little girls came and brought the results of a little "fair" which they held "for the soldiers." I hope you will all keep at work as long as the war shall last.

A gloom comes over our loved circle again this month. Some of you know that Henry A. Danker was assistant surgeon in the navy, and assigned to duty on board the ill-fated monitor Tecumseh, which went down so suddenly in Mobile Bay, just at the moment of victory. Mr. Danker was probably on board, and undoubtedly lost.

He was one of our "bright particular stars," and adds another to the names of heroes who have died that their country might live. May we heed the warning which these sudden deaths would teach us.

A word to our delinquent subscribers. We have sent the MUSEUM to you regularly, having received no notice to discontinue, and now earnestly request you to forward the amount due at once.

The cost of the white paper on which the magazine is printed has nearly doubled within the last three months, and is now more than three times what it was two years ago; printing has also doubled, and all other expenses increased in the same proportion, which makes it impossible for us to publish the magazine as formerly.

You must pay up, or the magazine must stop. We have not yet raised our price, and if the money is forwarded immediately, we will receipt in full. If payment is delayed, one dollar and a half a year will be charged. We trust you will give this immediate attention.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS ALL:—I've been listening quietly all this time, waiting for my turn to shake hands with Pearl and other new-comers, and speak to some of the cousins. W. A. R., *you* never can "take our hat!" But why go so far away?

Comet, have patience—I am *so* busy! Jasper, shall I introduce you to Geraldine? *Is* it really *necessary?*

Sharpshooter, *do* come again, and please notice me just a little, even if I *have* neglected you so long. I hardly *dare* write you *now!* Do you recognize me? *If so, don't* betray me to my friends.

Golden Arrow, dart this way occasionally.

Ella, I haven't changed my mind, nor yet my name.

Bob O'Link, you *guessed* rightly, and I felt *sure* you knew me when last we met! Now, one request. Please call me by my *other* name, for awhile at least.

Phene F., not "gone," I hope!

May Clayton and Down-East Girl, *we are friends.*

Leslie, how can you hope for mercy when you are so unmerciful! I heard you enjoyed yourself "hugely" at a bridal party not long ago.

Nameless, I've seen your cartagraph, and think you *deserve* a *name.*

Teaser, *is* Blue-Eyes right in her surmises? *If* so, *I'm* wrong, for it's my opinion you never wore shoulder straps! Do you feel at home where you now stay?

Wanderer, doesn't Pertine vex you? Come and see us soon.

Uncle, dear, *good* Uncle Robert, how much I love you for caring for our brave boys who have fallen in battle and on

the long weary march! God bless you for your kind acts, your untiring labor, and for the sacrifice I know it cost you to leave home and its duties! I think the August number was unusually interesting; but I've been sad since. *Can* it be that Wilforley is dead? Shall we never read another of his bright, good letters? And more, those of us who knew him personally, can we never see him again? O, how sadly we miss him! But one sweet thought soothes our grief. He was *ready* to go *home*, and with him "all is well." And H. A. Danker, must we give him up too? He died nobly in the defense of the dear old flag. Let us *ever honor his memory!*

Dear Auntie Sue, I trust you're quite out of trouble long ere this. I know you have had the love and sympathy of the whole Merry band in your daughter's sickness. You know we ALWAYS *love* you! But here comes Uncle Hi with that hatchet so much dreaded; and not far away is Uncle Will close by Hattie L., with that horrid, hateful, clickerty-clunch manipulator.

So here I go, JESSIE BELL.

IN THE "SANCTUM," *Aug.* 2, 1864.

DEAR MERRYS:—I know you will all envy me when I tell you that I am now sitting in the very identical chair that Uncle Robert has so long occupied. But still I am not satisfied, for no "Uncle Rob" have I seen as yet, for he has worked so hard for our poor soldiers that he now lies upon a bed of sickness. But I have seen dear Hattie and one or two other cousins, and am in hopes I shall see Uncle William. But to-morrow I follow Winnie to the "Land of Gold," and I could not leave without a parting word to you. Pearl, you differ from the rest of your kind, for they have to be dug out, while you come of your own accord. There! I wish you could see the dear old lady that is in the sanctum now. Eighty-five years old, and still merry. Saucy Nell, I want you to send your picture to Uncle Merry for me. Calleta, I want you too. But I see that basket under the table, and think I will stop. Good-bye, all ye Merrys. Puss.

It was really too bad, Puss. I was so disappointed when Hattie came home and told me you were in the sanctum, and going away on the morrow, and it not possible for me to see you. But I must submit. You have my best wishes for a safe voyage to your chosen home, and a happy life in the Golden State of your adoption.

Let us all strive so to live, wherever we are in this world, that when this life of change and turmoil and sickness shall be over, we may all "meet and rest, 'mid the holy and the blest."

Death! death in our midst.
Suppress'd be the laugh, silent the jest.

Wilforley's gone from our circle—gone
to his rest,
Sought and obtained a home 'mong the
blest.
We shall miss him, ah, yes, and o'er our
loss weep,
While fresh in our memories his image
we keep.

One who knew him well has told us of his personal worth, and his bright, Christian example. Let us emulate his virtues, and, like him, seek until we find the Pearl of great price, the only gem that can, when worn, make us radiant with beauty and loveliness. BELLA B.

DEAR COUSINS:—Sorrowful, in spite of our name, will be our Chat this month. My consternation and grief were great, as on joyfully opening our mag. at the Chat, the first words I saw told me one of our dearest cousins, brightest stars, would never more meet with us in this world. What can we do without him? Let us try faithfully and earnestly strive to follow the example he set us.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make *our* lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time."

But judge of my surprise to find that I had often seen him, was his neighbor several years, attended the same church, and that his sisters were among my most intimate friends. Do any of them belong to our family? If so, I should like to renew the acquaintance. At all events, I can sympathize with, though I may not comfort, them.

Dear Flib, before seeing your letter, I had written, offering A. N. my support. Let us be, though a small, a brave band, determined in our resistance of the monarchists. and worthy to be republican girls. Will both of you ex.?

Many thanks to those who have cared

enough for me to write. I am always ready for a "scrape" or ex.

W. A. R., your photo is forfeited for circulating false reports; another time, please know *yourself*, before telling.

I'm not half done, but still must wait.

SANS SOUCI.

I was far away from the sanctum when your first letter came, and very sick when I received your second, and for a long time unable to write; consequently many letters had to remain unanswered.

You will excuse me, I know.

HOMER, N. Y.

Polly P., how can I be expected to "take a shine to you" before I have ever seen your shadow? Please send it with address, and I will send mine in return.

W. A. R., I have not much fear of tyranny during your reign; you may be "sold" again before the next Chat.

Spectator, have you yet recovered from your great disappointment?

Fleta, think you her royal highness the queen of the Merry Chat would condescend to honor me by exchanging *c's de v.?*

Starlight, are you still peeping out from behind Shady Hill to illumine the dark clouds that hover around us? if so, please send *c. de v.*, and I will send mine in return.

ROMANCE.

BOSTON, *May* 5, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—For a long time the undersigned has longed to become one of the cousins, and engage occasionally in the Monthly Chat; but my natural modesty has kept me from introducing myself before.

Now, if it is pleasing to yourself and the rest, allow me to enroll myself among the cousins.

If there are any among you who would like to see how the new coz looks, just send a copy of your phiz to box 1279, Boston.

I shall not issue a proclamation yet, unless those who have already done so, and *succeeded*, abdicate, but take my place among the subjects—I won't say quietly, for I shall want to say a word or two occasionally.

E. K.

FOREST HOME, *May*, 1864.

Cousins, I was at the sanctum the other day, and while looking at the Album I was quite covetous, for I wished that I had as many of your cartes as Uncle has. Will you send them to me? I will exchange.

X., you said that you had yours ready for me some time ago, yet I have not received it. Phene F., Tattler, and Fiddlesticks, I'm waiting for yours—will you send them soon?

Golden Arrow, I heard you were at the "sanctum" the same day I was. If you had waited ten minutes longer, we would have met.

Comet, since you have found a place in our circle, come often. I'm sure you are welcome.

Sorry Cousin, I pity you. You had better find some other name.

Mamie, send me your carte, then you shall have mine.

Ol. Olney, I wish I had your carte, but hardly dare ask for it. Love to all.

COUSIN FORESTINA.

RIVERSIDE, 1864.

COUSINS ALL:—Do not be in too great haste to make war with me, because, unknowingly, I took the name of one who has kept silent so long she is almost forgotten. As soon as I found out there was one Zephyr (pray do not turn into a Simoon) I hastened to change my cognomen.

Zephyr, I humbly crave pardon, and am ready to do penance. Am I forgiven?

Wanderer, I think I have met you; will you not write me? Uncle Merry will, I trust, forward your first letter.

Saucy Nell, I have had the pleasure of seeing your *c. de v.* — can you guess where?

LURLINE.

SOMEWHERE, *July*, 1864.

MERRYS DEAR:—I shan't tell you whether I am a new "*'un*" in the Chat, or an old one in disguise; all I shall say is, that I am a subscriber, and pay punctually for the MUSEUM.

W. A. R., don't hold your head so high; remember, "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," and I'll "let out on you."

Cousins. Aunt Sue says she will renew the "Definitions," provided we will support her by sending Definitions to her. Why not do it? Are you not interested in them?

Uncles, I am coming to New York this summer. I would so much like to see you *in propria persona* as well as through your valuable magazine.

Yours, LET. R. RYTER.

June 4, 1864.

DEAR MERRYS ALL :—May I be Merry, too, and come into your little parlor—now pretty well filled, I should say, from the glimpse I catch through the door—and enjoy with you the society of such kind Aunts and Uncles? Well, here I am, whether you will or no, and none of you less powerful than Uncle R, with that horrible manipulator, shall be able to drive me hence. And since I am here, I'll just talk a little.

First, then, what do you think of the "badge," cousins? Isn't it a beauty? You that haven't got one, don't you wish you had? Well, I'll tell you how to do it—just go to work and get your subscribers, and rest assured it'll pay.

Uncle Hi, on looking at your picture, I can't help thinking how well you would look in the Presidential chair—*provided* you would put on the "Merry badge." Why do I not see it in your picture? It would have made you look so much *sharper*.

Addie W., do you hail from the "Sucker State?" If you do, I think I know who you are.

C. M. E., why didn't you and I go fishing?" How do you like getting "stuck in the mud?"! Was Sigma well when last heard from?

I think the Merry monarchs are coming upon us "With A Rush." Two queens and a king certainly are enough to govern so tractable a class of people as we. But let us arouse, lest, ere long, civil W.A.R. break out in our midst and play havoc with our Merry meetings. Stand we by our chosen Queen, and she will not leave us, like a shooting Starr, in the time of our sorest need.

There, Fleta, for that fine sentence you should reward with your *c. de v*,

Your Merry Cousin, FRANC.

June 6, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—W.A.R. is declared—no mistake. Was there ever such impudence? "Merrys, to ME your homage bring!" forsooth. Don't you do anything of the kind, cousins. Put down this WARlike, would-be sovereign by acclamation.

Fleta Regina! *your* reign should be all the more glorious since you are rivaled by a luminary who becomes a ☉ only by borrowed light, and an "owdashus" individual who most unWARrantably sets up his claim, though acknowledging himself a usurper. Apropos, could we not take out a WARrant against him, for high treason?

Merry cousins all, who's your candidate for President?

If there is, in the circle, any infatuated "pusson" who is desirous of increasing the number of his (or her) Merry "picters," with less regard to quality. I should like to state that I know of one, at least, who is always desirous of X-ing. Just try it on.

There is a letter in the P. O. here, addressed to "A. Van A., Albany." It is postmarked Flint, Mich. As I know no one there, I do not feel justified in claiming it. But did any of the cousins write it? If so, I should like to state that Uncle Merry has my address, and that letters can reach me through him.

Yours, loyally to Queen Fleta,

A. VAN A.

TOULON, ILL., *June* 11, 1864.

Traitors in camp, eh! raising a horrible rebellion, trying to usurp the power of our noble Queen Fleta, behead her, and place Pertine upon the throne? Merrys, shall we stand by and see our rightful Queen usurped? No! Rouse, ye Merrys! I can say, in the eloquent language of that arch-traitor Leslie, "All ye Merrys, who have one bit of vim and determination left, come to the rescue!" our good Queen is in danger.

Fred W. C. C., you must be a member of the order you speak of, or you would not have misconstrued my meaning.

Dan H. B., where are you?

The manipulator left nothing but an essence last month, so I must stop soon, or it won't leave that much this time, so here goes your roving ROVER.

BOUNDLESS SPACE, *July* 3, 1864.

DEAR MERRYS :—Having been once admitted into your cluster, I have no inclination to return to the regions of *nowhere*. So if my brilliance does not hurt any of the Merry Blue-Eyes or Black-Eyes, I would "still humbly beg" to remain.

Harry Bowles, did you think to scare me by your Bo(w)ldness? Guess I am in no danger of being eclipsed by any "particular brightness" of yours, though, like the sun, my splendor may sometimes be marred by the impudent interposition of some lesser body.

May Clayton, thanks for your *welcome*, *welcome*. Should I ever visit the old

"Hoosier State," think I shall look sharp for that "badge" in the "vine-covered cottage."

Jessie Bell, your merry *peal* was received with pleasure.

Tulips, may I *press* you in my book of friendship? I love flowers.

Loyalty, if you wish to be "taken in," just jump aboard my train.

Unknown, and Stranger, why remain in such obscurity? Will you not show your faces?

Hattie Lee, many thanks for your *countenance*.

Love to all the cousins. But I guess it is *time* this *piece* of nonsense was *wound* up, so I will *stop* before the hatchet *strikes* a defenseless COMET.

ILLINOIS, *June* 4, 1864.

DEAR COUSINS:—Having been kindly noticed by Uncle Robert in the May number, I will now take my place in the ranks.

Golden Arrow, I'm with you for Queen Winnie, now and forever. W. A. R., by his late proclamation, rather exceeds his privileges as court jester. He should be made to know that 'tis dangerous playing with edged tools.

BOOM-SHELL.

DEAR MERRYS:—It has been such a long time since I have written for the MUSEUM, that I expect you think I have deserted you altogether; but it is not so; I still call myself one of you, and hope you will do the same.

Jessie Bell, do you live very far from Orange, or very near? Just drop a body a line and let me know, will you?

Grasshopper and Ernest, do not forget about a certain letter.

With much love to all, I remain yours truly, COUSIN ORANGE BLOSSOM.

ETHER DOME, *June* 8, 1864.

DEAR CHAT:—Can I come in? Won't the cousins take little Evening Star by the hand, and give her a welcome? please do.

Grasshopper, hop this way; pay attention to a new cousin, won't you?

Romance, do you recognize me? I'm extremely fond of music, flowers, and strawberries.

Bob O'Link, I love birdies, too.

May Clayton, give me one little hand, and let me sit by you; I'll promise to be real merry.

Now, Uncle, I pray, do not let this "cultivate the acquaintance of the basket." Aunt Sue, here's lots of love for you.

Adieu for a short time. Cousins, do not forget EVENING STAR.

August 3, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Will you adopt one more and let me be a Merry cousin too? I know your family is large and it is "hard times," still I am a very economical little creature, and if you will only take me I will promise to be O, how good! I wish to join the Merry cousins because they seem so jovial, happy, and true-hearted. Now if you will let me enter, I will squeeze my crinoline into the smallest possible space and be ever so pleasant to all the cousins.

But, Uncle, please grant me this favor—let me sit next Kitty Clover—dear, warm-hearted, mischief-loving Kitty; for then I am sure I shall see the smiling face of Leslie once more. Ah, Minerva! be wary of thy charge, for Kitty Clover's eyes are sparkling and winsome, and I am fearful ere long thou'lt be branded "Faithless Guardian." Love to all. Please accept COUSIN LOULA.

G. P., *August* 5, 1864.

UNCLE AND COUSIN MERRYS:—Seeing that so many of my young friends are writing for the Merry Chat and having a very nice time, I have been induced to ask for admission into your Merry circle. Will you let me come in?

Now, since your doors are only closed to the unworthy, I hope you will all consider me worthy and vote me into your Merry circle. Yours, ROGERS.

August 6, 1864.

DEAR MERRYS:—I made my début in February, and since that time I have patiently kept in the background.

Eustis, as we both made our first appearance at the same time, I hope we will be friends.

Juno, if being an admirer of Longfellow and Gail Hamilton insures an acquaintance, you may consider me as a fast friend, for they are my favorites.

Sigma, I have do doubt an acquaintance would be beneficial to both of us, if on no other account than the numismatic business. Please let me know your address. Yours, Merryly,

MARCUS.

FLATBUSH, *July* 20.

UNCLE MERRY:—Please allow me to correct a mistake, which seems to have led astray some of the Merry group, viz., that I am the Coy who used to figure in the Chat. I am sorry I am robed in borrowed plumage, but the misdeed was unintentional.

W. A. R., if not yet in South America, farewell. Don't withdraw your name from our list, but in that far-off clime to which you are bound, be our special correspondent.

Ella, I know you not, but all the cousins think I do. Wilt exchange? When shall we see each other?

Jasper, whenever and wherever, speak. Think I saw you also.

May Clayton, I love you more than tongue can tell.

Uncle Rob looks reprovingly at this venturesome miss. COY.

Is it true? One whose bark had for so long sailed down the same stream as ours? One who was noble and true, and whose life seemed to those who knew him so much like a sweet song? O Wilforley! though you are happy and at rest now, yet you have left behind mourners for the brave boy-heart that too early went home. What shall we say? Let us thank God that when the messenger came he found Wilforley ready, with a good and pure life, to be offered up. "He giveth his beloved sleep."

Juno, here's my right hand for our mutual enjoyment of Abi-gail; my left for mutual fondness of music (when it's the right kind); and my love, as far as admiration of Longfellow. Isn't he beautiful? Have you ever seen the dear man? I think I have. All the great men live near Cambridge, and my uncle-in-law is—guess what!

Flib, dear coz, couldn't you manage to make the nod *something more*—a k–s, perhaps? If you are at New Ipswich, come and see your Concord cousin. Fact is, something has been hinted as to leaving the house by-and-by with precious few in it—for a short time, in course; and "when the cat's away," etc. So I am going to make a grand "invite." Fleta and Minnie may have the best bed-room, if they won't quarrel. A. E. D. and Nellie Van can have father's room, provided they'll fix it up. I'll "vamose" and give mine to Fiddlesticks and Romance. Leslie and Dan can have F.'s room; and I'll open the attic to W. A. R. and H. A. D. If Flib, L. W. C., A. N., Unsteady, and Harry Bowles will consent to sleep anywhere (on the floor, for instance), my doors are open; heart ditto.

Won't I have some celebrities! I wouldn't invite Monsieur Golden Arrow if I was put under torture, after what he said. "A little too full!" Mirabile dictu! Come, cousins, and help me settle him. I declare a horrible, bitter, burning war "agin" him.

Sweet Romance, please fancy me without a carte. Isn't your imagination strong enough? Well, perhaps by-and-by. JOLLY JINGLE.

P. S.—I've concluded Aunt Sue ought to come to make it proper. Will she?

Please not make so much racket as to disturb Uncle Robert in his mountain retreat among the Granite Hills where he has gone to recruit. I thought a change in your room would be desirable. Think you would say "all right" if you knew.

July 6, 1864.

UNCLE WILLIAM: — You promised, when I first took courage to address you, that I should have a seat at your side, and I am now come to claim that privilege.

In your number for July, a cousin from some unknown corner, styled "Home," starts up and boldly accuses me of counterfeiting her name. Now, dear Uncle Will, that is too bad. My name is Mamie, just as truly as hers (?) is. I am sure I would be very glad to take leave of it; but that being impossible, will she please leave me in peace and quietude?

Josie, are you enjoying the bathing yet?

Hattie Lee, are you never going to speak to me? I feel quite slighted.

Yours, MAMIE E. M.

July 22, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Here I come with my dollar. Won't you please admit me into the Chat?

Please introduce me to the cousins Romance, W. A. R., Saucy Nell, and all the rest of you. Will you not come to see me on a *pasteboard carte?* Uncle Merry has my address.

Yours, *Merryly*, WAIF.

Mossy Dell, *July*, 1864.

Uncle, *will* you let a poor WAndeRer in? I am lonesome, A.N.d want a seat by some lively cousin who will drive away from me all thoughts of loneliness.

Moss Pink, "I am afraid you will think I am rather saucy," when I ask you if I may know your real name. I have "particular reasons" for wanting to know; and if you will come into some corner (not "Pussy's corner," of course) I will whisper them to you. Another way you can find out is by writing to me (Uncle Robert has my address); so please gratify my curiosity.

Mignionette, and Daisy W., Pertine, W. A. R., Blue Bell, Rosebud, and many others, can we not be friends? And will you not *all* of you send me your *c's de v.?* not "*carte de violin*," eh, Uncle. Mind, however, I do not promise to reciprocate.

Winnie, I wish you much joy.

Loyalty, I will not agree to become a member of your gas company; but I must stop being so "saucy," for I know you will say, "*wait until you are asked.*" I wish you success, however.

Down-East Girl, *I* will give something to know Rosebud's address.

Merrily, yours, Moss Rosebud.

Dear Uncles and Cousins:—The parlor door was ajar, and I have walked in. Can I have a seat near some sociable cousin?

Phene F., are we never to hear from you again?

Pertine, Flib, Nell of B., Puss, why not write to us?

Love to all. Ophie.

Extracted Essences.

Birdie.—Thanks for your photo. I am glad you had such a delightful time at your Philadelphia Fair. You can not do too much for our brave soldiers. They are doing more for us than we shall ever repay.

Claude, from Detroit, brings messages of love to all, and desires Saucy Nell and Kitty Clover to write to her, and hopes all will take pity on her empty album. Anything sent to the care of Uncle Robert will be forwarded.

James is right welcome to a seat in the parlor. He thinks "W. A. R. will soon tame the wild beasts of South America with one of his poetical proclamations."

Minnie desires Birdie and Pertine to send her their "photos."

Bessie, walk right in. We are glad to see all new-comers, and hope they will come often.

Etta B. wishes a "corner" in the Chat, and kind words from the chatterers. Of course she will get them. She desires "Mamie" to send her *c. de v.* to Uncle Robert, to be forwarded to her.

Sallie A. F.—You are not the only representative from the Buckeye State by any means. Some of our "brilliants" hail from there. Send along the puzzles. There is no rule in our circle about who shall speak first. All who feel sociable, talk when they can get a chance, whether it is "first, last, or in between."

Walter H. C. sends love to all.

Mischief desires Mary of Binghamton to send her *carte*. Send, care of Robert Merry.

Sybil.—Glad to welcome you as one of the cousins, but must decline to print your proposition. Come again.

Herbert, of Kansas, wishes to say to Rover that he belongs to the I. O. of G. T., and wishes him a merry welcome.

Music.—We have received the following popular songs from Oliver Ditson, Boston: "The Little Blue Eyed Boy," "The Oriole," and "I'm Leaving Thee, my Mother Dear," ballad by George Baker; also, "Carol Polka" and "Caprice Hongrois." All good. Send to Ditson.

The Early Dawn; or, Sketches of Christian Character in England in the Olden Time. By the author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family."

This book will be heartily welcomed by all who have read the "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," the writer of which is so well known in many households of our land.

The early dawn of the Christian life is

here depicted through several centuries, by the author, whose graphic descriptions of scenes and persons has rarely been equaled. It is worthy a place in every library in the land. M. W. Dodd, publisher, New York.

FALL RIVER ROUTE TO BOSTON.—This route continues in popular favor both with the fashionable and business traveling public. Here we find comfortable quarters, a good night's rest, and good attention—all desirable to the traveler.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

195. My *first* the poor oft think of those
Who, for the love of gain,
Will make them toil from sun to sun,
Nor of poor fare complain.

My *second* is a little word
Much used by egotist;
In *sound* 'tis very useful, too,
And greatly prized, I wist.

My *third* is worn upon the head
Of many a modern belle;
Though more substantial covering
Would answer just as well.

The rough and sturdy pioneer
My *whole* ought to possess;
Without which he could scarce endure
Life in the wilderness. *Lucy.*

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed:

196. The —— are so large, people begin to ——. *Aunt Martha.*

197. Thick —— often hide ——. *Sigma.*

198. Did they —— the ——? *Forestina.*

199. —— for the ——! *Stupid Harp.*

ANAGRAMS.

200. I! 'tis hot play. *Patience.*

201. Not sand crab. *Grasshopper.*

202. Em, I will marry. *Myrtle P.*

203. Best dead. *Blue-Eyes.*

204. O, man's red lip. *Clementina.*

205. Take the first letter from an article of kitchen furniture, place it at the end, and leave an evil passion. *M.D.*

206. Curtail a coin, transpose and leave a part of the body. *E. & A. Cherry Cheeks.*

207. Express with four letters a sentence containing four words and seventeen letters. *Geo. T. McKinney.*

208. What is that whose mouth is always larger than its head? *A. Older.*

209. Behead a fruit, and leave a part of the human frame. *Monitor.*

210. Behead, then curtail a bird, and leave a river. *Unknown.*

211. Transpose something used in building a fence into a rest. *Arthur B. S.*

212. Behead a fish and leave an interjection.

213. Behead one musical instrument and leave another. *Fiddlesticks.*

214. Entire, I am an animal; take from me a letter, transpose, and you will see what the animal is sometimes inclined to do; now curtail, and I am sometimes used by him. *Tommy.*

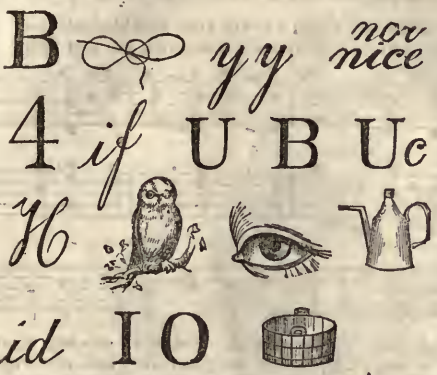
215. My *first* is in the human frame,
My *second* means to stop,
My *next's* a letter I'll not name,
My *last* will make a knot.
The loftiest monarch owns my power,
The humblest menial every hour.
C. T. Warner.

216. I am composed of 16 letters:
My 12, 8, 6, 10 is a depression.
My 1, 14, 2, 6 is to purpose.
My 16, 7, 5, 13, 14 is a gem.
My 15, 14, 4, 2, 3, 11 is played upon instruments.
My whole is felt by many at this this time. *F. W. C. C.*

217. I am composed of 22 letters:
My 19, 10, 15, 6 is a fruit.
My 14, 7, 22, 17, 11, 20 is an animal.
My 9, 1, 5, 16 is a number.
My 4, 2, 21, 18, 3 is odd.
My 13, 18, 12 is an insect.
My whole should be owned by the entire Merry band. *Franc.*

218. I am composed of 6 letters:
My 1, 2, 3 is the young of a domestic animal.
My 6, 5, 4 is a color.
My 3, 2, 6, 1 is a kind of knife.
My whole is a reader of MERRY'S MUSEUM. *S. T. K.*

219. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.



Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of next month.

Answers to Questions in July No.

158. Linden.

159. Stream.

160. State of Matrimony.

161. Stranger, stag, star, stare, stage, set, sea, tan, tear, tag, tar, ten, rag, rat, rest, rare, ant, age, near, Grant, err.

162. Tars, arts, rats, star.

163. Superstitions.

164. Abasements.

165. 1. Inheritance; 2. Merchandise; 3. Desolation.

166. Saccharine.

167. 1. Bess; 2. Frank; 3. Bill; 4. Sue.

168. 1. Appleton; 2. Green Bay; 3. Port Washington; 4. Clear Water.

169. Firkin.

170. 1. Excel; 2. Cistern; 3. Turnkey.

SOLUTION TO AUNT SUE'S HIEROGLYPHICAL LETTER IN JULY NUMBER.

MY DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:—Do you not think that it is time to expect another hieroglyphic letter? I do. I am on hand, ready to give you one, and I am going to tax your capacities (or ingenuities) just a little in that line, for but slight efforts will be needed (or "will be demanded") to make things plain.

In this cabinet of curiosities you may not get a great deal of valuable information, but our book is intended for amusement as well as instruction, and I hope you may never regret taking the trouble to decipher our conundrums, rebuses, etc.

You can not travel through this letter at a very rapid gait, for you will have to pause and rest awhile occasionally as you run against a stumbling-block. But cunning loves to overcome difficulties, and addresses itself with zeal to the task. Our Merrys, in respect to puzzles, etc., are brave-hearted, and no cowards; they are all as efficient as the sun e'er saw.

Now good-bye, my dears. With much love to all, believe me yours truly, AUNT SUE.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Elizabeth, Fannie C., Schuylkill Nell, Moss Rose, C E. L., of N. J., Loyalty, Franc, Sigma, W. A. R., A. Van A., Hickory, Wasp, and Mercury.

Allie G. R. answers all but parts of 170.

Howard answers all but 163.

C. W. J. answers all but 163, and parts of 168.

B. Adger answers all but 161, 163.

Jasper answers all but 159, 163.

Aubrey answers all but 158, 163, and part of 170.

A. P. answers all but 163, 164, and parts of 165, 167.

Lilly Chase answers all but 161, 163, 164, and part of 165.

Anna J. B. answers all but 158, 163, 169, 170.

Loyalty answers all but 158, 159, 170, and parts of 167, 168.

E. M. Miller answers all but 159, 163, 164, 165, 166.

Schuylkill Nell answers all but 158, 163, 164, 165, 166.

W. W. Perry answers all but 159, 161, 163, 164, 165.

Willie C. answers 159, 160, 162, 165, 166, 168, and parts of 167, 170.

Madge Wildfire answers 160, 161, 165, 166, 167, 168.

Hickory answers 158, 160, 166, 168, 169.

Muriel answers 159, 160, and parts of 167, 168, 170.

Robin Hood answers 162, 168.

Bravo answers 168.

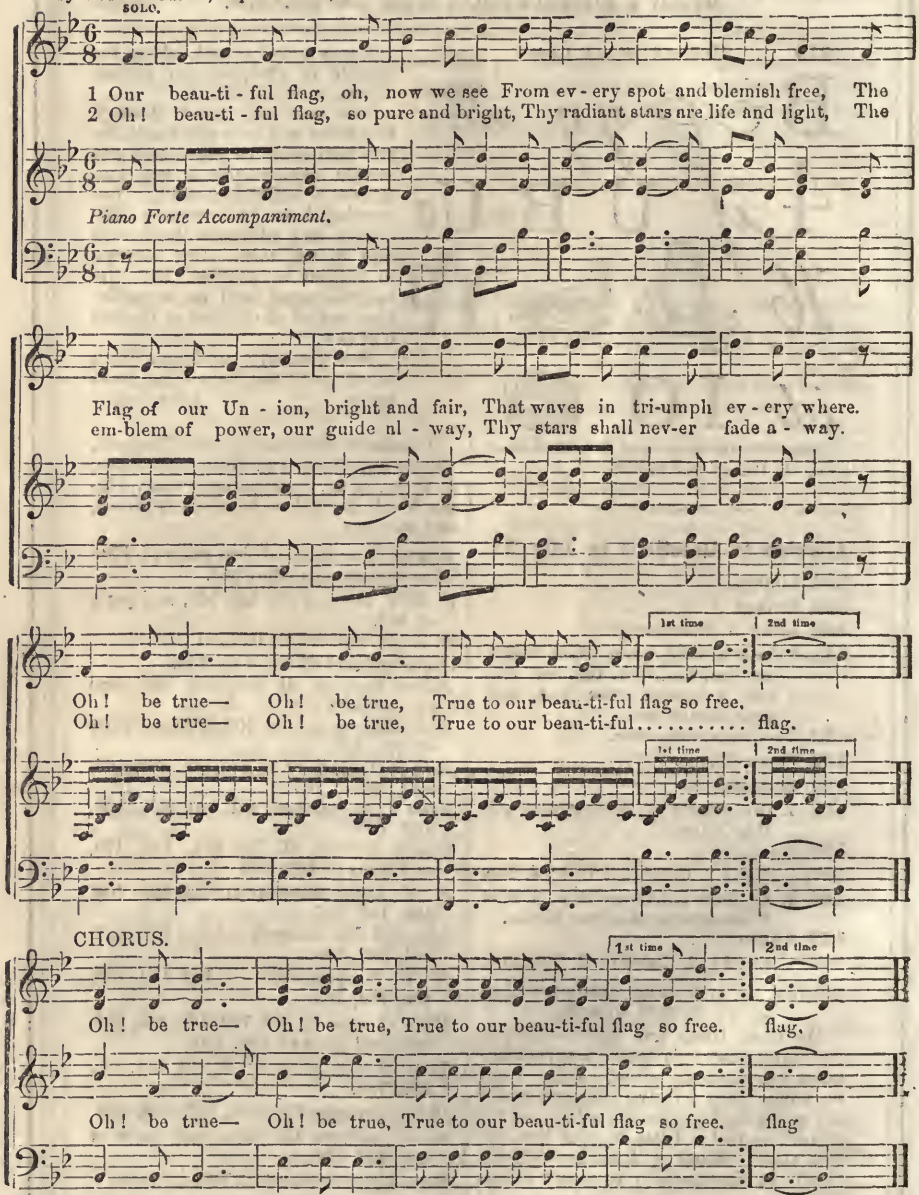
Elizabeth answers 167.

Hieroglyphic letter answered by B. Adger, Willie C., and Forrest.

OH! BE TRUE.

A Patriotic Song, words written to "THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND," by W. H. HAYWARD, Esq. Baltimore, Md.

by WM. B. BRADBURY.


SOLO.
1 Our beau-ti - ful flag, oh, now we see From ev - ery spot and blemish free, The
2 Oh! beau-ti - ful flag, so pure and bright, Thy radiant stars are life and light, The
Piano Forte Accompaniment.
Flag of our Un - ion, bright and fair, That waves in tri-umph ev - ery where.
em-blem of power, our guide nl - way, Thy stars shall nev-er fade a - way.
1st time
2nd time
Oh! be true— Oh! be true, True to our beau-ti-ful flag so free.
Oh! be true— Oh! be true, True to our beau-ti-ful..... flag.
CHORUS.
Oh! be true— Oh! be true, True to our beau-ti-ful flag so free. flag.
Oh! be true— Oh! be true, True to our beau-ti-ful flag so free. flag

3 We see thy stripes and eagle bold,
And love thee more as we behold
Forever wave on land and sea,
The Union Flag of the brave and free. CHO.

4 This beautiful flag we soon shall see
O'er every state unfurled and free,
Beneath its folds shall discord ceas
And North and South rejoice in peace. CHO

Entered according to act of Congress in A. D. 1863, by Wm. B. Bradbury, in the Clerks office of the U. S. District Court for the Southern District of New York.

SEA BREEZES.

THE OLD SAILOR'S COTTAGE.

"MAMMA, do let us name our little Floss over again; he has such a *baby name*, hasn't he, Minnie?" said little Robbie to his pet sister, as she made a spring after the little dog's silken ears.

"What dignified name would you like to give him in exchange for it?" asked mamma.

"Well, I think Captain Parry's Neptune is the nicest dog I know, and I should like to name Floss after him, unless I did after the captain himself," he added, reflectively.

"I was sure it would be something that savored of the sea," said mamma, smiling. "I have no objection to the change, though I expect it will be some time before poor little Floss will answer to such a high-sounding name. You can call him Nep, for short, you know, if you choose."

But Robbie could on no account consent to show such disrespect to such an honorable name. He, in common with all the boys of the village, had a wonderful respect and interest in everything pertaining to the sea. He had acquired that interest at the little cottage of Captain Parry, an old and valued citizen, whose home was the rendezvous of all the children in the neighborhood on holiday afternoons and leisure hours. It was a pleasant shady house, with its low eaves, in which soft shadows lay, and where the swallows twittered early and late. There was a little mossy

niche where the phœbe-bird had built her nest, and the robins chirped in the four great spreading oaks which stood before the house. There was a deep, sheltering porch before the broad doorway, and a wooden settle on either side for the accommodation of little visitors.

Often on sunny afternoons Robbie would take his little sister out in her tiny coach and draw it down to the old sailor's cottage; and while the little one played with the wonderful toys the captain fashioned for her out of blocks and sticks, Robbie listened with never-failing delight to often-repeated tales of the sea scenes in which the old man had once borne a part. They were seasoned always with sound instruction, for the old sailor was a Christian voyager also, and he knew he was rapidly nearing port. The good he would do, he must do quickly.

"Ship, hail!" said little Benny Price, as a little company of children brought up at the cottage gate. He felt called upon to speak in highly nautical terms whenever he came in sight of the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," sung out the captain cheerily; "come right aboard. Herring-boning up a rent in my coat, you see. I can beat mother with her specs on, and that is saying a deal. I can't do it nigh as handsome as I used to when I mended sails along with my old cap'un."

The children each in turn viewed and admired the work, and the little girls were anxious to learn the stitch.

"It won't hurt you a mite, boys, to learn it too. Then if your clothes are torn, and mother or sister are too busy to mend them for you, you can do it yourself. It never costs anything to carry knowledge, and you do not know how useful a bit of it may be to you some time."

Benny Price had been eating a slice of bread-and-butter on the way, as many country lads had done before him, and now threw down the crust on the grassy lawn. Old Neptune quickly snapped it up, and went to work leisurely to chew it with his poor old teeth.

"I have seen folks who would have thought a handful of money poor pay for such a crust," said Captain Parry.

"Now please tell us," said Robbie, and the children quickly composed themselves for a story.

"It was my watch on deck one starry night," said the old man, waxing his thread, "when I was only a hand afore the mast, you'll understand, and I thought I spied something uncommon off to leeward, so I called the captain, and he came on deck with his glass, and soon made out it was a wreck. You may be sure the men worked with a will in getting the boat lowered, and half a dozen were not slow in volunteering to man her. We pulled away with might and main, and soon got near enough to see there was life on board. Just as we came alongside, eight poor skeletons rushed with all the little life they had left, to the very edge, and some tumbled over into the boat, every one crying out, 'Water, water, water!' Oh, that was a dreadful-looking sight, children. Those poor creatures had been seven days and nights without a drop of water or a morsel of food. The day before they had made up their minds to kill one and live on his body as long as they could. So they cast lots, and the lot fell on the captain's nephew. Life is sweet to a man even in the midst of such wretchedness. So the young man held out stoutly, and said the lots had not been fairly drawn. At last they decided to wait another

day and see if some help did not come. Oh, how they watched the sea, and what a thrill went through all the poor fellows' hearts when they saw our vessel! But that was not half so cheering as when they saw that the ship spied them, and was sending out a boat to them.

"We hadn't any water on board, and it was well we hadn't, or the poor fellows would have killed themselves long afore we got to the ship. Well, we handed them up on deck as if they were a parcel of children; they did not weigh as much as you would, and all the breath they had they used to just pant and beg for 'Water, water!' It seemed to me rather hard to hear Captain Jarvis say, 'Don't you give them a drop,' just as Happy Jack sprung to get a bucketful. It seemed hard, I say; but often what seems hard is the best thing for us. Our captain mixed about half a wine-glass full of wine and water and gave to each of them, and then pretty soon another, and after that a glass full, with a cracker in it, and so on by slow degrees until they were a little revived. It was some days before we dare let them have all they wanted. After a while, when they grew stronger, it was fun to see those fellows eat. The passengers gave them some clothes, and when they first put them on, they hung on them like scarecrows. But before we got to Liverpool they would not meet around them. Those were the slow days of traveling. Our little ship wouldn't more than make a long-boat for one of your big vessels nowadays!

"Whenever I see people waste any of these good things of God, I often think of those poor fellows perishing for the want of the most common of them."

MICROSCOPIC WONDERS.

UPON examining the edge of a sharp lancet with a microscope, it will appear as broad as the back of a knife; rough, uneven, full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles a rough iron bar. But the sting of a bee seen through the same instrument exhibits everywhere a most beautiful polish, without the least flaw, blemish, or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn seem coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors; but a silkworm's web appears perfectly smooth and shining, and everywhere equal. The smallest dot that can be made with a pen appears irregular and uneven; but the little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be most accurately circular. The finest miniature paintings appear before the microscope ragged and uneven, entirely devoid of beauty, either in the drawing or coloring. The most even and beautiful varnishes will be found to be mere roughness. But the nearer we examine the works of God, even in the least productions, the more sensible shall we be of his wisdom and power. In the numberless species of insects what proportion, exactness, uniformity, and symmetry do we perceive in all organs! what profusion of coloring! azure, green, and vermilion, gold, silver, pearls, rubies, and diamonds, fringe, and embroidery, on their bodies, wings, heads, and every part! how high the finishing, how inimitable the polish we everywhere behold!

They must beg in harvest who will not sow in the spring.

We learn something even by failure.

THE WOLF AND THE MASTIFF.

A FABLE.

A LEAN, half-starved wolf inadvertently strolled in the way of a strong, well-fed mastiff. The wolf being much too weak to act upon the offensive, thought it most prudent to accost honest Towser in a friendly manner; and among other civilities, very complaisantly congratulated him on his goodly appearance. Why, yes, returned the mastiff, I am in tolerable case; and if you will follow me, you may soon be altogether in as good a plight. The wolf pricked up his ears at the proposal, and requested to be informed what he must do to earn such plentiful meals. Very little, replied the mastiff; only drive away beggars, caress my master, and be civil to his family. To these conditions the hungry wolf had no objection, and very readily consented to follow his new acquaintance wherever he would

conduct him. As they were trotting along, the wolf observed that the hair was worn in a circle round his friend's neck, which raised his curiosity to inquire what was the occasion of it. Nothing, answered the mastiff, or a mere trifle; perhaps the collar to which my chain is sometimes fastened. Chain! replied the wolf, with much surprise; it would seem, then, that you are not permitted to rove about where and when you please. Not always, returned Towser, hanging down his head; but what does that signify? It signifies so much, rejoined the wolf, that I am resolved to have no share in your dinners; half a meal with liberty is, in my estimation, preferable to a full one without it.

MORAL.

A mere competence with liberty is preferable to servitude amid the greatest affluence.

OAKS PLANTED BY SQUIRRELS.

IT is a curious circumstance, and not generally known, that most of the oaks which are called spontaneous are planted by the squirrels. The little animal has performed the most essential service to the British navy. A gentleman walking one day in a wood, belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, near Treyhouse, in the county of Monmouth, had his attention diverted by a squirrel, which sat very composedly upon the ground. He stopped to observe his motions; in a few moments the squirrel darted like lightning to the top of a tree beneath which he had been sitting. In an instant he was down with an acorn in his mouth, and began to burrow in the earth with his paws. After digging a small hole, he stooped down and deposited the acorn, then covering it, he darted up the tree again. In a moment he was down with another, which he buried in the same manner. This he continued to do as long as the observer thought proper to watch him. The industry of this little animal is directed to the purpose of securing himself against want in winter, and as it is probable that his memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to remember the spots in which he deposited every acorn, the industrious little fellow no doubt loses a few every year. The few spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree. Thus is Britain in some measure indebted for her mercantile greatness to the industry and bad memory of a squirrel!

AN OBEDIENT SON.—A boy was tempted, by some of his companions, to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said they, "for if your father should find out you had taken them, he is so kind he would not hurt you." "That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I should not touch them. It is true my father may not hurt me; yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else."

WHAT are the points of difference between the Prince of Wales, an orphan, a bald head, and a gorilla? The Prince of Wales is heir apparent; an orphan has ne'er a parent; a bald head has no hair apparent, and a gorilla has a hairy parent.

"GO-AHEAD," AND THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILIP SNOW'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

DAYLIGHT walked with a holy hush over the hills of earth made sacred as the birth-place of Christ.

Lucy Lake awakened very early; she saw the stars yet shining. Before the light was fully come, she went noiselessly down stairs. Her slippers are in one hand. How large they look! Besides, they are new. She does not even put them on at the foot of the staircase. She enters the family room, crosses it, and noiselessly opens a door, stoops down, and leaves the slippers on the carpet, with a parcel whose contents we can not discern through the wrapping paper.

In a moment her hands are filled again; this time her pilgrimage is to a nearer shrine. Fred and Sydie are startled into life by a squeak of the tell-tale latch, but pretend that they are in the deepest valley of sleep. Lucy starts back at the sound of the latch; but as all remains quiet, she ventures in.

Her work is done in half a minute, and she hastens to retire, but is arrested by a duet—"I wish you a merry Christmas!" The performers have been watching the mysterious movements, and cry out at the proper time.

"You naughty boys! Wish you a merry Christmas!" was the response.

"Lucy, Lucy, what *is* here?" they cry. "Just toss the parcels over, won't you? — they're tantalizingly near."

Lucy snowballed them with her bundles and ran; but she had not reached her room when a chorus of voices rang through the house, "Lucy! Lucy! Sis! Santa Claus! come here! come this minute!" But Lucy did not go—in fact, she did not wish to witness the pleasure her gifts might call forth, for every one had been the cause of a defeat to her—the scarf that she had toiled through with so much patience for Fred; just as she finished it, and dreamed an instant of the bright smiles it would call forth on Christmas morn (for Fred had long wished for one), her mother said, mournfully, "Lucy, my child," and Lucy came back from her dream with a tiny bit of nail between her teeth. So of every present, some time in the course of its construction, the evil moment came, and Lucy fell.

At breakfast, Mr. Lake wore the slippers that Lucy had made and carried down so early. Mrs. Lake whispered, "I thank you," in Lucy's ear as she met her. Harry was jubilant over his untold treasures; he could not wait until breakfast was past, before talking of them.

"I don't believe Santa Claus left so big a bundle in anybody else's house," said the child, "and I think the "sweeps" ought to come around just before Christmas, so Santa Claus need not get his presents all soot, nor himself either. Father, don't you think he must be getting a pretty old man, for grandmother says he used to come just the same when she was a little

girl, and that is a good big time ago."

Suddenly Harry stopped. He looked across at Lucy, and said, "Why, my pretty sister hasn't got one mite of a present! Never mind, sis; I guess Santa Claus made a mistake, like the errand boys do sometimes, and has left your bundle at the wrong house; but it will come back all right, you know they *always* do;" and Harry slid down from his chair, went to Lucy and hid his face on her shoulder.

Lucy's tears could not be restrained at this evidence of sympathy from Harry. She threw her arms around his neck and cried, sobbing for a moment as if her heart was very heavy; then she said, "No! Lucy has been a naughty girl, and don't deserve any presents."

"What's Lucy done?" asked Harry, who had a very honest belief that sister Lucy could not be naughty like other children.

"Hush! Now, Harry, come back to your breakfast," said Mrs. Lake; and Harry began to eat, his wonderment in no wise lessened.

How sweetly the music sounded that Christmas morning! and joyous was the Christmas song that mingled with the morning service.

When all was ended, Fred and Sydney started for Bill Hone's dwelling-place with his skates. Lucy appeared at the last minute, and put a small parcel into Sydie's hand, saying, "This is for Bill; I hope you won't mind, Fred, because the mittens are just like yours—I could make two pair just alike, easier than two that would be different."

"I hope you allowed for difference in the size of the hands, Lucy."

"Why, yes, Fred, a trifle."

"I've got something else here; this isn't *pure* mittens, I know," said Sydie.

"Never mind, just give it to Bill," said Lucy, and the boys were away.

"I wonder how we can manage to keep the telescope until night," said Mrs. Lake; "the boys will be all over the house to-day, on some pretext or other."

"Hide it in the barn," said Lucy; and the obliging telescope consented to be hidden until the evening should come to herald its glories.

Bill Hone has awakened early from his sleep in the barn. He had just given the farmer's horse a Christmas drink of spring water, through a goblet of ice, cut into the stream, and was leading it back to the barn, when he saw Fred and Sydney approaching.

"Halloo!" he cried, disappearing under the door, the horse following. Presently he emerged and met the boys.

"Wish you a merry Christmas!" said Fred and Syd at the same instant.

"I'm obliged to you," replied Bill; but, catching sight of the skates at the instant, he continued, "my old boots and hat! *what* skates! Guess they're new; may-be they was in the big pack your pa brought last night. 'Twas the biggest pile o' things I've seen in a while; why, these here skates is fine—you just set 'em on ice, and they'd go themselves."

By this time, Bill had possessed himself of one of the skates, and was examining it.

"Pa did bring them from New York," said Sydney.

"You see, I'm a skate manufacturer myself," said Bill, pointing to his home-made articles that adorned the wall of the barn, "and I ought to judge; but look here! you can't wear these, Fred—they're an acre too big!"

"I know; I am not to wear them."

"Pray what are you going to do with them, then?"

"Nothing—only just to give them to you."

"Hookey!" said Bill; "you're fibbin'."

"No, no—it's true," cried Sydie; "take them."

"Take them," said Fred; "we came to bring them to you."

"Oh, this is a new kind of Christmasing; I don't understand it," said Bill, reaching out his hand, very red and very cold from cutting the ice-goblet, to take the proffered skates. He took them in his hands—he turned them over, and then Bill Hone lost his equilibrium. You must remember that he had *never* had a Christmas present in his life until now. He swung the skates around his head—he picked up Sydie and swung him in the air; then he dumped him on the snow, like a large-sized flake, and ran into the barn.

"What's the matter, I wonder—is he mad?" asked Sydie.

Bill did not come out, and after waiting a moment or two, Fred ventured in. Bill was leaning against a stall, and the tears were rolling down his freckled face. As Fred went in, Bill tried to turn away, to hide his face; but when Sydie followed, and said in his earnest way, "You needn't cry—we'll take them back again if you don't want them; but we're all going to skate on Birch Pond this afternoon, and father told us to ask you to come with us, and wear your new skates."

Bill looked up, and dashing a fist into one eye to throw away a tear, and wiping the other with his coat-sleeve, he said, "Don't, boys, don't think that Bill Hone is a fool, but I couldn't help it—I'll keep the skates always."

"Won't you cry again if I tell you something?" asked Sydney.

"No," said Bill, very stoutly; "I don't know as I ever cried afore."

"Well, then, Lucy sent you this;" and Sydie gave Bill the parcel that he had held out of sight.

"What is it?" asked Bill, looking at it as if it were a torpedo, or some sort of an infernal machine.

"Don't be afraid of it—take it," urged Fred, holding out his mittened hand and saying, "Just see what fine mittens my sister made for *me* for Christmas."

"I ha'n't got no sister," said Bill.

"Well, well, you've got this," said Sydney, just as the farmer opened the door and shouted, "Bill—Bill Hone, you lazy good-for-nothing, why don't you bring in some wood?"

Sydney started as if the torpedo had struck him, and dodged behind the well-curb, dropping the parcel half-way between Bill's hands and his own. The shell had burst—out rolled the contents, and no one was hurt.

Fred picked up the mittens; Bill made a dive for a small book that was drowned in the soft snow.

"I'm coming," shouted Bill for the benefit of the farmer and to hide his own emotions.

"See! the mittens are just like mine; do put them on, for Lucy will want to know if they fit you," said Fred; and Bill drew them slowly on, covering his red hands. Meanwhile he had laid the book on the well-spout; Sydie picked it up and opened it. "Why, Fred, see what a pretty prayer-book! and it's from mother!—here is Bill's name in it, in her writing."

"You are all too good to me, and I'm such a bad boy," said Bill, gently rolling up the book in the paper. "I've always wanted to tell you I was sorry I called your father such names when he came up that time; won't you tell your sister I'm sorry?"

"Yes—and thank her, shan't I? for the mittens."

"To be sure."

"Coming?" called the farmer.

"Right off. Good-bye, boys."

"Good-bye, Bill," said Fred, following Bill to the wood-pile; "don't forget the ice this afternoon; we're all going; come for us."

"I'll be on hand," said Bill, from behind a hill of wood.

"Just see! that boy is as good as gone from me," said the farmer to his wife, who had been for some time watching the course of events outside. "I'll warrant he's told the Lake boys I made him sleep in the barn last night, and then I shall be hated worse than ever."

"They've brought him some presents," said his wife.

"Christmas presents, I s'pose they call 'em. I wish they was all in the Pond!"

"Don't," said the meek wife, just as Bill appeared with his wood.

"Look here! young man," was the accost of the farmer; "I want to know if you have been making complaints to them boys about me?"

"I never," said Bill.

"Did you tell 'em you slept in the barn last night?"

"I never thought of it."

"*Did* you tell 'em?"

"I never said a word about it."

"See that you don't, or you may look out for another place. A pretty time you'd have out of place at this time o' winter."

"Yes, sir."

"You may go."

Bill went.

"See here, wife! I *guess* you'd better patch up that fellow's clothes a little mite more; and may-be, on the whole, 'twould be money in my pocket if I put that old over-coat o' mine on him. I'm afraid I'll lose him, and he's the best worker I've had out of the dozen that's come and gone."

"I thought so; don't you remember I asked you to give him that coat? and I *do* think he might just as well have slept up stairs last night as in the barn. I kept awake a long time thinking about his lying there in the cold."

"Stop that, wife! *Don't* scold; we'll fix him up a little, and he'll forget all about it. You see, times is getting hard, and I'd have to pay another boy."

"Meanwhile, Bill had stolen away to his barren garret-like room with his treasures. The skates were tried on, and, for once, Bill was thankful that the floor was carpetless and worn smooth with the tread of many feet. Then the mittens came in for their share of admiration.

"Who'd 'a thought," said Bill to himself, "that that little girl that gave it to me so independent-like, 'ud have knit me a pair of mittens with her own little hands! But that taking me to church beats all! I do wonder what some folks thought when they saw me streaking up the aisle in such company! But somehow, last night, I never thought nothing 'bout it."

Bill had his mittens on, and had just sat down on the bedside and opened his prayer-book when the farmer's wife startled him. She was in the room, and he had not heard her entrance.

"Do you mean to say, Bill Hone,

that you went to church last night, and got locked out?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I'm sorry."

"Why?"

"Sorry that you were locked out, I mean. I'm very glad you went to church; if I'd known it, I'd got up and let you in."

"Oh, it's no matter," said Bill; "I didn't mind—the hay was warm."

"New skates! where did you get them?"

"The Lake boys brought them; and the mittens, Miss Lucy Lake knit them."

"What is this?" asked the woman, seeing the little book.

"It is a prayer-book; Mrs. Lake sent it to me. See! there is my name in it."

The woman turned the leaves of the book over almost tenderly, as if there were memories in every one, and Bill watched her attentively.

"You can take it if you like," said Bill; "I can't read much."

"Janet! Janet! aint you coming?" called a voice from below.

The woman dropped the book, and said, nervously, "Bill, I want that coat of yours; I've got a little time to mend it up to-day."

"Never mind," replied Bill, getting excited all in an instant, as the recollection rushed up to him that he could not go upon the ice without this coat.

"Oh, yes, let me have it—I'm in a hurry;" and Bill took the coat off, and it was carried below.

For a long time the woman sat stitching away at the much-worn coat, and at intervals a tear would fall upon it. She was busy with memories of the time when, long years ago, Bill's little book had been her weekly companion to the house of God. Now, alas! it was years since she had been there, and the sight of this little book had awakened tender longings for all the places of its association.

When Bill came down, dressed in the old over-coat, he noticed her sitting thus. He had never seen this mood on the woman before. He laid his prayer-book down beside her without a word, and went out.

Sitting up stairs on his bed, Bill thought of Benjie Wood, and wondered if anybody had thought to give him a present. Suddenly he jumped up and hurried down, taking, as we have said, the prayer-book.

He went to the wood-shed and drew out his sled—his sled that he had certainly made through great trials and abundance of patience. It was as much a miracle of art as the skates, and if not made as artistically as others, it could glide down hill under Bill's guidance with remarkable swiftness. This sled was very useful to Bill as the conveyer of sundry burdens in the work of the farm that were too heavy for his arms. Bill stood and looked at the sled with growing fondness in his heart. He remembered the labor and anxiety that the various parts had cost him as his eyes ran over them, but suddenly he turned away, and catching the string, started off with it. Half way up a hill that lay between the farmer's house and Mrs. Woods', he paused and looked back.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed; "I won't be so mean; I can carry the things myself; and if it comes *very* bad, I'll borrow it; and away he went whistling with all his might. He met Ed Hime, and the following conversation occurred:

"What do you think I heard about you this morning, Bill?"

"What?"

"Why, that you went to church last night, with them proud Lakes too, and sat in their own pew."

"It's all true but the proud," said Bill.

"Folks say they are proud, anyway," said Ed, "because them boys don't play with us, and don't go to school, and don't do anything like other people. But where are you going with that sled?—there's no sliding this way."

"I know; I'm just going over to see Benjie Wood."

"Why, I came by there on my way, and I do believe I saw one of the Lake boys going in."

"Mistake, I reckon; they've hardly had time to get home. Look here, Ed! I don't know exactly what to think; it seems to me the world's turned stock still, and then it begun to whirl t'other way, and it is going fast as a new top. Don't you think I've got a *Christmas present*, and not one, but *three;* you come over and I'll show them to you just as soon as I get back."

"Well, I will," said Ed, who had not spoken to Bill since the memorable day on which Benjie Wood had fallen in the pond; and I am very much afraid that these words of peace on Ed's part would not have been so pleasantly received by Bill but for the events of the last twenty-four hours.

The story of Christ's coming was yet fresh on Bill's heart, and it began to speak, softly it is true, and almost inaudibly to himself; yet the precious leaven was there.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BETTER go round than fall into the ditch.

I'M NOT TOO YOUNG FOR GOD TO SEE.

I'M not too young for God to see;
He knows my name and nature too;
And all day long he looks at me,
And sees my actions through and through

He listens to the words I say;
He knows the thoughts I have within;
And whether I'm at work or play,
He's sure to see it if I sin.

O how can children tell a lie,
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,
If they remember God is by,
And always has them in His sight?

LIFE is a burden, but it is imposed by God. What you make of it, it will be to you, whether a millstone about your neck, or a diadem upon your brow. Take it up bravely, bear it off joyfully, lay it down triumphantly.

RESIDENCE OF DR. STILLMAN GIBSON, NEW IPSWICH, N. H.

DR. STILLMAN GIBSON was born in Ashby, Mass., 1781, and died in New Ipswich, N. H., September 4, 1864, at the age of eighty-three years, leaving behind his excellent companion, with whom he had lived sixty years. He practiced medicine in New Ipswich about fifty years. Endowed with rare sagacity and judgment, he obtained a wide renown in and beyond New England; and, indeed, he may perhaps be considered the most famous of the self-made men that have lived in that section. The impression he has made on this generation will be as indelible as the printing on the granite of his native hills; and his sayings will echo far into the future.

Among my earliest recollections are those connected with Dr. Gibson. He was the first man that I remember who spoke kindly to me, and I knew at once he was a good friend to boys.

The view in the above engraving of the house and buildings is life-like, but I wish you had the view from the house, of the old Whittemore Hill, with the venerable tree that stood alone upon the hilltop, defying wind, and storm, and tempest.

And when the old tree yielded at last, I felt a friend had gone. And now another friend of my youth has fallen, and another link of the chain broken that binds to earth, and another one added to the golden chain that binds to heaven. Thousands of invalid pilgrims who have often visited his home, will deplore his departure, and transmit to their posterity the remembrance of his kindness and liberality. The poor, in particular, will mourn with profound grief for one who always contributed bountifully to relieve their wants. The depressed and desponding will long remember that extraordinary jovial nature by which they were led up from their low estate. Supported by our holy religion, which he had long professed, a great spirit, calmly welcoming death, returned to the bosom of his God.

CHILDREN'S "OLD TIMES."

BY SOPHIE MAY.

LITTLE LODOISKA, otherwise called "Dice," sat in the parlor with her Aunt Abby, sewing as if for dear life. Presently she looked out of the window and seeing a little figure in a red shawl approaching, she dropped her work, broke her needle, and pricked her finger, all in a second of time.

"Oh, it's Tate Greene, as true as you live, Aunt Abby!"

Dice bustled about, setting the chairs in place and arranging the sitting-room for company. Sarah Greene, or "Tate," rushed in, out of breath. Tate usually ran, whether she was in a hurry or not, for she thought walking was slow enough "to tire anybody to pieces."

Aunt Abby smiled benevolently on the children, and went on turning down the hem of her pillow-case. She liked to hear children talk, and there was something very pleasing to her in Tate's earnest face lighted up with eloquent large eyes of a bluish gray.

"Oh, Dice, what think?—I saw that old schoolmaster of ours, Mr. Fling, as I was coming here! He stood on the steps of the piazza there at Mrs. Lane's."

"Mr. Fling!" said Dice, twitching her thread and laughing; "did he speak to you, Tate?"

"Yes, he smiled remarkably pleasant, and said he, 'How's your health, Miss La—rah?' just that way. I like him out of school, but in school he used to be sort of—sort of hateful, don't you know, Dice?"

"Not exactly hateful, Tate," replied Dice, stealing a sly glance at Aunt Abby, who appeared to be listening intently; "*sometimes* he was a darling!"

"Yes, but he scolded once in a while. How he did despise to have us get under the seat and eat apples! Do you remember how his eyes flashed then, Dice? Funny eyes! just the color of his whiskers!"

"More like his hair," said Dice, reflectively.

"Well, his whiskers and hair were both red, so what difference does it make? I used to sit and think right there in school, 'Oh, what if I *should* scream out and say, "Mr. Fling's all of a blaze! Roll his head up in a rug!"

Then the little girls laughed, Dice fairly shaking her work out of her lap. What was the use of trying to hem that towel when the needle wouldn't go where it was sent? So the towel lay on the floor, while the little girls went on talking.

"Dear me," continued Tate, laughing, "he was the queerest man! I used to look him out of countenance right there in school!"

As this speech was apparently addressed to Miss Abby, that young lady shook her head with marked disapproval.

"Why, auntie," said Dice, willing to justify her friend, "why, I've looked that man out of countenance my own self! When he'd begin to scold, I'd look at him just as steady as a clock, till I knew I'd smile if I didn't take away my eyes. Then he'd stop scolding, because he was so amused, and he'd march off with his hands behind him, and I never heard any more of *that* lecture!"

"What a droll way he had," said Tate, "of stroking his whiskers when he was pleased!"

"Oh, yes," returned Dice, "and wasn't he pleased when he said anything witty? I suppose he could appreciate his own wit. *I* never was bright enough!"

"Oh, Dice," said Tate, laughing, "isn't it so queer to look back and think of those *old times?* You remember, don't you, how spiteful Mr. Fling was one day when yon and I asked to go out in school-time, and he said we might go, but we mustn't slide! How we did plague that man about sliding!"

"Didn't we, though?" responded Dice, rubbing her hands.

"Yes, Dice, dear, and how we cheated! You know we had a way of 'heeling and toeing,' as we called it—going up hill with our toes and coming down with our heels. We poked out little holes in the snow, so that our heels could go in just as easy!"

"I can't see much sport in that," said Aunt Abby, waxing her thread.

"Oh, no, ma'am," replied Tate, demurely, "I suppose we shouldn't think so *now*, but we liked it very much then. That was ever so long ago—winter before last!"

"So it was," said Aunt Abby, smiling. "I forgot that all this happened in old times. Please go on, Tate."

"Oh, I was only telling how we went out, you know, and promised not to slide, but we were as full of mischief as could be; so we heeled and toed ever so many times, right near the window, where Mr. Fling couldn't help seeing us if he looked out, and we didn't care if he did see us, for we had it all made up what we should say.

"He called us in, and looked just as savage as a lion, and asked all so fierce what we meant by disobeying him? Then you answered him, Dice, so innocent, and said we hadn't slid one step—we'd been heeling and toeing. Then how that man did laugh!"

"Under his book, though," said Dice.

"Oh, yes, under his book, of course. He always covered up his face that way, and then he thought we couldn't see him shake. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Can you tell me of something else that happened in your 'old times?'" said Aunt Abby, "for you seem to have laid up quite a stock of memories."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Tate, her eyes twinkling, "I remember how Dice and I were caught robbing an orchard."

"Robbing an orchard!" Miss Abby looked at the merry children in amazement, wondering if it were possible that the spirit of mischief ever took them into the boughs of somebody's fruit-trees! "What can you mean, little girls?"

"Oh, there was a time, ever so long ago," said Dice, "when we didn't know the eighth commandment, and we used to do all sorts of wicked things."

"It was certainly awful," added Tate; "I used to pick out the insides of mother's custard pies with a teaspoon, and then when anybody asked me, all so solemn, if I did it, I said '*Nope*,' and it sounded like *No*, and they thought I meant No, but I didn't. I can remember how I said it over to myself, 'Tate, you're a dear little girl, you haven't told a bit of a fib—no such a thing! You didn't say No, now did you?'"

"Just as bad, though, as any lie," said Miss Abby, shaking her head.

"As bad? yes, indeed, I know that

Miss Abby; but you see it was ever so long ago when I didn't know any better. And 'twas then that we went off stealing peaches. Little dots of things we were, couldn't fasten our own dresses, couldn't tie our shoe-strings, don't you know, Dice? Why, we were so little that we used to think, or I did, that the moon was a silver dollar my pa had lost up in the sky!"

"And I used to think," chimed in Dice, "that the sky was just as solid and hard as a teacup! Oh, what little geese we were, Tate Greene!"

"Geese, I should think," said Tate, seizing the thread of her story again, for it was getting into a pretty tangle. "Little geese, or we never should have gone off with those boys stealing Mr. Dunk's peaches. They just coaxed us into it; that is, they told us *not* to go, and that's the same thing, for of course when anybody made us think we weren't wanted, we were *sure* to go; we were always crazy to do just what wasn't expected of us, weren't we, Dice? Those great blustering boys! I can't bear to think now of the bad words we heard that day!"

"I know it, and I can't either," said Dice. "That was the first time I mistrusted that our little Johnny McLean ever said anything worse than 'My stars!' He lived at our house to do errands, you remember, Aunt Abby. I don't believe he ever would have grown so bad if it hadn't been for Abner Stevens. Abner was an awful boy. Don't you suppose he made our Johnny worse, Aunt Abby?"

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," replied Miss Abby, turning down the hem of her second pillow-case.

"Yes," said Tate, "and brother Benny says, 'Even an apple is known by the company it keeps.' If you ever noticed it, if you put apples with potatoes they change ever so much, and get to tasting so that you wouldn't know but they *were* potatoes. I don't believe but Johnny would have been a real good 'summer-sweeting' or none-such' apple if he hadn't gone with that Abner Stevens; for Abner was as bad as a potato any day."

"As bad as a watery potato, or an onion," said Dice, indignantly. "It was such a shame that he would get Johnny to play with him so much! I think he tried to make him bad."

"Well," said Tate, "I was going to tell how Abner made Johnny and Fred Mills think they wanted some peaches dreadfully. They thought Mr. Dunk was away, so they took a market-basket and went to his peach-orchard; but the wall was so high you couldn't see over, and so thick you couldn't see through. It didn't have any chinks in it; they were all filled up with mortar or plaster.

"Then I said, 'How are you going to get over?' And Dice lisped and said, 'How can thothe boyth get through?' Johnny just laughed, but Abner growled, and told us to mind our business, and go 'long — go'ff! But we wouldn't stir a step, and he might know we wouldn't when he told us to.

"Then Abner stood up straight against the wall, as if he was a ladder, and let Johnny climb on to his shoulders. I screamed, of course, for I thought Johnny'd kill Abner and then fall over and kill himself. But when I screamed, Abner began to swear bad words, and I trembled, but I wouldn't go away.

"Johnny got hold of the branches and shook off some splendid peaches and Freddy picked them up and put

them into the market-basket, what Dice and I didn't eat up or put in our aprons and hats and pockets and the boy's pockets."

"How sweet they were!" said Dice; "I can just remember how I wished that the world was all one great big cling-stone peach, that I could eat for ever and ever, and never come to the stone!"

"Well," interrupted Dice, "perhaps we weren't so outrageous wicked after all—we were so little then!—we did not know our a, b, c's, seems to me."

"I knew it wasn't just right," said Dice, rolling her eyes gravely. "I thought there was something going to happen, Tate, and so there did."

"Yes, Miss Abby," said Tate; "we heard a whip snap like a pop-gun, and then a dog barked, and a man screamed, 'What you doing there, you rascals!' And the man was Mr. Dunk, you might know. The boys thought he was somewhere else, but he wasn't. He had been round the house watching; and behind him was a policeman ready to pounce on the boys. I almost cried myself to death; and you never saw anybody shake as Johnny did when they got him and Abner by the shoulders and marched them to the lock-up. I thought those boys would certainly be hung—what did you think, Dice?"

"I don't remember, Tate; I only know I cried and thought I wouldn't play with bad children again. I stopped my ears, as if the air was full of screams."

"What became of the boys?" said Aunt Abby.

"Don't you know about Abner Stevens?" said Dice, lowering her voice. "He kept growing worse and worse, and nothing could stop him, and now he has been sent to the penitentiary, and I guess he wishes he'd behaved himself!"

"Gently!" said Aunt Abby, shaking her forefinger at Dice; "aren't you grieved when a child goes down hill?"

"Either sliding, or heeling and toeing, I suppose," said Tate, with a ready laugh. "Well, I'm sure we're sorry Abner wouldn't be good; but nobody loved him much, and we felt the worst about Johnny. He did want to be good, only he didn't try very hard. If a bad boy asked him to do anything, he did it; and then he smoked and chewed till there wasn't anything left of him but a little rogue."

"Poor Johnny!" sighed Aunt Abby.

"Auntie, I suppose that it must have been evil communications that spoiled him—don't you?" said Dice, solemnly. "Come, Tate, let's go and play."

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"If I were a sunbeam,
I know what I'd do;
I would seek white lilies
Rainy woodlands through.
I would steal among them—
Softest light I'd shed;
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

"If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go;
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe.
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine!
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine."

Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
Oh, as God hath blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

The sluggard is brother to the beggar.

"HANDSOME IS, THAT HANDSOME DOES."

ONE balmy morning, in the loveliest month of buds and blossoms, I stepped out upon the balcony for my usual after-breakfast draught of fresh air; for you must be aware that "old Long Island's seagirt shore" is well supplied with this grand invigorator. It was such a morning as the birds take for a grand frolic in the country, and go half wild with joyousness; when heaven's bright blue arch seems very near to us, and the soft velvety turf is spread out so invitingly, one's foot aches to press it—a morning to be happy and make others so.

But we had only the busy street and dusty pavements, so we gazed up and down, trying, like a true philosopher, to glean what pleasure and profit we could from what was before us.

Presently a pretty, neatly dressed girl came tripping along the walk, with a bright tin pail on her arm. Now I must tell you that in the "City of Churches" there are some very old settlers, called town pumps, though the Ridgewood water is fast bringing them into disuse. Well, the sidewalk near our front door was adorned with one of these, and it was here the little girl paused and, hanging her pail upon the spout, grasped the handle with her plump little hand, and it was soon brim full.

Just then a little fellow came up, and seeing her slow motions waited a moment, and then, in boy fashion, said, "Hurry up!" She turned her head quickly, and in a very rude tone replied, "No—I won't hurry up for *you*." Then taking her pail she emptied the contents into the gutter, and commenced in a very leisurely way to fill it again. This was repeated several times, the boy waiting meanwhile with more patience than one would expect. But he grew tired at last, and very wisely concluded to retire from the field and await a cessation of hostilities.

As soon as he was fairly out of sight, the young miss took her pail and turned toward home with a look that said as plain as so many words, "There! I guess he won't try to hurry ME up again."

I thought the truth of the old adage that my mother had so often repeated, was verified, "Handsome is, that handsome does," for that little girl never looked well to me afterward.

Not very long after this, I sat by an upper window watching the progress of a handsome block of brown stone fronts that were building just opposite. As is usual in such cases, the sidewalk was in a sad condition, one side sloping off toward the deep cellars, and the other blocked with huge stones and timbers—a state of affairs more pleasing to boys than any one else, and they did not hesitate to make the most of it.

Now if there is any one thing a boy really revels in, it is perfect chaos, no matter whether indoors or out; it affords him too extensive a field for operations to be lost, so he makes the most of it, and climbs and tumbles,

and shouts and halloes, till the whole neighborhood is in a ferment; he's progressive in his nature, and is fond of a stir; quiet, every-day life, such as suits ordinary people, is his abhorrence. I verily believe he would enjoy an earthquake, if it left him breath enough to dance over the ruins.

I had been watching them that morning, as they played see-saw and "follow master," climbing into all sorts of unthought-of places, with the wild recklessness of—well, boys.

Soon a poor blind man turned the corner and came groping his way along, with only his stick for a guide. Now, thought I, he will surely get a fall. But he felt his way cautiously along until he reached the most dangerous place, and then, as if by instinct, paused. I wondered what was to be done next, for surely those rude boys will scarcely trouble their heads about him; at least I thought so. Just then a noble-looking little fellow that had been watching him all along, stepped forward, and taking his hand gently and tenderly, as one would an infant, guided him safely across.

"There! *that's* the boy for me," said I to myself; "surely 'handsome is, that handsome does.'" Don't *you* think so, little reader?

EULA LEE.

THE SNAIL THAT CAME OF A DISTINGUISHED FAMILY.

BY F. G. H.

"MAY I ask to whom I have the honor of speaking?" said a large snail with a fine ring-marked shell, who was leisurely feeding upon a low branch of a very fine crop of peas.

"My name is Atalanta," replied a very meek-looking caterpillar of a brownish color.

"Dear me! what a ridiculous name for such a dingy creature! Deadleaf would be much more consistent with your faded coat, which seems to have seen better days. But, really, I hope you are not hungry, my good fellow, and that you have not come on a foraging expedition, for this row of peas belongs to my family, and to our own cousins, the slugs."

"Don't alarm yourself," said the caterpillar. "I do not like peas at all. I feed on nettles."

"Indeed," said the snail, "and I dare say you consider them very good eating. What a nice provision is made for the lower orders! How many more nettles there are than rows of peas or beds of strawberries! But *we* do not like such homely food. We feed on fruit, though sometimes, when we are unable to get any, we can manage to make a meal of young lettuce."

"Then you are easily satisfied," said the caterpillar.

"Yes," replied the snail, with a virtuous air, "I am, alas! used to the ups and downs of life. Why, one summer I didn't even taste of a peach or apricot."

"You must suffer much, then," said the caterpillar.

"Indeed I have, for an individual of so ancient a lineage. Why, our family is only once removed from the famous white Dorking snail. But we are very much troubled by those obnoxious articles, the gardeners. They almost plague the life out of us. When we are quietly feeding, the first thing we know, we are ruthlessly snatched from the ground and thrown over a

railing into the dusty road. Luckily my house is strong, and I am seldom injured. But, by the way, what do you sleep in?"

"Well," replied the caterpillar, "I generally curl myself up into a leaf, and rest during the night."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the snail, "what a gipsy sort of a way of living! Why, I should die of exposure. My house shelters me from the night dew, and I would advise you to get one immediately. There are plenty of empty ones to be found. But here comes my friend Sir Robert, and I must ask you to go a little farther off, my good fellow, for he does not like new acquaintances, unless they are particularly select."

Some time after, while our snail was crawling slowly toward a fruit-tree, he spied above his head a gorgeous creature. Its wings were of a purple black, bordered with gold. Bright scarlet bands, that seemed to have been robbed from the poppy itself, were embroidered upon them, as if in imitation of a rich Indian shawl.

"Good-morning, your Excellency. We are deeply honored by your condescending visit."

"And who may you be?" asked the lovely creature.

"Only a poor snail, my lord."

"Do you carry your food in that odd-looking cupboard on your back?"

"Why, that is only my house—my little cottage, and as for food, we snails live on anything we can find."

"How very vulgar! I suppose you have no idea how honey tastes. That is what *we* feed on—honey and dew. But how tired you must get, traveling along the road with all your goods and chattels on your back. When *we* are tired, we rest in a rose, or some other flower."

"Oh, your Excellency, how flattered I feel by the honor of your acquaintance!"

"Do you?" said the butterfly. "I am sorry I can not return the compliment. I do not suppose you recognize, in this gaudy attire, the caterpillar you once insulted and despised."

The horrified snail drew in his head in utter dismay, but soon recovering his presence of mind, he began to make an apology.

"Don't say any more," said the butterfly. "You only respect me now for my gay attire. Had you been civil to me when I was a humble caterpillar, I should not now disdain your acquaintance; but now my wings are grown, I leave you to your sordid pursuits, and fly above you in the sunny air."

Moral.—Never despise those beneath you, for they may yet be your superiors.

During the last sixty years, while the population of France has increased but 37 per cent. and that of England 121 per cent., Prussia increasing 79 per cent. in forty-five years, the increase in the United States has been 593 per cent. No wonder the aristocracy of England say the Union is not desirable, because it is building up a nation too strong and wealthy for the rest of the world.

"'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

Little sticks help better than large ones to kindle the fire.

PRUDY IN THE PINES.

LITTLE PRUDY.

THIS is the title of an entertaining little book written by Sophie May, and published by Lee and Shepard, Boston.

It is the first of a series of four books by this popular writer, who is so familiar to all our readers as one of the contributors to the MUSEUM. It is written in the most attractive style, and well illustrated.

We take an extract and illustration from the book, and commend the series to all our readers.

PRUDY IN THE PINES.

"No, my dears," said grandma, "I couldn't consent to let you go strawberrying 'up by the Pines' as you call it. It is Mr. Judkins' mowing-field."

"But, grandma," said Grace, "Johnny Gordon went there yesterday, and there wasn't any fuss about it."

"Then you may be sure Mr. Judkins did not know it," said grandma. "If he should catch any children in his field, he would be sure to give them a severe scolding."

"Besides," chimed in Aunt Madge, "Prudy isn't fit to walk so far—she isn't very well."

"No, she is quite out of sorts,"

said grandma. "So if you must go somewhere, you may take your little baskets and go out in the meadow on the other side of the cornfield. Only take good care of Prudy; now remember."

"Grandma always says that over," said Susy, as the three children were on their way to the meadow; "and Aunt Madge always says it too—'take care of Prudy!' as if she were a little baby."

"That is all because she cries so much, I presume," said Grace, looking at poor Prudy rather sternly. "I did hope, Susy, that when Horace went down to the 'crick' fishing, you and I might go off by ourselves, and have a nice time for once. But here is 'little Pitcher' right at our heels. We never can have any peace. Little Miss Somebody thinks she must follow, of course."

"Yes, that's the way it is," said Susy. "Some folks are always 'round, you know."

"Now, Susy," said Prudy, forcing back her tears as well as she could, "I guess you don't love your little sister, or you wouldn't talk that way to me."

They gathered strawberries for a while in silence, Prudy picking more leaves than berries, and sometimes in her haste to keep up with the others, pulling up grass by the roots.

"Well, I don't think much of this," said Grace; "there aint more than ten strawberries in this meadow, and those aint bigger than peas."

"Oh, I know it," said Susy, in the tone of one who has made up her mind for the worst. "I suppose we've got to stay here, though. We could go up in the Pines now if it wasn't for Prudy, and they are real thick up there."

"Yes," said Grace, "but grandma knew we couldn't without she would be sure to follow. Do you think Mr. Judkins would be likely to scold, Susy?"

"No, indeed," said Susy, eating a dry strawberry. "He keeps sheep, and goes 'round talking to himself. I aint a bit afraid of him. What could we little girls do to his grass, I'd like to know? It isn't as if we were great, rude boys, is it, Grace?"

"No," said Grace, thoughtfully. "Now if we could only get rid of Prudy——"

Little Prudy pushed back her "shaker" and looked up, showing a pair of flushed cheeks damp with tears.

"I don't think you are very polite to me," said the child. "Bime-by I shall go to heaven, and I shan't never come back any more, and then I guess you'll cry."

"What shall we do?" said Grace, looking at Susy; "we mustn't take her, and we can't go without her."

"Well, I'm a-goin' right straight home, right off—that's what I am goin' to do," said Prudy, "and when I say my prayers, I shall just tell God how naughty you be."

Prudy turned short about, and the girls went toward the Pines, feeling far from happy, for a "still, small voice" told them they were doing wrong.

They had got about half way up the hill, when, looking back, there was Prudy, puffing and running for dear life.

"I thought you had gone home," said Susy, quite vexed.

"Well, I didn't," said Prudy, who had got her smiles all back again; "I couldn't get home—'cause—I got my feet 'most damp and some wet. I won't be no trouble, Susy."

So the girls made the best of it, and helped little "Mother Bunch" up the long, steep hill. Prudy had one hearty cry before the long walk was over. "Her nose fell on a rock," she said; but as it was only grazed a little, she soon forgot about it.

"This is something worth while, now," said Grace, after they had at last reached the field, and were seated in the tall grass. "The strawberries are as thick as spatter."

"Yes," said Susy, "and grandma and Aunt Madge will be so glad to see our baskets full, they'll certainly be glad we didn't stay in the meadow. Big as your thumb, aint they?"

You see the girls were trying to stifle that still, small voice, and they tried to believe they were having a good time.

Grace and Susy had got their baskets nearly half full, and Prudy had covered the bottom of hers with leaves, stems, and a few berries, when a man's voice was heard, not far off.

"Oh, Grace," whispered Susy, "that's Mr. Judkins!"

He carried a whetstone, on which he was sharpening his jackknife.

"Ah," said he, talking to himself, and not appearing to notice the girls, "I never would have thought that these little children—ah, would have come into my field—ah, and trampled down my grass! I shall hate—ah, to cut off their little ears—ah, and see the blood running down!"

I suppose it was not two minutes before the children had left that field, pulling the screaming Prudy through the bars as roughly as if she had been a sack of wool instead of flesh and blood—their hair flying in the wind, and their poor little hearts pounding against their sides like trip-hammers. If the field had been on fire they could not have run faster, dragging helpless Prudy, who screamed all the way at the very top of her voice.

Susy and Prudy had thrown away their pretty little baskets. Grace had pushed hers up her arm, and her sleeve was soaking in the red juice of the bruised strawberries, while little streams of juice were trickling down her nice, buff-colored dress, ruining it entirely.

"You hadn't ought to have took me up there," sobbed Prudy, as soon as she could find her voice; and these were the first words spoken.

"Oh, hush, hush right up!" cried Susy, in terror. "He's after us, to take us to jail."

The family were really frightened when the panting children rushed into the house in such a plight.

"It was a crazy drunk man," cried Prudy, "and he had a axe——"

"No," said Grace, "it was that wicked Mr. Judkins, and it was his jackknife."

"And he snips off your ears and nose," broke in Prudy, "and blood comes a-runnin' down, and he kills you dead, and then he puts you in jail, and then he chased us—don't you hear him comin'?"

"What does all this mean?" cried grandma and Aunt Madge in one breath. "Have you been in that mowing-field, children?"

Grace and Susy hung their heads.

"Yes, they did," said Prudy, "and I wasn't well, and they shouldn't have took me up there, and 'twas 'cause they were naughty."

"What shall I do with children that disobey me in this manner?" said grandma, much displeased.

"Worst of all," said Aunt Madge, pulling off Prudy's shoes, "this child has got wet feet, and is sure to be sick."

THE RAINY DAY.

"OH, dear! I don't see why it wanted to rain to-day!" said Jenny Emerson, with a most unpleasant pout and frown. "If it had rained to-morrow, I wouldn't have cared, but just now, when I was going to the pic-nic—'tis too bad."

Jenny thought she was alone, but her Aunt Mary had just come into the parlor and taken her seat at her work-table, near the opposite window. She heard every impatient word her little niece uttered, and it grieved her exceedingly to find that she indulged such wicked feelings.

"It always rains when I want it to be pleasant," she went on, murmuring. "I can't see any use in it, unless it is to make me feel cross and ugly."

"Who sends the rain upon the earth, Jenny?" asked Aunt Mary, pleasantly.

"Why, I didn't know you were here, auntie," cried Jenny, blushing. "I suppose it comes from the clouds."

"Yes; but who causes the clouds to form?"

"God," answered Jenny, casting down her eyes.

"When my little niece complains of the storm, does she stop to think of that?"

"No, ma'am; I was only thinking of my disappointment. I didn't mean to be so wicked."

"This rain is very much needed," said Aunt Mary. "The earth was so dry that the farmers had begun to fear that their crops would fail; the grass was looking parched and brown; but now see how beautifully fresh and green it is. The springs of water were low, and it was so dusty in the streets that you would have had a very unpleasant walk to the grove where you were expecting to have the pic-nic. But even had it not been thus, you would have been just as wicked and ungrateful to complain, because God knows best what is for our good. He knows just the right time to send rain, and just the right time to send sunshine."

"I am very sorry that I complained, auntie," said Jenny, with tears in her eyes. "Do you think God will forgive me?"

"Yes, if you are truly sorry, and try to do so no more."

Jenny went up stairs, and knelt down beside her little bed, and prayed for forgiveness, and as she was really in earnest, I am sure that God heard her, and was pleased with her prayer.

When Jenny went back to the parlor, her aunt had found a verse in the Bible for her to learn. It was this:

"For I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

"I will try to remember it always, when I feel like complaining," said the little girl, after repeating it correctly three or four times.

"I hope you will," said Aunt Mary, kindly; "and now, if you will sit down by me, you shall read me a story while I sew, and we shall have a pleasant day, notwithstanding the rain."

Children, you have often complained, like Jenny, when a rainy day has prevented your enjoying some anticipated pleasure; but did you stop to think how wicked it was? And when you thought, did you, like Jenny, ask God to forgive you, and keep you from it in the future? C. E. K.

THE WALLED LAKE.

A WONDERFUL walled lake is situated in the central part of Wright County, Iowa. The shape of the lake is oval. It is about two miles in length and one in breadth at the widest part, comprising an area of 2,000 acres. The wall inclosing this area is over six miles in length, and is built or composed of stones varying in size from boulders of two tons' weight down to small pebbles, and is intermixed with earth. The top of the wall is uniform in height above the water in all parts, which makes its height to vary on the land side, according to the unevenness of the country, from two to twelve feet in height. In the highest part the wall measures from ten to twelve feet thick at the base, and from four to six feet at the top, inclining each way, outward and inward. There is no outlet, but the lake frequently rises and flows over the top of the wall.

The lake, at the deepest part, is about ten feet in depth, and abounds with large and fine fish, such as pike, pickerel, bass, perch, etc. The water is clear as crystal, and there is no bubbling to indicate any large springs or feeders. Wild fowl of all kinds are plenteous upon its bosom. At the north end are two small groves of about ten acres each, no timber being near. It has the appearance of having been walled up by human hands, and looks like a huge fortress, yet there are no rocks in that vicinity for miles around. There are no visible signs of the lake being the result of volcanic action, the bed being perfectly smooth and the border of regular form. The lake is seventeen miles from Boone River on the west, eight miles from Iowa City on the east, and about one hundred miles from Cedar Rapids. It is one of the greatest wonders of the West, so says an exchange paper of November, 1862.

DON'T DESPISE SMALL THINGS.—Some years ago a gentleman visiting a farmer took from his pocket a small potato, which somehow had got in there at home. It was thrown out with a smile, and the farmer taking it in his hand to look at it, a curious little boy of twelve standing at his elbow asked him what it was. "Oh," said he, "nothing but a potato, my boy; take and plant it, and you shall have all that you can raise from it till you are free." The lad took it, and the farmer thought no more about it at the time. The boy, however, not despising small potatoes, carefully divided it into as many pieces as he could find eyes, and put them into the ground. The product was carefully put aside in the fall and planted in the spring, and so on till the fourth year, when the yield being good, the actual product was four hundred bushels! The farmer seeing the prospect that the potato field would, by another year, cover his whole farm, asked to be released from his promise! Let us not despise small things.

A LADY was once declaring that she could not understand how gentlemen could smoke. "It certainly shortens their lives," said she. "I didn't know that," exclaimed a gentleman; "there's my father who smokes every blessed day, and he's now seventy years old." "Well," was the reply "if he had never smoked, he might they been eighty by this time."

THE TWO SHOEMAKERS.

JAMES and William lived next door to each other, and earned a livelihood by making shoes. Each of these men had in their cottage a small piece of furniture about twelve inches long and six broad.

With James it generally remained unused from Saturday to Saturday, when it was moved with the rest of the things, just to have the dust wiped off it, but by William there was hardly a piece of furniture in more constant request than this small one.

These two men were very unlike each other: poor James worked hard, sometimes harder than William, but it was by fits and starts, and then he worked just to keep want away, and all the time he looked unhappy and morose. William, on the contrary, worked steadily away, thanking God that he had work to do; often he whistled or sung a hymn, but oftener still he talked silently to his Almighty Friend. Children, passing, would peep in at the door, and sometimes he would ask them to stay a little, for they loved to watch the mysterious progress of boot and shoe, and while they watched, William would speak kind words to them about a greater mystery—the *soul* that each little child possessed—of the *glorious home* prepared for them—of the *evil one* who sought to hinder their entrance to glory, and the BLESSED ONE, who *died* that they might overcome all wickedness and *live* forever.

James and William's homes were as unlike as were the two men. James' had a poverty-stricken look, but William's an air of comfort. Now what made all this difference in these two neighbors and their homes? Why, the *neglect* on the part of James of this small piece of furniture, and the *prayerful use* of it by William. You guess what it was, I dare say!—the Bible—yes, *the Bible!* William could say, "The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; more to be desired are they than gold;" while poor James had not discovered any beauty in them.

Dear friends, what is your Bible to you? Is it a *mine of wealth*, ever yielding some fresh treasure; or is it a *neglected thing*, ready to rise as an accusing witness in that awful day which you and I *must* see, and from all the terrors of which the Bible, prayerfully read and lived, would have rescued us? T. P.

DARE AND DO.

DARE to think, though others frown;
Dare in words your thoughts express;
Dare to rise, though oft cast down;
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

Dare from custom to depart;
Dare the priceless pearl possess;
Dare to wear it next your heart;
Dare, when others curse, to bless.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong;
Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty, and be blest.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

Special Notice.

FROM this date—October 1st, 1864, the price of the MUSEUM will be one dollar and fifty cents, payable in advance.

We have long felt the necessity of this step, but have delayed making it for a year past, hoping that the price of paper and printing would soon decline. We have found, however, they have gradually increased, till the cost of publishing the Magazine now is more than three times what it was three years ago, and it bears very heavily upon us.

We have published the past year at a loss to ourselves, cheerfully bearing the burden because we loved the work and felt we were doing good. It now becomes a necessity to raise the price, and we feel assured all our subscribers will appreciate our position and sustain the MUSEUM in future as they have in the past.

During the last year we have had our subscription list nearly doubled, and received many words of comfort and cheer from many of you. We have in contemplation many improvements to increase the interest and usefulness of the Magazine.

We return our thanks to those who have spoken kind words of us to their friends, and sent us so many new subscribers, and we trust their efforts will be continued.

Liberal premiums for obtaining new subscribers will be given, and you can go to work at once to make up your list for the new year. Prominent among our premiums will be the MERRY BADGE, which so many have taken, and which we should be glad to send to all.

PROVIDENCE, *Sept.* 13, 1864.

DEAR COUSINS:—The shadow of Death has fallen on our circle, and we meet with saddened hearts for the "faces we shall see no more." Wilforley, our gay, bright, valued friend, has gone home—home to his Father's mansion. We shall meet his cheerful face and hear his pleasant words no more on earth, but will not his memory be with us always as we gather monthly in the Merry parlor? Is not everything there associated with him? And when we think of him with tender memories, will he not look down upon us from on high, and love us as of old?

Nor will we forget to shed a tear for his memory who has died for the dear old flag—brave cousin Henry! Just as he reached success, the angel came, and he yielded up his life for "fatherland." He has not lived in vain, or died in vain. We love our flag the dearer for the blood that has stained its sacred folds.

Others, too, have left us, to return again, I trust. Ellian's voice has long been missed, while Oliver Onley, Cricket, and C. C. have been silent many months; and Wil. H. Coleman, where is she?

But new friends throng to fill the vacant seats, and surely they are very welcome, even while we sigh for the "old familiar faces." To Jessie Bell, as one of these, I send a hearty greeting. Here's my hand and a kiss, Jessie dear. We *are* friends, aren't we. Harrie, Sue Friend, Sans Souci, Julia E., I have no cartes on hand at present, but any you will send will be thankfully received, and reciprocated as soon as possible.

Kiss me, darling little Prairie Rose; Kitty Clover, too, and Lurline. Come over into my corner, all three, and we'll have a right nice time together.

Romance, do send me your kitty's *c. de v.* I want to see it *ever* so much.

Here's my hand, Juno, extended for the fulfillment of your promise I am sure we shall sympathize, for I do love music dearly, and Gail Hamilton; while as for Longfellow—! Have you ever read "My Lost Youth," Juno?

Little Pearl, you are a darling.

Queen Fleta forever, Muriel! Down with traitors and mushroom kings!

Puss, I've waited long in vain to hear from you.

Who told you, Phun, about the "Doctor with his whiskers?" Ah, Phun! you betrayed yourself there. I know you now, beautiful cousin.

Mignionette, dear Mignionette, will you not speak to me? Surely, of all

others, you and I should be friends. I fear that you'll disdain me, looking from your height of experience, though you seem sweet and kind. But speak to me, do, *please*.

Uncle, forgive me, this time. I don't write often at such length, so please let it pass. *Don't* be sick, Uncle dear, but get well for the soldiers and for us all.

DAISY WILDWOOD.

Merrys all, both great and small,
Listen to the cousin's call.

May I join your ranks and become a Merry soldier? I have been a reader of the MUSEUM for some time, and like the Chat ever so much. Please give me a seat near some nice young lady, and I will be all attention.

Phene F., are you related to all the Phenes?

Flib, I have seen your carte, and like you real well. When *will* this cruel *war* be over?

Saucy Nell, Pertine, Flib, and all of the uncles and cousins, please write to me and send your cartes. Hattie Lee has my address. All accept lots of love from SUNBEAM.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., *Sept.* 9, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Are there any of my Merry cousins in St. Louis? If so, why did they not recognize my silver badge, which I displayed so boldly in my rambles through their great city?

How sad it is to think that we shall read nothing more from the enlivening pen of talented Wilforley! His Christian death alleviates the sorrow.

Loyalty, I am awaiting an answer to my second letter. As ever, SIGMA.

SOUTH BOSTON, 1864.

I think that some of the "human warriors" are "doing professionally the decline and fall, and in a friendly manner dropping into poetry;" but "oh, what a fall was that, my countrymen!" W. A. R., you're really very in-*spirit*-ing.

Jolly J., I have had no opportunity of consulting with Miss D., but I know *you*.

Nellie Van, silence gives consent; you may—'twill be very felicitous.

Saucy Nell, it's very necessary that I should know you. If you write me, you may hear something to your advantage, possibly.

'Tis very sad about H. A. D.,
"All sunk beneath the wave!"

Ever of thee, LUCY W. C.

AIRY CASTLE, *July* 9, 1864.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I thank and love you very much for receiving me Sister didn't think you would, because you have letters from so many older boys and girls to look over.

Now, Aunty, I believe you must be a little like my father; he always likes to bring persons right to the point, and from your questions I guess you do too.

If I tell the real truth, I'll have to say that I was sorry for all three reasons. I didn't mean to disobey, only I ran off without thinking, which I know was not good.

I could hardly keep the tears from coming when I heard that your little girl was so sick. I hope she is well now, and that some time I may see and have a merry play with her. Please, Aunty, don't forget

SANS SOUCI'S LITTLE BROTHER.

From the land of *pointed ones* I come as a candidate for admission. I feel perfectly at home, so please excuse my youthful forwardness.

Uncle, Coy is a little bashful in publishing her address, and asks you to do it for her, but I don't see it.

Nell of B., you seem to approve of Uncle Merry's plan; suppose mercury stands at ninety-eight degrees above instead of ten below zero, what will our poor sex suffer for you then?

How do you do, Nuisance? I guess you are not thought as such among the Merrys.

Jolly J., how are *you* now?

Comet, you have arrived before your prophesied time.

I see that a Real Sharper is cold—do you acknowledge it, W. A. R.?

Gertie, May Clayton, A. N., Spec(k)-tator, and others, will you exchange?

Gertie, do not turn your back on the band of Merrys, but try again.

Little Stranger, I follow your example. Please obey Uncle's command.

Josie, Margaretta, and Gipsy, I have seen your photos, and I echo Pontiac's request.

Grasshopper, your poetry, some time ago, in the language of Leslie, must have caused a sleepless night, if I may judge by former letters.

And now, cousins, hoping you will welcome and speak to me through the great institution, I bid you a kind adieu, signing myself your Merry cousin

IAGO.

GT. BARRINGTON.

DEAR CHATTERBOXES:—Once more I come among you after being absent since February.

Poor Wilforley! what a sudden lull in our circle will be caused by his death.

Jessie Bell, give me your hand. I wish I *could* come often.

Irving, when is that photo coming? You will find my address in Uncle R.'s possession.

Phene F., "patience is a virtue." As soon as I can I will send you one. I'm afraid

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

Ned L., who are you? Haven't I the honor of your acquaintance? Where do you hail from?

Grasshopper, you're a brick. Won't we make folks open their eyes, though?

Eva Grant, whereabouts did you reside in Gt. B.? In town? You are not the "young lady of Boston" who sent one of those letters to the soldiers, published in the August number? You did not live near the S. I., so full of *S*anguinary *I*mps, did you?

Why don't some of you Merrys wear badges? I've only met two or three Merrys with them so far.

Hattie L., I sent you a letter "long, long ago;" up to this time I have received no answer. It is quite important. What's the matter?

Well, friends, countrymen, and lovers, it is time for me to "retire in good or der." So farewell till next time.

Yours, FIDDLESTICKS.

POINT GREEN, *Sept.*, 1864.

Hark! Not a sound in the Merry parlor save that of woe and grief! See! not a countenance that does not betoken deep and heartfelt sorrow, nor an eye that is not bedimmed, nor a cheek that is not wet with tears. Two "vacant chairs!"—Wilforley and Danker, both gone! passed away from earth and our Merry circle forever. How we loved, and shall miss them! This, I know, has been the first thought of the cousins on reading the sad news. But only a few of you knew Wilforley personally; those of us who did, can realize what a loss he is, not only to *our* circle, but to the community in which he lived. Those of you who were present that evening at Minerva's will never forget how merry and how full of life he was. Little did *we* think when parting with him that night, that he had attended his last Merry meeting on earth. But God takes the purest and best, most loving and loved, first to himself, and we must submit, no matter how bitter, or how much to be regretted in the demand, and in the true spirit of the prayer which He has taught us, say and feel "thy will be done on earth."

And Henry A. Danker, too, noble soldier and sailor (for he has been both), has perished while nobly fighting in the cause of freedom, and to perpetuate the honor of that "dear, old, star-gemmed banner." Angel bands from Paradise have caught up the departing souls; have sped upward with them through the almost boundless ether; have landed them safely on the shining shore, and now the voices of our loved and lamented cousins blend with the voices of the saints as they join in singing the anthems of the redeemed before the throne of the King of kings.

Death's angel seems to be in our midst—two of our bravest and best have in succession fallen. Whose turn comes next?—ah, whose? Would that we could know! Let us turn from the world and the sins which beset our pathway at every step; let us follow the bright and shining example of Wilforley, and be prepared, as he was, to *go* when the summons comes.

Brothers, you have passed away
From a world of tears and strife
To one of endless, perfect day,
A never-ending happy life—
Gone where angels ever fair
Join to sing Jehovah's praise,
Where spirits, free from grief or care,
Sing through never-ending days.

LESLIE.

DEAR UNCLE, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—May I be permitted to join your Merry circle? I will promise not to trouble you too often with my nonsense; and, as I am quite small, I shall not take up much room. Now, let's be acquainted right away, and not wait, as some children do, for "him or her to speak first." If you could go out roving with me some of these fine mornings, I think we would soon be friends. Wouldn't we chat together, and tell fairy tales?

Wanderer, please write to me. Moss Pink and Custis, let us be friends. Love to all. Yours with respect,

SIMPLICITY.

DEAR EVERYBODY :—I've not spoken for some time. Em. Moore, we both came in on the same day. Speak to me, won't you?

Calleta, of course I'll "scrape." You may have got my letter by this time.

Juno, *I'll* speak to you. Will you write? My address is changed to care of Dr. Fanning, Fishkill-on-the-Hudson. I made a mistake both times in my name, and didn't like to scratch it out. My name is LILLIE LINDEN.

Send your real name, Lillie, to Uncle Robert, which will not be given to others unless by your consent.

IVY DELL, *Aug.*, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:—The Northern Star comes once more to make bright the paths of the Merrys. Sorry to hear of the death of Wilforley.

Romance, please send me your photo. Uncle Robert has my address. Good-bye for the present. NORTHERN STAR.

NASHVILLE.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I think it's my turn to be heard for a little while. I have not received any books since I came down here from Louisville, and consequently am not posted. I have done something that I did not think I should do, and that is, I've met a real "Merry cousin" down here in Tennessee. Her name, I think, is Rosebud. However, she *is* "Merry," and that's enough for me.

I am sure I belong to that "Independent Order of Great Talkers." I am going to have my photog taken, and want to X with some "Merry"—young ladies preferred.

Everybody write to their Merry cousin,

ARTHUR LEE.

PRAIRIE HOME, *July* 5.

MERRY COUSINS :—"You'd scarce expect one of my age" to write to you, but still I will do it. I am a poor young "sucker," without a name. I ask my Merry friends to give me one—a good one, too. Who will have pity on the little one who seeks "a name to live" in this glorious old volume? I am not a bit W.A.R like; neither have I "Blue-Eyes," although I have a failing in regard to the latter articles.

I am in great need, so please have pity on your cousin, NAMELESS.

WILLIAMSPORT, *Aug.* 9, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—It is a long time since I have "darkened your parlor door;" have you missed me any? I presume not, with the din of such a "W. A. R." about your ears.

Now, taking it for granted you would like to know, I am going to tell you where I have been this long time. I have been in college, therefore have been so busy as not to have the time to come and see you.

How nice your visit to the soldiers was! Last Christmas our school sent a box to the prisoners at Richmond, giving up our annual Christmas tree to do it. Weren't we "good girls?" It contained prepared chocolate, crackers, tea, coffee, paper, etc., and some money. Will you ask if any of the Merrys ever attended the E. F. College? If so, I claim "relationship."

Juno, I like you and all you speak of. Will you exchange *c's de v.?*

Elfie Dryad, I have been "tossed in a blanket" (or tossed other folks, which amounts to the same).

Willie H. C., you shall have *two* chairs for taking care of our soldiers. Yours truly, ELFELDA.

NOT FAR FROM THE SANCTUM, *Sept.*, '64.

MERRYS ALL :—As soon as I have had my say, I'll retire and stay in the shade for another six months, perhaps.

Friend Comet, do you suppose I want to go "scooting" off into boundless space? Not much. Greatly obliged for the recognition, however, and you may hear from me again.

I visited the "sanctum" about five minutes after you left, Puss, and I have grieved terribly that I was not a little earlier. Wilt thou ex.?

Who will ex. with their coz.? Don't you all speak at once. Hattie, for the benefit of the "worser" sex, you may put this in small-caps, if you wish.

Uncle Hiram, do have some compassion on LOYALTY.

BINGHAMTON, *Sept.* 16, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS ALL :—Will you not admit one more into your Chat? I have always been a reader of the MUSEUM, but have never before ventured to address Uncle Robert. I was impelled to do so now by the notice in September MERRY of the probable death of H. A. Danker. I had the pleasure of

attending lectures with him the past winter at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and I can say truly that he was one of the most faithful students in the institution. He graduated with honor in the spring, and had his life been spared, he would have been an ornament to his profession. So the young and talented are every day passing away, teaching us to be also ready.

Now, cousins, that W. A. R. has emigrated to South America, let us have a reign of peace, and all remain loyal to our noble queen Fleta.

But I only designed this time to make my bow, so with the suggestion that I should be happy to exchange *cartes* with any of my new cousins, I bid you all a Merry good-bye. MANUS.

Extracted Essences.

RHODA OF GUILFORD—all right; take a seat. The hickory and hatchet can not keep still; they were made for work, and are kept constantly busy. The manipulator is hard at work on a six-page letter. We hope for the best, but can only wait the result with patience.

SPY, we have an eye on you; take a seat, Comet. Send your *c. de v.* to those with whom you desire to exchange.

ROBIN HOOD, all the way from Minnesota, "so far out West there is no such thing as a '*carte*' maker there," wishes some of the cousins would send photos. All letters, whether for the Chat or on business, should be directed to J. N. Stearns, 111 Fulton Street, New York city.

WARRIOR marches into the Chat in true military style, and desires to exchange shots and *cartes* with the Merrys.

PHIA KAPPA, our circle is a "charming" one, and strangers are always welcome, but their real names must be sent, *for our use only*.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

ALLIE G. R. wins the prize for July puzzles.

L. H. wins the prize for August puzzles, having correctly answered all but one. You saved us a deal of trouble. Aubrey, A. S. W., Maria W. M., and Locust, can you guess how?

"Aunt Sue sends her love to Jeannie M., *Sans Souci*, and Mary A. E., and thanks for their letters."

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

220. On a desolate island
Lived a mariner gray,
Ever wishing and sighing
For my *first* to bear him away.

Under a beautiful tree
A maiden fondly reckoned,
Soon she'd surely see
And have a chat with my *second*.

My whole is a rover free,
And like the tropic bird,
His home is on the sea,
And his note as loudly heard.
W. A. R.

221. I am composed of 18 letters:
My 8, 14, 7, 18 is a medley.
My 16, 6, 13 are an extensive class of animals.
My 1, 2, 17, 12, 18, 9 is good, toasted or raw.
My 15, 4, 8 is a limb.
My 5, 3, 13, 12 is not so broad as a highway.
My 2, 17, 10, 11 will render its occupants uncomfortable.
My whole has frequent recourse to the MUSEUM. *F. Mitchell.*

222. Entire, I am an animal; beheaded, I am a verb; replace my head, and transpose, I am a member of the body; transpose again, I am a blemish; curtail my last, I am a parent. *W. E.*

223. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 8, 5, 10, 3, 11 none should do.
My 4, 2, 1, 6, 8, 9 we should all be.
My 7, 6 is a verb.
My whole is a celebrated man.
Nedloh

224. Why is a quack doctor like a pasionate man?

225. Why is a piece of news you have twice received, sure to be new?
A. Older.

226. When are trees like soldiers?
S. D. H.

227. Transpose an article of food and leave a kind of hair. *H. C. Hazen.*

228. Entire, I am something sweet; curtailed, I am something you must use in guessing this.
Harry Whitmore.

229. Behead a very bright object and leave a very dark substance.
S. A. Ford.

230. Behead an article of furniture and leave something we all have; behead again and leave what we can not live without; transpose, and leave a boy's name.
Moss Rose.

231. My first is an animal; my second is to bite; my first is fond of my whole. *Geo. T. McKinney.*

232. Behead an implement and leave a weapon. *Heber.*

ANAGRAMS.

233. Did we, Mel? *F. W. C. C.*

234. Hi!! Cry Val! *Grasshopper.*

235. Put no liar home. *Busy Bee.*

236. Rub sad. *Ernest.*

237. I 'post time. *Tommy.*

238. One lard. *Somebody.*

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed:

239. My —— do not —— to —— bad books. *M. C. H.*

240. —— an —— leaves? *Stupid Harp.*

241. All —— need ——. *Sigma.*

242. The —— claimed a ——. *Forestina.*

The following blanks to be filled with the same word differently pronounced:

243. It is difficult to —— a ——. *Franc.*

244. I am a word of five letters, containing—(1), a part of every one; (2), a fixed point of time; (3), part of a verb; (4), skill; (5), an open surface; (6), a seaman; (7), a small animal; (8), a species of rent; (9), a week; (10), a part of a pronoun; (11), a cover; (12) and (13), very useful articles; (14), a large animal; (15), an Eastern plant; (16), a preposition; (17), a timid animal; (18), a pronoun; (19), to abhor; (20), passion; (21), to chide; (22), an interjection; (23), what we all must do.
Loyalty.

Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of next month.

Answers to Questions in Aug. No.

171. Furlough.
172. Bug-bear.
173. Orange, organ.
174. Expectoration (expect oration).
175. Moat, atom, oat, at, t.
176. Clover, lover.
177. Golden-haired Effie.
178. Last, salt.
179. Don, nod.
180. Gander, danger.
181. Hurt, Ruth.
182. 1. Colt's-foot. 2. Flea-bane. 3. Brook-weed.
183. Grace Darling.
184. Isaac Newton.
185. Unconstitutional.
186. Educational.
187. Sensation.
188. Representation.
189. Mohammedanism.
190. Confirmatory
191. Rock-oil.
192. Afghanistan.
193. Clock.
194. Turnspits, turnips.

L. H. answers all but 194.
Aubrey answers all but 177, 192, 194.
A. S. W. answers all but 174, 184, 192.
Maria W. Marshall answers all but 174, 177, 184.
Locust answers all but 174, 177, 184.
Birdie answers all but 171, 174, 177, 184, 189.
C. W. J. answers all but 174, 177, 180, 183, 184, 188, 189, 192.
Anna J. B answers all but 174, 177, 179, 180, 184, 188, 193, 194.
Loyalty answers all but 171, 174, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 194.
Rhoda of Guilford answers all but 174, 177, 180, 183, 184, 190, 191, 192, 194.
Mercury answers 181, 182, 187, 188, 191, 192, 193, 194.
Muriel answers 172, 173, 175, 187, 188, 192, 193.
Lillie Linden answers 171, 172, 176.
Silver Spring answers 172, 183.
Mischief answers 171, 172.
Cupid answers 176, 195.
President answers 176, 185.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Maria W. Marshall, Rhoda of Guilford, Eloise Boughton, Mercury, Polhamus, and Aubrey.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN."

"Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them and PRAY."—MATT. xix. 13.

WITH soft cheek resting on her hand,
Sat little Mary Lee,
Bending above an open book
Which lay upon her knee.
What was it filled her little face
With such an earnest look?
What was it caused a silent tear
To drop upon the book?

"Mother, it never seemed before,
As now it seems to me,
If Jesus blessed the children,
How blessed they must be!
I never thought of it before,
As I've thought of it to-day—
They brought the children that he should
Put his hands on them, *and pray!*

"If I might only have been there—
If once upon my head
The Savior's folded hands might rest,
While one short prayer he said—
I'm sure if Jesus prayed for *me*,
I could not go astray,
For he would ask his Father
To bless me every day.

"And then I should be very sure—
As certain as could be—
If he put his hands upon *my* head,
That the blessing was for *me*.
It is very sweet to read it,
But it seems so far away;
I long to see his face,
And hear the words which he would say."

"Yes; 'twas a precious hour for them—
Those children Jesus blessed;
They saw his face, *they* heard his voice—
Were to his bosom pressed.
But what he said to them, my love,
He says to you to-day.
If you listen for a 'still small voice,'
You yet may hear him say—

"'Suffer the little children—
Let them now come unto me—
And I will pray the Father,
And my own lambs they shall be;
I'll lead them by green pastures,
And where sweet waters flow;
With their loving, tender shepherd
They joyfully shall go.'

"And you may be just as certain,
If you take what he has said,
As the children of Judea,
With his hands upon their head;
Just as certain of his blessing,
Of his special love to you,
If you give your little heart to him,
And just believe him true.

"It would be good to see him;
But 'tis enough to know
That once he did come down
And live with sinners here below;
To know he gave his life for us,
And rose again, that we
May come to him, and taste his love,
And with him ever be.

"Oh, listen, then, for that kind voice!
It comes to you to-day
From such a gentle shepherd's call
You will not turn away.
Together we will ask him
That your name may be enrolled
Among the precious lambs
He leads in safety to his fold."

KRUNA.

THE groundwork of all manly character is veracity. That virtue lies at the foundation of everything solid. How common it is to hear parents say, "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know that he will not deceive me. I build on that confidence." They are right. It is a lawful and just ground to build upon. So long as the truth remains in a child, there is something to depend on.

A LAZY boy makes a lazy man just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make our great and useful men—were taught to be industrious.

"GO-AHEAD," AND THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILIP SNOW'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—*Continued.*

LITTLE Benjie was so much pleased with his toys that he could eat no breakfast, but spent the time in looking at the books and playthings which Santa Claus had brought him.

When Bill Hone entered the tiny dwelling of Mrs. Wood, he fancied that he heard a suppressed rustle and the sudden shutting of a door, but there sat Mrs. Wood (for on Christmas-day there surely was no toil for her hands to do—hands that worked untiringly from year to year) with her arms around Benjie, who sat in her lap, and he was shaking his fair curls hither and thither until they seemed like a halo around the most joyous little face that could be found.

"Oh, Bill, my dear Bill, come and see—just see what somebody's brought to me, to be for mine, all my very own! Here's a wagon, with a yed

top and 'ellow wheels, and it can *go*, too; and a top, that will spin like anything; and *you'll* show me how to play with these marbles, won't you? Oh, I'm the gladdest boy, Bill; and mother, aint you glad I didn't go to heaven that time, 'cause then I should not have these?"

Long before Benjie finished, Bill was examining the toys he held, with almost as much pleasure as the owner of them.

"Benjie, did these come down the chimney?"

"No—they com'd by the door over there."

"Did the wagon roll in, and the marbles? and did the top come spinning up the door-step?"

"Why, no; Fred Lake brought them; and Harry, the boy who's got *gray* hair like mine, he sent 'em—all for Christmas, you know."

Bill turned suddenly, for he heard the door of an adjoining room move; then all was still, and he forgot it in a moment.

"Well, Benjie, I'm glad you've got so many things, and may-be you won't *care* for my sled, but I brought it for you."

"Your sled—your big yed 'Go-Ahead,' not for me!" cried Benjie, sliding down in utter forgetfulness of wagon, top, and marbles.

"What's the matter, mother?—here is Bill Hone a giving his yed sled to me."

"I mean it, Benjie—it is just outside."

Benjie sprang to the door and threw it open wide. There lay the "Go-Ahead," resplendent with sunlight and red paint.

Benjie looked at it at first in utter silence; then he looked at Bill, and said, "Why, Bill, what will you do 'thout this?—you want it to draw things on. Don't you know you showed me a whole pile o' stones, that you were going to put into a wall, that you said 'Go-Ahead' brought for you?"

"You see, Benjie, I've a large heap of stones there that aint used up, and I shall get on very well."

"And I shall bring 'Go-Ahead' down to see you every day. Is it a dog that will run home again?—shall I have to keep it tied up?" asked Benjie, stroking lovingly the rope that held it.

"I guess you can keep it at home," replied Bill; then suddenly remembering that there was to be a skating party, he asked permission of Mrs. Wood to take Benjie. The freckles on Bill's face grew deeper, and his cheeks flushed crimson as he asked the question, for memories of the last time that he was there flooded him with a rush of remorse; but he choked back the tide of emotion, and hastened to say, "There is no danger now—the ice is strong, and Mr. Lake is going, and his boys."

"Yes, mamma, *do* let me; and may-be Bill will draw me there on 'Go-Ahead.'"

"To be sure I will," said Bill; "and I want Benjie to see my new skates."

"Who gived 'em to you?" asked Benjie.

"Fred and Sydie Lake, this morning."

"I guesses they's all Santa Clauses in their house," said Benjie; and Bill departed with the promise of Benjie for the afternoon.

Bill's cap was yet in sight when two heads emerged from an inner room in Mrs. Wood's house.

"This beats everything," cried Fred;

"to think of Bill's giving away his sled; why, Mrs. Wood, he told me in confidence the day we went to get the green tree for Christmas, that he had taken all the money he had got for more than a year to buy that sled with—the materials, I mean, and here he has given it away."

"Perhaps I shouldn't have let Benjie take it," said Mrs. Wood.

"Oh, yes—we're right glad, Sydie and I, because we've got something to do now."

Fred and Sydie had held a whispered consultation in that inner room, and it resulted in a unanimous decision, which for the present was closely kept.

"This would be the best Christmas I ever knew, if Lucy could only get her presents," said Fred to Sydie, when the two boys had taken leave of Mrs. Wood and Benjie, and were on their way home.

"Yes, to be sure; and I'm so sorry, only mother told me not to tell her so, or to take any notice."

"That seems selfish when we have so many things; but I'm going to tell her all about Bill's 'Go-Ahead.'"

"And the 'Flying Dutchman?'" suggested Sydney.

"To be sure; she will be happy over that."

"I mean somebody else to be."

"What *shall* we do about the Christmas-tree?" asked Fred, suddenly remembering that the tree had been drawn exultingly home, and then put aside when Lucy lost her last chance, because it would be painful for her to have no part in it.

"We must hide it," said Sydney.

"We can't; we will draw it off, where she will never see it again," said Fred.

Lucy Lake chanced to look out from a window of her room a little while after the return of the boys from the trip to see Benjie Wood, and she saw Fred, Sydie, and even little Harry, drawing away the Christmas-tree, and exerting their strength to the utmost to get it around a corner of the barn. Lucy's tears came back afresh as she thought of the motive that prompted them to do this. "I suppose they thought it would hurt me to look at it," she said to her mother, as that lady came in and saw what was going on outside; "but indeed, mamma, I should like the tree to be brought in, and put where I could see it all the time—perhaps then I should remember."

"Lucy, my dear, you asked me to help you find some new way to overcome this disagreeable habit," said Mrs. Lake, "and I have been thinking since then—"

"Well, mamma," and Lucy dried her tears.

"Don't you think we ought to try and make ourselves as agreeable as we can to our friends?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Don't you believe Mrs. Allen would be much pleasanter to everybody if she did not keep always in motion?"

"Why, yes; do you remember, at the funeral of that little boy, last week, how she seated herself in a large rocking-chair and kept going to and fro all the time, and between every pause in the service the chair creaked and squeaked until I laughed, and some man, at last, put his foot on the rocker next him, but in a minute she moved the chair and began again? I thought then, 'I never would rock all the time.'"

"And then there is Miss Moore, who bites her lips, and takes the skin

off. I saw her the other day with one lip bleeding, and she didn't know it."

"Then there is Mr. Beech, who always pulls his mustache; and Mr. Dean, who twists a lock of his hair," said Mrs. Lake.

"All these things they could help if they would," said Lucy.

"Certainly, they could; and they would be much more acceptable as members of society and as servants of Christ if they would correct them. We should strive to make ourselves *lovely in all things.* I am certain that my darling wishes to please God, does she not?"

"Oh, yes, mamma," said Lucy.

"Then try and remember that it is for Christ's sake that you are to overcome this evil habit, that you may imitate Him more closely, and win some one to love Him better, by the example of Christian manners. The world is a long, long distance from appreciating the highest state of human refinement. Just think how perfect society would be if the Golden Rule were obeyed; simply 'do unto others as you would that they should do unto you,' and we should have a state of society more courtly than the world has ever seen. Christianity is the highest possible form of civilization."

"Mother," said Lucy, "you remember the day last week when you took me to New York with you; well, in one of the stages I saw a gentleman—I mean that he looked and was dressed like one—and I thought he was a very nice man, until, by-and-by, I saw him stoop forward and open his mouth and spit ever so much tobacco stuff right on the floor of the stage. I thought then that if he would use tobacco he might be nicer about it. Then when we got out, a young girl got down too, and do you know she had dragged her dress right through it, and I heard her say it was new and the best dress she had; now don't you think that was wrong, because, maybe, the girl was poor—she looked so, and that she had worked very hard to get that dress, and so the man had *robbed* her of it by his mean habit."

"Yes, my dear; it was wrong, absolutely wrong, and no Christian gentleman would do such a thing; why, my child, I have seen one of the *outside* gentleman, who would not on any account have one see him, *watch* the chance to soil the finest carpet with tobacco, rather than to take a little trouble to rise or to move. Such things make me ashamed."

"What are you two talking about?" asked Fred, entering at that moment and throwing his cap upon the table, "you look as grave as judges."

"About bad habits," said Lucy.

"I've plenty of them, this minute," said Fred; "I scowl and frown; I forget to brush my teeth; I say 'hadn't ought,' and 'ha'nt got nothing;' I throw my cap down; I forget lots of things that I ought to do—oh, *I'm* a very bad boy; punish me this minute, mother; and then I've something to tell you two."

The punishment was a kiss, and the story was told. It concerned "Go-Ahead" and the "Flying Dutchman."

"Now Sydie and I have decided that we will make one sled do for two, and so to-night, when it gets right dark, we are going over to the red house with the 'Flying Dutchman' to leave him there for Bill. To *think* of his giving up his sled to Benjie, when he wants it so much!"

Lucy jumped up and nearly threw Fred down with astonishment and two fair arms that clasped his neck very tightly.

"Why, sis, what's this?" he asked, recovering himself.

"I am *so* happy," said Lucy, "happy to know that Bill is so generous, and my brothers are so too."

"This is only an act of Christian courtesy—'doing unto others as you would that they should do unto you,'" said Mrs. Lake, a fond gladness springing into her eyes as she saw Fred's bright face glowing with pleasure and the exercise of dragging the Christmas-tree that was never to be used for Christmas.

"Hurrah, Fred, I want you this minute," shouted Sydie from below, and Fred ran down.

"Come out, come this minute. I want you to see what we've found in the barn. I don't exactly know what it can be," said Sydie in an under-tone; but Mrs. Lake caught the word barn, and she called—

"Boys, don't go into the barn to-day."

Sydney's face was furrowed for an instant, for he was bitterly disappointed; but the request was obeyed, and the barn was not visited, and Sydney contented himself by assuring Fred that it was "something very nice, and quite large, and all wrapped up, and he *knew* it never had been in the barn before;" and with the lucid description Fred was compelled to be contented till the time of the coming of the stars.

At the appointed hour on Christmas afternoon, Bill Hone appeared in his mended coat and with Benjie Wood mounted on "Go-Ahead," and the merry party started for Birch Pond. Mrs. Lake and Lucy were of the number. Birch Pond was one large mirror. Winter had determined to have a fair view of her own beauties, so on deep shadowy surfaces she had set her looking-glasses of ice, and the sun of Christmas-day illuminated them gorgeously.

Bill Hone's skates gleamed to and fro in the sunlight, from end to end of the Pond; his red hair and his freckled face were seen everywhere, first, with a dart across with Benjie as passenger on the "Go-Ahead;" then, around the edge with Harry Lake, and now gently guiding Lucy, who had never before trusted her precious self on skates, and was still very doubtful whether any one, except her father, was capable of holding her.

It was nearly dark when the party left the Pond, and Bill was obliged to hurry away with Benjie, lest Mrs. Wood should fear that some harm had befallen her darling.

A slow, soft sound, half of gliding, half of creaking, throbbed on the still night air. Just before the moon arose on Christmas-night, three small figures stepped lightly over the snow to make no breath of noise. near the red house on the hill. The "Flying Dutchman" was tied fast to the well-curb for fear he might fly away, and the three small figures stole away down the hill and were lost to sight.

The little prayer-book that Bill left beside the farmer's wife when he went to take his sled to Benjie had been hidden away until evening, and now, the farmer, having gone to sleep, she sat and read it, the tears slowly rolling down as some long-forgotten prayer or hymn of praise was restored to her through this little book. As she read, her face slowly lighted up with the power of a strong resolve. But her lips were sealed. No sound came from them as she closed the book and went away. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTEGRITY is the backbone of character.

THE BROKEN WATCH.

SUPPOSE I break the mainspring of my watch; it runs down; it won't go. I try to mend it, but I can't. I ask one of you to do it. You shake your head and say, "I can't do it." I take it to a shoemaker; he can't do it. I take it to a carpenter, a wheelwright, a blacksmith, a lawyer, a doctor; but none of them can mend it. After a while I take it to a watchmaker; he understands all about it. He puts a new spring in it, and it goes as well as ever.

Now, the soul is like a watch; sin has broken the mainspring; it won't go; we want some one to mend it. We want a new heart, or a new mainspring for the watch; but the Soulmaker is the only one who can do this. To try to get this done in any other

way, is like carrying your broken watch for repairs to a shoemaker or a blacksmith.

There was once a man in India, a heathen, who felt that he was a sinner. His conscience troubled him dreadfully about his sins; but he knew not how to get rid of them. He had spent several years in consulting the priests, and visiting the different temples, in the hope of getting relief. He did all that he was told to do; but it did him no good. At one temple he was told to take a long journey on his hands and knees. He did it; but was no better. He had washed himself in different fountains; he had fasted till he was almost worn to a skeleton; he had done many painful things, but without any relief. At last he was told to put sharp spikes inside of his shoes, and travel to a distant temple, and make an offering to the idol, and he would be relieved. He had been there, and offered his sacrifices and prayers, but in vain.

Sad and sorrowful, he was returning home with the spikes still in his shoes. Wearied with his journey, he halted one day in the shade of a grove by the wayside, where a company was gathered around a stranger, who was addressing them. It was a missionary, preaching the gospel. The poor heathen listened with great interest. The missionary was preaching from these words: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." He showed how Jesus was able and willing to save all who came unto Him. The heart of the heathen was drawn to Jesus. He took off his torturing sandals and threw them away, exclaiming, "This is the Saviour I have sought in vain. Thank God I have found salvation."

This poor man had been carrying his broken watch to tinkers and blacksmiths. *They* could do nothing with it. At last he found the Saviour, and all was right.

Jesus says, "Look unto *Me*, all ye ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else. *Besides me*, there is no Saviour."

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

Oh! for some deep secluded dell
Where brick and mortar's line may cease,
To sit down in a pot of grease—
No, no, I mean a grot of peace.

I'd choose a home by Erin's wave,
With not a sound to mar life's lot;
I'd by the cannon have a shot—
No, by the Shannon have a cot.

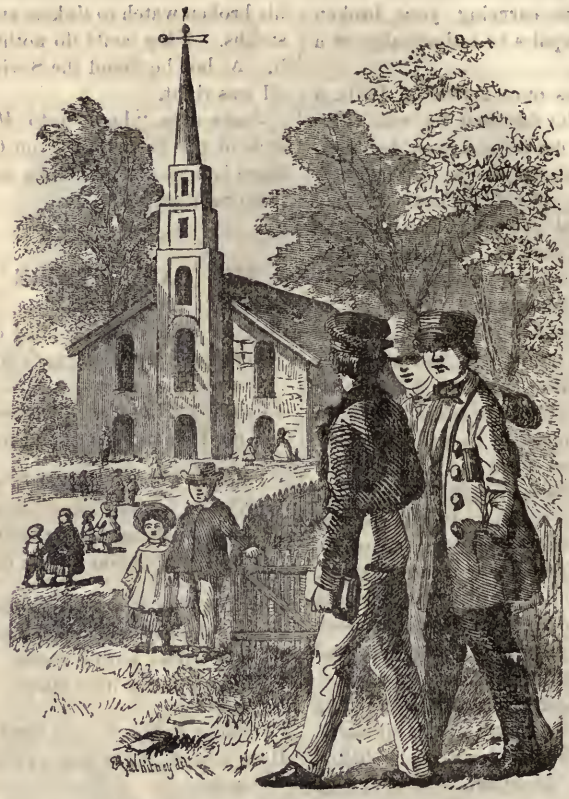
How fair that rocky isle around,
That wide expanse, to scan it o'er;
I love a shiver with a roar—
I mean a river with a shore.

Romantic Erin's sea-girt land!
How sweet, with one you love the most,
To watch the cocks upon the roast—
I mean the rocks upon the coast.

'Twere sweet, at moonlight's mystic hour,
To wander forth where few frequent,
And come upon a tipsy gent—
No, no, I mean a gipsy tent.

In that retirement lone I would
Pursue some rustic industry,
And make myself a boiling tea—
No, no, I mean a toiling bee.

Or, sweet with your fond wife to sit
Outside your door at daylight's close,
While she's hard hitting at your nose—
I mean hard knitting at your hose.



THE HAUNTED BELL.

A TRUE STORY.

NO portion of our country has sustained such a reputation in days past and gone for superstition as New England; and whether that reputation has been just or unjust is not a very easy matter to decide. We may guess, and guess on to the end of the chapter, and make out nothing more than a pretty long chapter on guessing. Strong nerves will sometimes unravel knotty questions of the imagination, where weak-nerved people fail, and such was the fact in the following curious story.

In one of the New England villages, long, long years ago, there stood an old church, so old, indeed, that the oldest woman in the village could not tell when it was built, and in the spire of this old church hung a large, heavy bell, as musical and noisy an old fellow as ever lived, when he got his tongue in motion; and with a mouth large enough to swallow an ox, and a tongue as long as my arm, he had the ability to make more noise than all the rest of the village.

On every fourth of July he would send forth such a merry sound as to

set every little boy and girl jumping with joy; and on Sundays he would send forth such a sober, solemn sound as to completely silence every tongue but his own, and reverently call the children to the Sunday-school; but when a fresh pile of earth was hove up in the grave-yard, he sent forth such a mourning tone as made all look sad and solemn.

The old bell in process of time became the oracle of the village, and was looked up to with almost superstitious reverence. Some people thought he was noticed quite too much, for in his old age he began to toll himself without help from any one, particularly on dark, stormy nights when the winds blew strong and the rain beat roughly over him. One night in the month of September there came up a terrible storm, which was long remembered for its severity. The wind blew a gale from the southeast, and how far it had traveled over the ocean before it touched the land no one could tell, but many vessels went to the bottom of the ocean with all on board, while others were drove on the rocks and dashed in pieces, while the storm-king would catch up great handfuls of sea-foam and throw it for miles inland, covering the leaves with the salt spray which, when dried the next day, fairly looked white with salt; large trees were torn up by the roots, roofs torn from buildings, and buildings torn down by the violence of the storm.

Through all the uproar of that terrible storm, the noise of the wind and rain, that old bell kept up a faint and mournful tolling, and nothing made that terrible storm so awful as the wailings of that old church bell.

About eleven o'clock the next morning the old bell got into one of his wildest tantrums, and went into such a fit of hysterics as to alarm the whole village. Every little boy and girl started at once a home telegraph to catch up and carry the news that little May Castleton was lost on the juniper hills the day before, and had been out through all that terrible storm; and the ringing of the bell was to call the villagers together to hunt up the lost pet.

Little May was left an orphan at a very early age, and had been adopted by one of the deacons of the village; and soon, with her gentle winning ways, won the love of every one.

Little May had started out late in the day to call her uncle home to supper, and help him drive the cows home from the pasture, as she said. But when her uncle came home with the cows, he had neither seen nor heard of the little girl.

He immediately started to look for the lost pet. He could easily see her little foot-prints in the dusty road, on past the pasture-bars, and traced her into the juniper hills beyond. These hills commenced just beyond the pasture, and were some ten or twelve miles in length by four or five miles in width, and were wild, rough, and rocky, with a few scattering trees of the sugar-maple, rock-oak, and chestnut, with a large portion of red cedar and juniper bushes.

Nobody lived among these hills, and but one public road crossed them. But the hills were covered with blind, crooked paths, made by cattle and sheep, which crossed and recrossed each other in every direction. Into one of these blind paths little May had wandered, just before that terrible storm commenced, and was lost among those wide hills.

Her uncle rallied as many of the neighbors as he could before dark; who, with dogs, tin horns, conch shells,

and rams' horns.* commenced the search. Through that long, terrible night that little company kept up their long, weary search, never stopping except to consult upon their plans for finding the lost girl.

Occasionally they would give a great shout, and then give a great blast with their conch shells and rams' horns, but the storm-king's great trumpet would drown ten thousand conch shells, and their loudest shouts were but soft whispers in that hoarse, bellowing storm.

Toward sunrise the storm ceased, the clouds drifted far away to the east, the sun rose clear and bright, but no little May was found. It was decided to return home, get some breakfast, and have a general rally by ringing the old church bell.

Within one hour from the first tap of the bell the good villagers had collected one hundred men and boys, old and young, together—all who could stand a hard tramp; and some ten or twelve little heroes, who were too small to go, and had hearts too big to stay at home, actually had to be tied up by their mothers to keep them in, when they fretted and chafed all day like so many young colts.

The line, when formed, was long enough to stretch half way over the hills, and the orders were for every one to keep in sight of his nearest companion, and in no case to blow a shell or horn until the girl was found; but all might shout as much as they pleased. The line was to sweep down on one side of the hills as far as the road, some four or five miles distant, and unless the lost girl was found, to re-form on the road, and countermarch back on the other side of the hills.

Over the hills, through swamps, briers, and juniper brush—over rocks, large logs, broken limbs, and large trees, leveled by the storm, the long column sped on its mission of love. The road was reached about four P.M., but nothing seen of little May.

After resting on the road for half an hour for all stragglers to come up, the long line swung round to the other side of the hills, and back it slowly came.

Five P.M., nothing seen of the lost girl yet.

Six P.M., half-past six, it began to grow dark, and the whole company began to make preparations for another night's search, when away to the extreme right of the column, as a little hero twelve years of age was passing a large rock under which the wind had blown some dry leaves, he looked under, and there lay little May nestled down among the leaves fast asleep.

"Oh, May! May Castleton!" shouted Willie Jones; "wake up and go home with us. Here have we, ever so many of us, been looking for you all last night and all day, and here you are fast asleep."

"Oh, Willie," said little May, rubbing her eyes, "oh, Willie, I'm glad you have come, I don't know what to say. The wind blew so hard—the great tree kept breaking and falling so, that I was afraid, and cried so because I could not find the bars, and I said 'Our Father who art in heaven,' and then I crawled under this rock and went to sleep. Then the sun came up and shone so pretty, and the birds sang so loud, I thought I would go home. But the trees were so large and the

* These rams' horns are such as were used by the priests of Joshua's army when the walls of Jericho fell down. Conch shells are a marine bivalve, brought from the South Sea Islands, and both can be heard a long distance when skillfully used. These were much used in New England fifty years ago to call the farmers in to dinner, and were very musical indeed to the hungry boys.

bushes so thick I could not find the road, so I picked some huckleberries, said 'Our Father' again, and then I thought some beautiful angels came and told me the people were all looking for me, and would certainly find me, and I thought you were among them. But when you hollered for me to wake up, they all ran off. Didn't you see them, Willie? they were certainly along with you when you called me."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Willie; "I don't see any angel but you, and if there was any here, they must have run off when I came up."

"But May," said Willie, "if you won't be scared, I'll blow my conch shell and see if I can't call 'em back."

With that he raised his shell to his lips, and blew so loud that it fairly made the juniper bushes shake themselves. In a few seconds another, and then another, and in half a minute more than twenty tin horns, rams' horns, and conch shells were going at one time.

It was but a short time after this great blast was blown, to let the whole know little May was found, before the company were on their march home, with the lost pet at the head of it. For the first mile Willie kept close by the side of little May, thinking, no doubt, as he had found her, he had the best right to keep guard over her on the way home.

Before they reached home with little May, Willie was missing, and while the inquiry was making for him, the old bell began to ring faster than ever. Willie had heard some one say, that it had been agreed upon among the villagers, that when little May was found, no matter what time of day or night, the bell was to be rung to let them all know it. Willie had borrowed a colt from one of the men who had one along with him; on the plea of being clean tired out, used up, had mounted him, and rode as fast as he could make him go for the old church; and Willie it was who was pulling at the bell-rope with all his might when May Castleton reached her home.

If ever there was rejoicing in that village, it was on the night when May Castleton was found among those wild juniper hills.

After that fearful night, the belief that the old bell was really haunted, was stronger than ever before. As the story of May Castleton gradually passed away, the haunted bell seemed to occupy the whole of the public mind.

At last one of the deacons declared the matter must be investigated at whatever peril, even of life itself, and volunteered to be one of three to pry into the mystery the first time the old bell took any more such liberties. They did not have to wait long. One dark, stormy night the old bell began again toll—toll—toll in its most mournful wail and their time had come.

The deacon's companions carried two tin lanterns, while he had armed himself with a Bible. This looked rather serious, but at the same time showed the worthy deacon was not to be trifled with.

They proceeded cautiously to the church, unlocked the door, stepped in, and locked themselves in. They stepped slowly up the gallery stairs, and up into the spire they went, up winding stairways, through gloomy attics, and among projecting cross-timbers and large festoons of cobwebs, until they stood but a few feet below the haunted bell. Another flight of stairs, a trap-door, and the dreaded bell was before them.

It was decided that the deacon was to go first, raise the trap-door, grapple

with the enemy if he found any, and they would follow close behind with a light. All this time the old bell kept up the same sad wailing toll which made every one of them positively turn pale.

"Deacon, deacon," whispered one of the men, "I—I—don't like this business; let us go back."

"'The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion,'" said the deacon, solemnly but faintly, as he stepped up the winding stairway. He gently raised the trap-door, and as he did so, again the old bell sent forth its mournful wail.

The night was terribly dark, a strong wind beat upon him, and brought a driving rain with it. He placed one hand on the rim of the bell, and the instant he touched it, it gave forth another wail.

"Oh—dear—what—shall I do?" groaned the deacon. "Oh, Lord, help me!" As he slid his hand round on the rim of the bell, it came in contact with something very hard and cold, with a *hoof* on the end of it. "Oh, Lord, come! come quick! I've got him by the leg, and he's kicking the bell," groaned the deacon. The men reached up with their lanterns and found the deacon down on his knees; in one hand he held his Bible, in the other, he held the head of an *iron bolt!*

It seems that some careless mechanic had been employed to repair the frame-work in which the bell was hung, and had done so by bolting a heavy joint to the frame-work. The continual strain upon the frame had loosened one end of this joint, and it had swung round and hung just low enough to hit the rim of the bell with the head of the bolt. When the wind blew strong it caused this unruly piece of timber to swing back and forth and faintly toll the bell.

From that time to this another generation has passed away, and as neither the story of May Castleton or the haunted bell has been preserved, I have ventured to send it to Uncle Merry's cabinet of curiosities, to be preserved for future generations, and to instruct the present.

UNCLE TIM.

THE WORLD.—There is more sunshine than rain—more joy than pain—more love than hate—more smiles than tears, in the world. Those who say to the contrary we should not choose for our friends or companions. The good heart, the tender feelings, and the pleasant disposition make smiles, love, and sunshine everywhere. A word spoken pleasantly is a large spot of sunshine on the heart—who has not seen its effects? A smile is like the bursting out of the sun behind a cloud to him who thought he had no friend in the wide world. The tear of affection, how brightly it shines along the dark path of life! A thousand gems make a milky way on earth, more glorious than the glorious cluster over our heads.

TEMPORAL BLESSINGS.—Wish for them cautiously—ask for them submissively—want them contentedly—obtain them honestly—accept them humbly—manage them prudently—employ them lawfully—impart them liberally—esteem them moderately—increase them virtuously—use them subserviently—forego them easily—resign them willingly.

As the earth is but a point compared to the heavens, so are earthly troubles compared to heavenly joys.

THE COCK AND THE FOX.

A FABLE.

AN experienced old cock was settling himself to roost upon a high bough, when a fox appeared under the tree. "I come," said the artful hypocrite, "to acquaint you, in the name of all my brethren, that a general peace is concluded between your whole family and ours. Descend immediately, I beseech you, that we may mutually embrace upon so joyful and unexpected an event." "My good friend," replied the cock, "nothing could be more agreeable to me than this news; and to hear it from you increases my satisfaction. But I perceive two hounds at a distance coming this way, who are probably dispatched as couriers with the treaty; as they run very swiftly, and will certainly be here in a few minutes, I will wait their arrival, that we may all four embrace together." Reynard well

knew, if that were the case, it was no time for him to remain there any longer; pretending, therefore, to be in great haste: "Adieu," said he, "for the present; we will reserve our rejoicings to another opportunity;" upon which he darted into the woods with all imaginable expedition. Old chanticleer no sooner saw him depart, than he crowed abundantly in the triumph of his artifice; for, by a harmless stratagem, to disappoint the malevolent intention of those who are endeavoring to deceive us to our ruin, it is not only innocent but laudable.

MORAL.

To retort the artifice employed against us is an allowable part of self-defense in time of war.

MOTHERLESS.

MOTHERLESS! 'Tis a strange word to one who has never known the loss of a mother—almost meaningless. There is a dark unreality about it, something that can not be felt or understood.

But to those who have seen a loved mother's form lying pale and motionless, robed for its last resting-place; those loving eyes closed never to open again on earth; those lips that never before refused a kiss, cold and still; who have heard the hard clods of earth strike with a dull, heavy sound upon the coffin, each sound sending a new thrill of pain through the heart—oh! to them the word comes home with its full meaning!

Too well they know of the desolate, aching heart; of the empty, cheerless rooms, once brightened by her presence, *now* empty and cheerless even though they were crowded; of the restless wanderings through those rooms, looking, longing for something gone, until the heart seems bursting with the sense of loneliness that pervades everything.

And though this is only for a time, and we shall mingle with the world and be gay and careless as before, yet there will be hours when we are alone when we shall long for a mother's loving smile, when we shall yearn for a mother's gentle caresses, and would give worlds, were it in our power, for one kiss from a mother's lips.

Oh! the cherished memories of a mother's love—they can never, never be forgotten. Hallowed remembrances of childish prayers, murmured, kneeling at a mother's side, come to us in the still night, and softly we repeat them, adding a petition for the childish faith of former years.

And in the dark hour of temptation, a calm, sweet face, with a sad, reproving smile, glides gently in, a low voice murmurs, pleadingly, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;" and the demon who would have lured us on to destruction stands spell-bound, and the "white-winged angel" smiles again through her tears.

Oh! if there could be one joy added to the happiness of heaven, it would be that there I should see my mother!

LIZZIE H.

THEY who live with falsehoods—fashion, vanity, worldly ambition, self-importance—as if they involved lasting interests, will be blind when brought in contact with the most impressive realities, because, in the ordering of God's providence, the same favors invest both truth and deception, the things of time and the things of eternity; and only the eyes that have been opened by his grave can see the immeasurable difference between them.

SEA BREEZES—THE SEALING ISLAND.

H, dear! do you think it is going to rain to-morrow, Captain Parry? I shall be so vexed if it does," said little Mattie Price.

The captain put on his weather-wise look and took an observation of the clouds. He shook his head a little discouragingly, and Mattie said, "Oh, dear!" quite discontentedly.

"I have seen the day when I would have hailed a good dark cloud, heavy with rain, as I would a life-preserver when I was just about to sink in a storm."

The children quickly formed into a circle, some sitting on the wooden settle, and others on the door-steps, for this was a signal they well understood.

"You see, we were left on a sealing island, where there was no water, and our ship went on to China, to be gone six months. She left us what we thought would be plenty of water, but it was water we had caught on the island in the rainy season; and when we opened our casks, behold there was a great deal of sediment in the bottom! This made our supply a great deal less. After we found that we should have to economize it very much to make it last until the ship came back, we all stopped work. We had only a pint bottle full allowed us every day, and a man can not work in the hot sun on that. There we were, all shut out from the rest of the world, as much as if we did not belong to it. There was no escape from that little island. It was a barren, desolate spot. Away on the mountains was an old volcano, but it was all still when we were there. The whole island, a scholar we had among us said, was once raised up from the bottom of the ocean. If it came up, why couldn't it go down again? was a question I used to puzzle my head over, when I lay there on my back those long, hot days, with nothing to do.

"Well, after a time we got almost crazy for more water. We made several plans for going down at night and stealing some. It was in a very difficult place to get at. We had to let a man down by a rope over a steep precipice. So we could not run to it whenever we chose. We had a mile's walk before we came to the place. One night a Frenchman, who was of the party—a desperate fellow—told some half a dozen of us he would kill us if we did not go. His eyes were as bright as the dagger he showed us, and as our thirst was as great as his, it was not very hard work to prevail on us to go along. We drank our fill that time, and though we knew it was like drinking each other's heart's blood, as the old supercargo said when I told him of it in port one day, we were too glad to feel as uneasy in our conscience as we ought. Did you ever know, boys, that dying of thirst is one of the most agonizing deaths a person can die, and that there is nothing can equal the enjoyment of satisfying thirst when you are suffering from it?

"One day, about a month before the ship was expected home, it seemed as if we could not hold out any longer. We did not eat much. It increased our thirst. I was lying on my back,

thinking of my home and my old mother, away off in Connecticut. You may suppose I thought of the old well, and its well-sweep and bucket, a good many times, and some salt drops came into my eyes as I remembered my boyhood. Just then I saw a young fellow near me spring up and seize his junk bottle and drain it to the bottom. 'You'll be thirsty enough before night,' thought I. But I looked farther down, and I saw the other men doing the same, and hurrahing and capering about in such a way I thought they must have gone mad. But the madness seized me pretty quick when I looked off at sea and saw our good old ship in sight, back four weeks before we expected her. We didn't stop to inquire what news she brought. We ran as fast as we were able to the casks of water which had been so carefully husbanded, and broke open the head of one as soon as it could be got at. Then we drank and drank until we were in danger of killing ourselves. It was not ice water by any means, which was the better for us. We wasted a good deal, but what did we care for that? Was not the blessed old ship just out at sea, within easy reach, with plenty more on board?

"She left us one good cask, and that very night she was blown off by a storm such as are very common in those tropical countries. The storm blew on steady, day after day, and now our condition became worse than before. The ship was still just faintly seen against the sky, but the contrary winds would not let her come any nearer. The water, of which we had been so wasteful, was all gone now. Six of us got out the boat and pulled hard half a day to reach the ship, but we saw by noon that we could not possibly reach her before night; and we dare not toss about in such a sea, in the darkness, so we had to pull back to the shore as best we could. It was hot, weary work for men with not a sup of water to cool their mouths. The next morning, with the first faint ray of light, six others started, and managed by the hardest work to reach the ship, but could not get back with any supplies. So the second day and night passed without a drop to drink still. About night, the next day, the supplies of water reached us. Those were the longest three days I ever spent, or ever expect to. We never appreciated such a common mercy as water as we did after that sealing voyage. We are not half as thankful as we should be for these common blessings, but such an experience makes us look on them in a new light."

"It makes me as thirsty as I can be," said Benny Price.

"And me too," said Robbie Lawrence; and the children all trooped down the graveled walk to the shady spring, under an old gray rock, and drank and drank again from its clear, cold waters.

"If you had only had that spring on your island, Uncle Parry," said George May. "I wonder if people ever go there now?"

"I have heard since that nothing could be found of the island, so I think likely it has gone to the bottom of the sea again sure enough."

"I guess you are glad enough you were not on it, Uncle Parry; and I know I am," said little Rose, as she kissed him good-night.

Why are pen-makers very bad persons? Because they make people *steel* pens, and say they do *write*.

MAPLEWOOD PHANTOM TALES.

BY MAY MANNERING.

IT was a cold, gloomy evening in November, such an evening as follows

"Those melancholy days,
The saddest of the year—
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere."

We were still at grandma's dear old mansion at Maplewood Grove, reluctant to leave the scenes of our lovely midsummer and golden autumnal days. When the winds were *very* desponding, and wailed and mourned *too* sadly, and the clouds frowned dark and impatiently at the wind's complaints, we thought it best to withdraw from the elemental quarrels and seek refuge within doors. The fine, large drawing-room was the favorite place, for there we could sit before the great, cheerful, open fire, listen to its joyous roar, see its bright pictures, and forget the gloom without.

Dear old drawing-room! how well I remember it with wreaths, crosses, and bouquets of holly and evergreens and graceful sprays of oats, wheat, and barley. Fine old paintings hung about its walls, and the grandest old furniture filled the room.

Here hung the Atherton arms, made in needlework by grandma in her early days, and over it the sword and belt worn by grandma's father while in Washington's army during the great Revolution.

There was grandfather's portrait, taken when he was a young man, in full glory of powdered wig, ruffled shirt, and small-clothes. Curious rich gilt-frames inclosed small paintings on ivory of General and Lady Washington, presents from themselves to our great-grandfather of Revolutionary fame. These highly distinguished relics occupied conspicuous places, and were greatly revered by our household.

The other paintings were choice foreign works, bought for large sums in Europe by grandma's brave son, "Commodore John," as he was familiarly called. The fire-screen was always of interest to me, the stand being made of richly carved ebony, and the needlework above executed by grandma's own hand, long before her marriage with Colonel Atherton.

Massive silver candlesticks, with lions' heads for feet, held long, colored wax tapers, and were placed upon the mantle and brackets about the room. The old furniture was curious, clumsy, heavily carved, and grand, but much too grand for our comfort, and we all preferred the modern easy-chairs and lounges which grandma had provided for the luxuriant taste of her delicate city granddaughters and friends.

But the soft cushions of the deep window-seats were the nooks and seats of many a little "fireside" or indoor fairy. Pencil in hand and portfolio before them, they would nestle there and sketch the naked old elms and maples out on the lawn.

Oh! but I almost forgot my story which I was going to tell you of that cold, gloomy evening in melancholy November.

We all sat or lounged on our easy-chairs and sofas which we had drawn around the fire. The lights burned low and dim, for we wished them to, and this allowed

"Shadows from the fitful firelight,
Like phantoms grim and tall,"

to "Dance upon the parlor wall."

Grandma was of the group, of course,

and her daughter Mary, from Baltimore, with her children—Fannie, a beautiful girl of seventeen, and Josephine, a gay, sensitive "fly-away" of fourteen. And there was another daughter, Hope, with her husband, Mr. Montague, and their twin boys, Frederick and William, lads of fourteen. A few more grandchildren, among whom I must be counted, and some neighbors, who had dropped in, completed the group. But we must not forget our noble Newfoundland dog "Pilot," who lay stretched upon the velvet rug before the fire sleeping, and doubtless dreaming of his former seafaring life. By his side sat Corniel, our Batavian monkey, watching the fire and group with great attention and interest. These pets finished the group.

"Oh," said gay little Josephine, "how cheerful it is here!

Within this pleasant parlor
All's warm and snug and bright,
While winds howl loud and mournfully
On this cold November night."

"Well done, Josephine, for impromptu rhymes," said Frederic; "I don't think I could do as well, but let me try:

The wind wails loud, and the wind sweeps high,
Through lonely groves and through the dark sky;
It mourns the lost flowers, it mourns the dead leaves,
And wails out their dirge through the sorrowful trees."

"Oh, don't, Fred, don't talk about 'howling winds' and 'dirges for the dead,' on such a gloomy night as this. Already you have made me think of the old Eastern sepulchers and tombs where the Oriental women mourned, wailed, and howled for their dead, and I don't want to think of them now."

"Nonsense, Josephine; I always thought you sensible, now don't begin to be 'scarey,' like the rest of your sex. For my part, I think it is just the night to hear such things; a 'ghost story' would go better to-night than almost anything else."

At the sound of "ghost stories" the young folks began to look wild, their eyes grew bright, a delightful little tremor passed over them, and they looked nervously toward the doors and windows and at the

"Shadows upon the parlor wall,
Like phantoms grim and tall."

"Yes, yes," they cried, "let's tell all the ghost stories we know."

"Well," said Mr. Montague, "if you will promise not to be frightened, I will tell you a story of something which actually occurred."

"We will *try* not to be frightened," said Josephine; "but no matter if we are, go on with the story, please." So we children nestled closer to each other, put our arms about each others' waists, and prepared to resist any phantom which might come.

"In the year 1840," began Mr. Montague, "my brother James was captain of the good ship 'Ann.' She was owned by Mr. Robinson, of Richmond, Virginia, and was about to sail from that port with a cargo of flour for Rio. As several vessels were to sail at the same time, Robinson was very anxious that his ship should get in first, that his cargo might have the best market and bring the best price. So he urged James 'not to spare his canvas,' but try to make a short trip, and if he got in first he would give him a handsome present. 'Never mind the present,' answered my brother, 'I always sail my ships as fast as they ought to go, and I'll do my best to get in first.'

"I guess I had better tell it to you,

friends," said Mr. Montague, "as if my brother were speaking himself, it would sound better."

"Well, any way," answered the party, "that you think best."

"Pilot Ramsey took us down the James, out the Chesapeake into the Atlantic, with his usual skill.

"It was the first night out, and after we had passed the capes of Virginia, and were going along smoothly with an eight-knot breeze, I thought I would turn in for the night. It was about the middle watch, which is, you know, between twelve and four, that I had my first dream. It was a common dream enough, and I did not think seriously of it at the time. I dreamed that I saw Robinson, the owner, coming toward me on an old white horse which he always rode, and beckoning to me. He was dressed as usual, in a long black coat, and looked as I saw him last. After dreaming it, I turned on my other side and again to sleep, and dreamed exactly the same dream without alteration; and again the third time I dreamed the same thing.

"In the morning, while dressing, I thought it a little singular that during the night I should have been favored with but one dream, and that three times. I went on deck and took a turn or two in the morning air. The ship had kept her course all through the night, and was now doing her best, ten knots, which is all I ever got out of her.

"My crew were all colored men, and so far had done very well. The mate gave some orders, little things, which one man could do. Two went to do them. Another order was given, and two went again, instead of one, and looking about I could not see a man alone by himself on any part of the deck or rigging. Those at work in the lower rigging had their heads pressed close together and were mysteriously whispering to each other.

"'Negroes are a superstitious race,' I thought, 'they have got frightened about something.' So I called the mate and asked what was the matter with the men. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'there was a ghost seen here last night.' 'A *ghost!*' exclaimed I in astonishment, 'tell me what he looked like.' 'Well, sir, he was a tall man dressed in a long black coat, and he stood at the leeward gangway. He looked just like Mr. Robinson.' 'Did any besides you see him?' I asked. 'Oh, yes, sir, the whole watch saw him,' he answered. 'Let the watch be called,' said I, willing to investigate the matter.

"'Men, was anything remarkable noticed aboard this ship last night?' 'Yis, sar, yis, a ghost come aboard here, sar—we all seed him, sar. He was a tall man, with a long black coat on, and he stood jest at de le'ward gangway, sar. He looked 'zactly like Massa Robinson, sar.' The men firmly believed in the ghost, and feared him and their own shadows the rest of the voyage.

"We made a quick passage and arrived in Rio, the first of the fleet. No letters awaited us on account of our quick trip. The flour sold well, and we soon started out homeward bound. Nothing 'ghostly' occurred during this trip, and in due time we were again off the capes of Virginia. A pilot-boat hove in sight and bore down for us. As it came alongside, who should come up the ladder but Pilot Ramsey, the same man who took us out. 'Well,' said I, 'pilot, what's the news?' 'Oh, nothing new,' said he; 'I suppose you heard of Robinson's death some time ago?' 'Robinson dead!' exclaimed I; 'why, when did he die?' 'He

died, sir, the very night that you left the capes of Virginia.' My dream and the apparition came forcibly to my mind. Was there any connection between Robinson's death and the affair on ship-board? Who can tell?"

"This is strictly true, and all from my brother's lips," said Mr. Montague as he finished.

"Oh, it makes me tremble all over," said Nellie Childs, "but I do like to hear such things." Then all the folks talked about the story, and the little folks asked questions in abundance—until Will said, "But we promised to take turns, so now, grandmother, you will tell us one, worse than that even, will you not?"

"Well," said grandma, "I suppose I must do my part, so listen."

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

LITTLE THINGS.

EVERYTHING is beautiful when it is little, except—souls; little pigs, little lambs, little birds, little kittens, little children.

Little martin-boxes of houses are generally the most happy and cosy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered Paradise than anything we know of. Little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment.

Little words are the sweetest to hear, and little charities fly the farthest, and stay the longest on the wing. Little lakes are stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms best tilled. Little books the most read, and little songs the best loved.

When Nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little; little pearls, little diamonds, little dews.

Everybody calls that little which they love best on earth. We once heard a good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied she must be a perfect *bijou* of a woman. We saw her; she weighed two hundred and ten; we were surprised; but then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart, and have room for other things besides; and what was she but precious, and what could she be but little?

We rather doubt the stories of great nuggets of gold we sometimes hear of, for Nature deals in littles almost altogether. Life is made up of littles; death is what remains of them all. Day is made up of little beams, and night is glorious with little stars.—*Herald of Health.*

COUNSELS TO YOUTH.—Let youth ever remember that the journey of life presents few if any obstacles in its path which faith and perseverance will not overcome. No talents, however great, will be of much value to their possessor without careful using. Many a youth has failed of being any benefit to himself or others, solely because he made no effort to improve the talents God had given him; and others have ruined themselves by too great efforts; while a third class, possessing talents that might have enabled them to become blessings to others, have turned their course downward, and by drinking, smoking, gambling, and licentiousness, have sunk in everlasting night.

Youthful reader! remember that it is in your own power to belong to either of the above classes, and upon yourself rests the happiness or misery consequent upon the decision you make.

THE IRVINGTON STORIES.

THIS is the title of a beautiful new holiday book published by James O'Kane, New York, and written by M. E. D., the author of "The Indian Friend," and of other tales published in "MERRY" during the past year.

The book is exquisitely illustrated by Darley, and from the variety and interest of its stories can not but become popular among the young folks.

We give this month an illustration and an extract from the work, being Chapter Fifth, a story of the Rebellion, entitled "*Captain George, the Drummer Boy.*" Captain George is a noble-hearted, heroic boy of fourteen years. At the time of enlisting in the army as drummer he was captain of a boy company in his native town. Hence his title. Captain Warner is his friend, and is also the lover of George's sister, Lucy.

CAPTAIN GEORGE, THE DRUMMER BOY.

At the close of the second battle of Bull Run, George's regiment lay in the woods all night. Worn out with fatigue and excitement, he had crawl-

ed beneath some bushes, and fallen into a heavy sleep. When he awoke in the morning, he discovered to his consternation that he was alone. His regiment had been drawn off before daylight, and in the hurry of departure he had been quite forgotten. Only an instant, however, did our plucky little captain stop to look at the unpleasantness of his position. Seizing his drum he started manfully on, trusting that he would be able to find his comrades at some point not far distant.

Suddenly his attention was caught by the sound of an approaching horse. The attitude of the rider was suspicious—he almost lay upon his animal's back—and George could not distinguish what uniform he wore. Was it friend or foe? Rebel guerrillas were lurking about, and in all probability this was one of them. While still at some distance, the horse stopped irresolutely. The mysterious rider clutched helplessly at the animal's mane, then, with a groan, fell heavily to the ground. His form was hidden by the underbrush, but our brave drummer boy had heard enough. Whether the uniform were Union or rebel, a wounded man was in it, lying helpless in the forest. George hurried toward the spot. He could see the hand raise a pistol as he approached.

"Don't fire!" he cried. "I am coming to help you!"

The pistol was lowered.

"Good gracious! Captain Warner, is it you? You are wounded!—you are dying!"

"Water, lad! Give me water!"

George shook his canteen. It was not quite empty. In a moment the white lips had drained the last drop.

"Oh! captain, what has happened? Don't you know me?"

The captain smiled faintly, and held out his hand.

"Yes!" he gasped. "Captain George. Bend closer, lad. I am bearer of dispatches to General Pope. About a mile from here I stopped, as you would have done, to help a wounded rebel. He was screaming for water. I gave him my canteen. He drained it, and—the wretch drew his pistol and fired. I had strength to kill him; but it's all over with me now. Listen! You must take—"

"Oh! captain, let me run for more water. You can scarcely speak."

"No, lad—there is no time to lose. Is my horse there?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must take him—here, this pistol, too. There's a knife in my belt—you may need it. Now, George—these papers must be delivered to the General, at all cost. Hide them under your jacket—is it done?"

"Yes, captain."

"There!—keep on to the right—you will strike the main road. Then on, for your life—by the cedars—past a ravine—across burnt cornfields; then take the road again, and on, until you see the pickets. Keep close along the road, my boy—look sharp! Here, take off my spurs, and put them on. There's a screw at the side—gently! Can you fix them?"

"Yes—but, captain, I can't leave you in this way—not until I stop that bleeding!" And George hastily cutting and tearing off part of his jacket, tried to staunch the blood flowing from the wound.

"No! no! Go! It is too late! If you love me, go at once; and, George, tell your sister—tell Lucy that I—" He fell back with closed eyes.

"Captain, captain, speak to me!" screamed George. In vain the poor

boy, kneeling beside his friend, called his name again and again. In vain he loosened the blood-stained garments, and blew frantically between those white, parted lips—the captain could answer him no more!

The horse was a noble-spirited animal, but made no resistance when George sprang into the saddle.

One look upon that dear, motionless form; one hasty, backward glance at the drum that somehow had become as a part of himself, though he felt that he must leave it now, and he started on his perilous errand.

The main road was reached at last—the cedars were past—the shadows of the ravine were about him, when, at a sudden turn, he found himself surrounded by a party of horsemen. Dirty, ferocious-looking, attired in tattered rebel uniforms, and fully armed, they were not a pleasant company for a small boy to encounter unexpectedly.

"Hello! youngster, whar yer bound ter?" shouted the foremost man.

"That's my own business," was Captain George's prompt reply, as he jerked the reins, and tried to dash past them.

Two horsemen were at his bridle in an instant.

"Let go, there!" cried George, seizing his revolver.

"Oh! murder!" shouted one of the men in mock terror, as he cocked a clumsy-looking pistol. "Doan't pint that thing this way—please doan't!"

The speaker fell from his horse in a twinkling—George's bullet had pierced his shoulder.

This rash act doomed our little captain, even if his fate were not already settled. He soon sat weaponless upon his horse, with a savage rider close on either side. All the others pressed closely about him as they rode along.

"They're guerrillas, sure enough!" said George, under his breath. "Now use your mother-wit, my boy!"

His captors, with the exception of the wounded man, were in quite a condescending mood. The latter, after being lifted upon his horse again, sat with drooping head and scowling eye, muttering threats of vengeance. His companions, however, did not pay much attention to him, but began, in a mocking tone, to question their prisoner.

"Whar were yer going to, little Yank?"

"I was going a-riding," was the saucy answer.

"Ha, ha! Prime stuff—ain't he?" And whar did yer come from?"

"Where did I come from!" echoed George, looking confidentially around him. "Why, from no good place, if you want to know. There's not one man or boy belonging to me among the Yankee troops, and they use me like a horse." ("So they do," he added internally, to quiet his conscience; "they feed me, and make me obey orders.")

"Pshaw!" muttered a deep voice. He's tryin' ter guy us."

"Look here, youngster," shouted another voice, fiercely, "ef yer try ter come any game over us, we'll let daylight thru yer skull—do you understand thet?"

"Fetch him up," put in a sharp-looking fellow, in an under tone. "Make him cheer for Jeff Davis. Thet'll bring out the Yank—clar es day, ef he's hoaxin'."

"Hooray for Jeff Davis, young un, ef yer on our side, and no flummuxin'!" commanded the second speaker.

"Come on!" shouted the grim chorus, with oaths and mocking laughter. "Three cheers for Jeff Davis—hip!"

George's heart beat heavily against the dispatch, and Captain Warner's words rang in his ears—"These papers must be delivered at all cost!" The full, boyish lips were pressed tightly together; but he was trying to conquer himself.

"Hip!" roared the men.

"It's only an idle form," pleaded the dispatch; "say it."

With a poor attempt at careless laughter, George managed to falter out—"Hip—hip—hoo-r-a-r!"

"Pooh!" exclaimed a bony guerrilla, "that ain't got ther genu-ine ring ter it, no how. Here's a testament that I tuk from that whinin' Union woman, war we was rummagin' yest'day. Try him on *that*. Here, young un, kiss this ere book fur Jeff Davis, an' yer may shake hands an' go yer ways, or stay with us—as yer like. Ef yer don't do it, ye'r Yank to the backbone; an' we'll make cold meat o' yer in less 'n no time!"

"Ha! ha! Them's it. Thet'll fetch him!" cried several voices.

All this time they had been riding briskly across the country. Now they entered a dense wood, and pulled up their horses.

George's little heart fairly thumped against the dispatch as they held the Sacred Book toward him.

"At all cost!" thought he, "but not at *that* cost!"

Captain Warner, his mother, Lucy, and dear little Sandy seemed crowding round him. Pale faces seemed looking pleadingly into his own. He stretched forth his hand imploringly.

"Guy!" cried the guerrilla, thrusting the book at him. "Ef he ain't goin' ter do it!"

A few others shouted enthusiastically, "Hi! giv us yer hand, young un!"

"Hurry up!" growled the leader. "We've been a foolin' here too long already. Kiss the book fur Jeff Davis ef yer goin' ter—ef not, say yer prayers!"

A brutal laugh followed this hint.

"Kiss the thing 'fur Jeff,' an' hurry up!" growled two or three.

George sat erect upon his horse—his resolution was made.

"NEVER!" he cried in a loud voice, as he clutched the bridle, and, with all the energy of desperation, drove his spurs into the animal's sides. Before the astonished crowd could collect their faculties, he was tearing out of the wood.

"Get up!" screamed the boy, using his spurs again and again. The horse needed no further urging. Frantic with pain and terror, he dashed along, sending thick clouds of dust into the sultry air.

With fierce yells and imprecations, the rebels came rushing after him. Soon half a dozen shots were fired in quick succession.

George did not hear them all. After the second shot, he was lying bleeding and motionless upon the road, and his horse was galloping madly toward the Union lines.

The guerrillas were soon hurrying on in an opposite direction, laughing and swearing together at the "desprit pluck" of the "dead little Yank."

THE ALPHABET. — The following verse contains all the letters of the alphabet, and may be used as an exercise for young children in tracing the letters:

"God gives the grazing ox his meat,
And quickly hears the sheep's low cry,
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should joy to lift his praises high."

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WE are very thankful for the many prompt and hearty responses we have had to the increase of price announced in last month's number, as it assures us that you appreciate the efforts we have made, and are making, to place the MUSEUM in the front rank of all juvenile publications.

We are completing our arrangements for the coming year, in order to keep up the interest and increase the attractions; and first, we shall present each subscriber who pays in advance for the coming year with a fine portrait of Uncle William, engraved on steel expressly for the Merry family. Those who send their money previous to the 21st of December will receive it in the January number. This completes our editorial list of engraved portraits. We have now Robert Merry, Hiram Hatchet, Uncle William, and Aunt Sue's steel engravings, and we will send a premium copy of the Magazine containing the four to any one who will send us one new subscriber. For list of premiums see second page of the cover of the Magazine; and we hope all will aid us in extending the circulation. Commence your list at once, and forward them in season for the portrait in the January number.

We shall have a continued story from one of our best writers, and other attractions will be announced in future.

GREEN POINT, *Sept.* 14, 1864

DEAR UNCLE BOB AND MERRYS ALL :—Here I am again, "trying to raise the mischief," I hear Hattie Lee saying. Pretty well "put in;" but that shows where her "positively certain" has gone, for she never was more sadly mistaken.

Nell, I received your message for Leslie, and I hope soon that I may have the satisfaction of sending it to you.

Tommy, will you write to me? I will try and write soon.

Puss, it was too bad to have our little talk broken off in the way it was. Well, I suppose it is all for the best. When I visit California, I shall most certainly call on you, and then we will finish that talk.

Forestina is in a "*brown*" study, I perceive, so I shall not interrupt her.

"Welcome all, heartily welcome!" Rogers and Cousin Loula—perhaps I don't know.

Hattie Lee, I'm "positively certain" this time.

Leslie, Golden Arrow, and Irving, where do you keep yourselves now-a-days? Don't see you so often in print as we used to.

Jessie Bell, who are you, and where do live? I'm a Yankee, and, consequently, rather inquisitive on the subject.

Spectator, Sharpshooter, Mamie, and all the rest to whom I'm indebted for a *c. de v.*, I trust I shall soon have the pleasure of sending to you.

Flib, how do you do? Haven't heard or seen anything of you for some time. That answer is most finished and you shall have it, if you are patient enough to wait.

With three cheers for our new Queen, Pertine, I remain ever her faithful follower, PONTIAC.

DEAR CHATTERERS :—Orange Blossom, we are delighted to hear from you again, but don't understand what you mean by "that letter." We are wrong about Jessie Bell. Only think! after a year's neutrality Flib declares that she'll vote for Fleta, because she *likes her looks*. Never ask her to visit you again, Pertine. I am for Lincoln. A. Van A. and Fiddlesticks and Sans Souci I believe are on the opposite side.

Do you want to know who *I* want to take the throne? A. N.

Hattie, how closely related you and Stranger are!

Saucy Nell, do you know Louise Leslie? and did you ever receive a letter I sent you once?

Fiddlesticks, what of the *M.?* Not given up, I hope.

Aunt Sue, we are glad to hear of the "little girl's" recovery.

Down with Fleta, W. A. R., and the rest of their tribe, is the sentiment of

GRASSHOPPER.

AIRY CASTLE, *Oct.* 9.

"Excuse" you, Uncle dear, could I do otherwise? Forgive *me* my impatience; when the vig. *did* arrive it was gladly welcome, and is a great addition to my Merry group.

I trust you returned from the "Old Granite State" quite recovered. Please convey my love and a kiss to our dearest Auntie, and ask her for me if she received a letter long ago.

The situation of my castle being too airy for this season, I shall have left it long before this comes to light (*if* it *ever* does). I therefore embrace this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to the O. Merryites for their kind attentions during my residence among them. Though I have *not* heard from any of them, I *have chanced* to catch a glance at one. (Where think you, Grasshopper?) D'ye wonder, then, cousins, that I consider myself under lasting obligations? I was doubtless taken for one of the "awful antiquated;" *they* were *slightly mis*taken. But ye of O., be not cast down; 'tis "better late than never."

"To whom it may concern!" my address is no longer as in March; at present it may be obtained at the "office."

A. N., I've 'listed under your banner, and report for duty.

Sharpshooter, send photo while I decide what I meant by "that."

Addie W., certainly I'll come; when—where?

Loyalty, most happy to make your acquaintance.

A. Van A., and all of you, I *too* am exically inclined; send—I will reciprocate.

SANS SOUCI.

EVERYWHERE, EVERYTIME.

DEAR COUSINS:—As I'm off on a "tower," I can answer only such of your kind or unkind hits as occur in the last three Merrys.

Mamie, will some one else be mad when you "appropriate" their name?

Welcome, coz Tulips!

"Westward the star of 'Winnie' takes its way." As she has abdicated, shall we not proclaim Queen Pertine? Who votes for her?

Wanderer, how do you like the copper (head?) region of Lake Superior?

Do you, O. O. and C. F. W., live near each other, and do you ever have a gander scrape?

Poor Leslie, has your star set?

Jasper, I too say, "How are you, Geraldine?"

Loyalty, put W. A. R. down as chief stockholder in your new gas company, and won't Dan H. B. rate as No. 2? How are you, "old hag?"

Has "*W. A. R.*" skedaddled from himself?

Sigma, I'm with you and Marcus Have been for eight or ten years deeply interested in that broad field.

How are you Brooklyn boys on the subject of "Phene F. of Lawnville?" Who's ahead?

Now, ma chère amie, Jessie Bell, I'm sorry to say you're wrong, for I have worn shoulder-straps, as I've been under Uncle Sam both as private and officer. What do you mean by "where you now stay?" Please explain.

Dost know me, Leslie. How do you like the Saratoga girls? I've seen and spoken to you.

Puss, are you the old lady of 85? Don't! TEASER.

DEAR Uncle Hi,
Here am I,
Sitting by Pertine;
By the way,
Tell me, I pray,
How do you like her as queen?

I've not seen you
For a month or two,
So here I come once again;
Pert says not a word,
Not a sound is heard,
Save the scratch of her nimble pen.

How do I do?
Very well, thank you—
That is, as well as can be—
But I must speak to the cousins,
They're here by the dozens;
Have they all forgotten me?

Flib, don't forget
The last time we met;
I think it was down at the sea;
And you and Pertine,
With *some one* between,
Sat on an old stump of a tree.

Really, Uncle Hi,
I must say good-bye,
Vowing I'll love you till "deff;"
I really must go,
So don't say no;
Now and ever your loving
ZEPH (YR.)

Oct. 3, 1864.

DEAR CHAT:—I am not writing to you to-day amid the dust and turmoil of my city home, but from the beautiful country, where I am spending a couple of months.

I was feeling quite homesick one afternoon when our precious magazine was put into my hands. In an instant all yearnings for home left me for the time, and with eager fingers I turned to the Chat, anxious to see if some of the cousins were not admirers of my favorite authors, when the letters from Marcus and Jolly Jingle arrested my attention.

We will have many a happy time together reading from the "Wayside Inn," "Gala Days," etc., then,

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,"

we will have some of Beethoven's Melodies. *That* is the right kind of music, isn't it, Jolly Jingle?

Uncle, please tell me (privately, of course) who Claude, from Detroit, is. I don't like to live so near a cousin and not know her personally.

Somebody please seize that hatchet while I sign myself JUNO.

Oct. 3, 1864.

DEAR CHATTERERS:—In looking over the Chat in the last MUSEUM, I see that another of our Merry circle has fallen—a brave soldier boy.

Dear cousins, let us strive to imitate the noble example of Wilforley and H. A. Danker, so that when our time shall come, like them we may be found "ready and waiting."

Mignonette, I am of the same calling (?) as yourself. Isn't it pleasant to teach school?

Romance, methinks I hear thee singing

"Star of the evening,
Beautiful star,
Gladly I hail thee
Shining afar."

Juno, I too like to read the writings of Gail Hamilton. Can't we be friends? Cousins, remember WAIF.

UNCLE MERRY AND MERRY COUSINS:—Once more I stand upon the threshold and listen to the Merry hum of the Chatterers. I remember I promised to keep very quiet, but you would not like a speechless cousin, although a Kitty. Uncle, please, sir, may I speak? Having a few kindly words which will not keep, I fear, and being one of the kind who likes to talk back, I very deliberately solicit the floor and a hearing.

I begin to feel very much at home in our corner—thanks, Daisy Wildwood. I know I shall love you. A right Merry time we'll have.

Within our nook no daring foot
Shall ever venture to intrude.

Daisy, dear, if I wasn't afraid of that machine of Uncle's, I'd write two lines more, and then we could call it poetry, couldn't we? Kitty Clover, the poetess—ha, ha, ha! wouldn't that sound grand? Ah, Kitty, take care, or you'll be mistaken as a candidate for the insane asylum.

Merrys, what think you of our Let. R. Ryter? Isn't he a very independent sort of a personage, waging W.A.R. already?

Loula, let me give you a Merry shake of the hand. Welcome!

Don't you all think that "Leslie" is almost a tease?

Uncle, can't he stop calling me names?

I'm going to send my love to all the cousins, but I shall blush, I'm sure. Uncle Robert has my address.

KITTY CLOVER.

Oct. 5, 1864.

UNCLE MERRY:—Let me inform you that this is only the third letter that I have commenced to write to you; perhaps I shall succeed this time so far that my letter will be reckoned as a dead letter.

Em. Moore, did you know that your name sounded very familiar to me, as I have a friend of the same name.

Cousins, what do you think I did this afternoon? Why, clumsy thing that I was, tumbled out of my chair, jarring the whole house with my fall. I don't know that I feel any the worse for it, though.

My school is just out, and I expect to enjoy myself hugely during vacation. I only wish it was good skating; I am anticipating much pleasnre in that line this winter. How is it with you?

Does any one know what has become of Adelbert Older, that we have not heard from him in so long? Perhaps he, too, has been "stepping off." Who knows?

With love to all the cousins and Aunt Sue, I will bid you adieu.

ADDIE W.

DEAR COUSINS :—What is brewing—a fight or a peace? I am ready for either. I'm not a fighting character, but I *will* stand up for liberty.

Cousins, let's set up a republican government, as suggested by Romance, and stand by the Star-Spangled Banner.

Romance, will you vote for Oliver Onley for President?

Starlight, is it possible that you were nothing but moonshine after all? I have seen nothing of you since you first shone over yonder hill.

I believe W. A. R. is no Trojan, but a survivor of the last *Punic* war; at any rate he shall never be king.

Flib, isn't the "Peace Party" taking rather a warlike stand?

"Down brakes," Uncle Hiram! The manipulator nearly crushed me that time.

Yours for the Union,

ALBERT WOLF.

NEW YORK, *Sept.* 19, 1864.

DEAR MERRYS :—Juno, give me your hand and *c. de v.*, for I love music and poetry. By-the-by, speaking of poetry, we did not know what a poet there was among us! His proclamation had high ideas in it, soaring among the "Starrs."

Where is Jean Du Casse? I should much like to have his photo.

Jasper, Pertine, Leslie, and W. A. R., will you exchange with INO?

I'M A BROOKLYNITE!

DEAR COUSINS :—Uncle Robert, if I come too often, tell me; but when I see the letters in the Chat, I like to have my part, too.

Sunbeam, I like you. Will you exchange?

Nameless, if you don't think of any name good enough for you, why don't you take your own?

Iago, say something to me, do; I do not feel authorized to give you any welcome, except from myself, for though I am a Merry cousin, I don't feel perfectly at home, somehow. Do speak to me, any one and every one; I am at home with Uncle Robert, but not with the cousins.

Uncle Rob, I think you did just *right* to raise the price. I'm sure no one who reads the MUSEUM will make the least objection to it. *I* shan't.

Simplicity, do you love fairy tales? If you do, we're friends directly.

Northern Star, shake hands, won't you?

Aunt Sue, I want to send you my love. Do you want to have it?

Well, well, I suppose I must run, for I'm "faid" of the manipulator.

Arthur Lee, keep a carte for me; I'm a young lady. Now day-day.

LILLIE LINDEN.

ILLINOIS, *Sept.* 14, 1864.

DEAR COUSINS MERRY :—I say Hurrah! for Sharpshooter; glorious fellow I will bet—having the Stars and Stripes over his head, pecking away at the rebs. If we were old enough, wouldn't we make a splendid regiment? Three cheers for Sherman and Atlanta! My best regards to all the cousins. Hoping to hear from Sharpshooter soon, I remain truly,

OUT WEST BOY.

Give us your hand, my "Boy;" you shall not be counted "out" in the cheers that are to come in November. Swing your hat, and we will cheer.

GREEN POINT, *Oct.* 4, 1864.

DEAR COUSINS: Since I've gained admission into the Merry circle, it becomes my duty to commence the Chat.

What do you think of it, Leslie? You know that Uncle has given me a seat next to you. Is my company agreeable? I hope so. Now don't push me out of my seat, or run away, if I do get a little noisy at times. If that starey youth would only keep quiet, I will do the same.

Tommy, don't get discouraged—the cards are coming. I should be pleased to exchange with any of the Merrys.

I don't know any of you, and would like to get acquainted. Ask Uncle for my address. Yours, ROGERS.

BROWN'S PATENT BABY-TENDER, or MAGIC CRADLE, is almost as indispensable in a house as the baby itself. We have tried both, and should not know how to do without either. It is easily and quickly converted into a cradle, baby-jumper, hobby-horse, nursery chair, ottoman, baby-walker, etc., which amuses and delights the child and greatly relieves the mother. Read the advertisement in this number, and send for a circular.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES.—We take much pleasure in commending this valuable paper to all Sunday-school teachers as a truly live paper, full of life thoughts and earnest truths connected with the great Sunday-school work. The full and graphic reports of teachers' conventions all over our land is well worth the year's subscription. No teacher can afford to be without it. Terms, $1 50 per year. J. C. Garrigues & Co., publishers, Philadelphia.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

ADDIE W. and MERRIMAC send an equal number of correct answers to September puzzles, so each is entitled to a prize. Merrimac, is your address the same?

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

245. I am a word of letters nine—
An act we one and all have done.
Behead me then, and see the swine
Just basking in the summer sun.
Take off my head once more, and then
You have your guardian's free consent
To do your will; and yet again
Behead me twice, when all unpent
The gentle kine—sent out my next
Upon the farmer's listening ear;
Uncapped again, I have perplexed
The rich and poor from year to year.
And some, to cure their heavy trouble,
Have cut my head away once more—
In short, have made their fortunes double, [poor.
From poor to rich, or rich to
Oh, pity me, ye puzzlers, do!
The executioner comes again,
And takes all but my members two,
Regardless of my torturing pain.
And still, with all my perturbation,
I often form a termination.
Jeannie Parker.

246. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 8, 6, 7 is a boy's nickname.
My 12, 13, 17, 15, 16 was used by warriors in ancient times.
My 1, 10, 4, 3 is a part of a house.
My 13, 6, 4, 7 is a kind of tree.
My 9, 15, 2, 16 every person has.
My 8, 9, 15, 11, 17, 16 is one of a religious sect.
My 14, 10, 16 is an essential part of the head.
My 5, 3, 4 is what we are all apt to be.
My whole is a great poet.
D. Bell Butler.

247. I am composed of 40 letters:
My 34, 1, 13, 4, 6, 2, 20 is a river in Europe.
My 8, 37, 14, 2, 34, 19 is a city in Ohio.
My 31, 4, 40, 15, 9, 33 is an island belonging to Asia.
My 26, 12, 15, 32, 1, 27, 13, 31 is an ocean.
My 7, 21, 39, 14, 5 is the name of a range of mountains.
My 17, 36, 16, 26, 23, 32 is a river in Canada.
My 25, 39, 33, 29, 3, 4, 20 is a country of Europe
My 10, 15, 22, 5, 13, 38, 26 is one of the United States.
My 30, 14, 18 is a town in Europe.
My 24, 35, 15, 11 is the name of an animal.
My 28 is sometimes a vowel.
My whole is a valuable motto.
Cora Melrose.

248. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 2, 7, 6, 8, 7 is equal to a mistake.
My 3, 13, 9, 12, 15 denotes the completion of a work.
My 10, 11, 6, 9 is a slang expression.
My 1, 5, 11, 9, 13, 2 is a girl's name.
My 4, 2, 6, 12, 8, 7 expresses great warmth of feeling.
My whole is one of the greatest villains in existence. *Saucy Nell.*

249. Transpose one covering for the feet into another. *Monitor.*

250. 500551 sense. *Lucy.*

251. 500001000E500. *Jas. A. Robinson.*

252. Transpose a bird into an artificial watercourse. *Oliver Onley.*

253. Behead a medicine, and leave what people are when they take it. *Fiddlesticks.*

254. A metal and a part of the body=a wretch. *Heber,*

255. Behead a picture, transpose, and leave a despicable character. *Clementina.*

256. Two letters of the alphabet and a wicked person form the attribute of an old maid. *M.*

257. Behead a household article, and leave a place to use it. *Forestina.*

ANAGRAMS.

258. But I flung a man. *Clite Clinton.*

259. O, vain cat! *Myrtle P.*

260. One great map. *A. O.*

261. Rope line. *Ida May.*

262. Rich or late. *Tommy.*

263. Confirm ere ten. *G. T. McKinney.*

Fill the following blanks with the same words transposed:

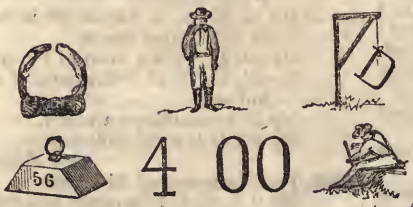
264. An —— —— may be seen in a ——. *W. A. R.*

265. Is it —— to drink ——? *F. W. C. C.*

266. A hard —— will break a ——. *Sigma.*

267. They need not —— who —— with their ——. *Grasshopper.*

268. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.



Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of next month.

Answers to Questions in Sept. No.

195. Hardihood.
196. Rates, stare.
197. Veils, evils.
198. Steam, meats.
199. Run, urn.
200. Hospitality.
201. Contrabands.
202. William Merry.
203 Bedstead.
204. Palindromes.
205. Range, anger.
206. Real, ear.
207. You excel in nothing.
208. A. River.
209. Pear, ear.
210. Robin Obi.
211. Post, stop.
212. Shark, hark.
213. Flute, lute.
214. Bidet, bite, bit.
215. Necessity.
216. Malcontentedness.
217. Our Queen Fleta Forrester.
218. Kidder.
219. Be not too wise nor over-nice, for if you be, you little see how like an idiot you be.

Addie W. answers all but 214, 216.
Merrimac answers all but 216, 217.
Aubrey answers all but 199, 214, 215.
Sigma answers all but 198, 199, 204, 214, 216.
Anna J. B. answers all but 204, 207, 214, 215, 216, 217.
C. W. J. answers all but 204, 212, 214, 215, 216, 217.
Sunflower answers all but 197, 201, 204, 206, 207, 214, 215, 216, 217.
Franc answers 195, 197, 201, 206, 207, 208, 211, 212, 213, 217, 218, 219.
Bay answers 195, 196, 197, 200, 202, 203, 205, 208, 209, 211, 218, 219.
Mamie E. M. answers 195, 200, 201, 203, 205, 209, 210, 213, 218, 219.
H. P. Swezey answers 196, 203, 205, 206, 208, 209, 210, 211, 213, 219.
Forrest answers 195, 203, 206, 209, 211, 212, 213, 217, 218, 219.
Juno answers 195, 203, 205, 206, 208, 209, 211, 213, 218.
Julian A. P. answers 195, 198, 199, 205, 206, 208, 209, 211, 213.
Muriel answers 195, 208, 209, 211, 212, 213, 218, 219.
Hickory answers 196, 203, 206, 208, 209, 211, 213, 219.
Ernest answers 195, 203, 205, 208, 209, 211, 213.
Arthur Lee answers 205, 209, 211, 212, 213, 218.
Elizabeth answers 209, 213.
Polhamus answers 203, 219.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Rhoda of Guilford, Elizabeth, Bay, Hickory, Loyalty, Merrimac, Aubrey, and H. P. Swezey.

SUSY'S CHRISTMAS.

LITTLE Prudy, of whom we told you in October, had a sister Susy, full of life and fun; and Sophie May has written a story about her, which makes the second in the series of Little Prudy Stories, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass. We give a chapter from the book, and cordially commend the series to all our readers.

SUSY'S CHRISTMAS.

It was bright and beautiful all day, and then, when no one could possibly wait any longer, it was Christmas evening. The coal glowed in the grate with a splendid blaze; all the gas-burners were lighted, and so were everybody's eyes. If one had listened, one might have heard, from out of doors, a joyful tinkling of sleigh-bells; yet I fancy nobody could have told whether the streets were still or noisy, or whether the sky had a moon in it or not; for nobody was quiet long enough to notice.

But by-and-by, when the right time came, the folding-doors were opened, just like the two covers to a Christmas fairy book. Then, in a second, it was so still you might have heard a pin drop.

Such a funny little old gentleman had arrived; his face alive with dimples, and smiles, and wrinkles. His

cheeks were as red and round as winter apples, and where there wasn't a wrinkle there was a dimple; and no doubt there was a dimple in his chin, and his chin, may-be, was double, only you couldn't tell, for it was hidden ever so deep under a beard as white as a snow-drift.

He walked along, tottering under the weight of a huge pack full of presents. He extended his small arms toward the audience most affectionately, and you could see that his antiquated coat-sleeves were bristling with toys and glistening with ornaments. His eyes twinkled with fun, and his mouth, which seemed nearly worn out with laughing, grew bigger every minute.

It took the dear old gentleman some time to clear his throat; but when he had found his voice, which at first was as fine as a knitting-needle, and all of a tremble, he made

THE SPEECH OF SANTA CLAUS.

"How do, my darlings? How do, all round? Bless your little hearts, how do you all do? Did they tell ye Santa wasn't a-coming, my dears? Did your grandpas and grandmas say, 'Humph! there isn't any such a person.' My love to the good old people. I know they mean all right; but tell them they'll have to give it up now."

(Here Santa Claus made a low bow. Everybody laughed and clapped; but Prudy whispered, "Oh, don't he look old all over? What has he done with his *teeth?* Oh, dear! has anybody pulled 'em out?")

"Yes, my dears," continued the old gentleman, encouraged by the applause —"yes, my dears, here I am, as jolly as ever! But bless your sweet little hearts, I've had a terrible time getting here! The wind has been blowing me up as fierce as you please, and I've been shook round as if I wasn't of more account than a kernel of corn in a popper!

"Oh, oh, I've been ducked up to the chin in some awful deep snow-drifts, up there by the North Pole! This is the very first time the storms have come so heavy as to cover over the end of the North Pole! But this year they had to dig three days before they could find it. Oh, ho!

"I was a-wandering round all last night; a real shivery night, too! Got so *broke up*, there's nothing left of me but small pieces. Oh, hum!

"Such a time as I had in some of those chimneys, you haven't any idee. Why, if you'll believe me, over there in Iceland somebody forgot to clear out the chimney, and there I stuck fast, like a fish-bone in your throat; couldn't be picked out, couldn't be swallowed!

"The funniest time that was! How I laughed! And then the children's mother woke up, and 'Oh, dear,' said she; 'hear the wind sigh down the chimney!' 'Only me,' says I; 'and I've caught you napping this time!' She helped me out, and when I had caught my breath, I climbed out the window; but, deary me, I shouldn't wonder if that very woman went to sleep again, and thought it was all a dream! Heigh-ho! that's the way they always treat poor Santa Claus nowadays."

(Here the children laughed, and Susy said, "I guess he must have bumped his nose against that chimney; see what a hump!")

"Oh, oh, don't you make sport of me, children! My nose is big, to be sure, but I'm going to keep it, and make the best of it. If you loved Santa as he loves you, you wouldn't mind the looks. I *was* going to

change my coat and dickey; but then, thinks I, I'll come just as I am! I patted myself on the shoulder, and says I, 'Santa Claus, don't you fret if you *are* growing old! You may look a little dried up, but your heart isn't wrinkled—oh, no.' You see father Adam and me was very near of an age, but somehow I never growed up. I always thought big folks did very well in their place; but for my part, give me the children. Hurrah for the children!"

(Great clapping and laughing.)

"I tell you, darlings, I haven't forgot a single one of you. My pockets are running over. I've been preparing presents for you ever since last fall, when the birds broke up housekeeping.

"Here's a tippet for the Prudy girl, and she may have it for nothing; and they are cheaper 'n that, if you take 'em by the quantity.

"I'm a walking book-case. Why, I've brought stories and histories enough to set up a store! I've got more nuts than you can shake a hammer at; but I think there's more bark to 'em than there is bite. Oh, oh, I find I can't crack 'em with my teeth, as I used to a hundred years ago!

"But my dear, sweet, cunning little hearers, I must be a-goiug. Queen Victoria, said she to me, said she, 'Now, Santa, my love, do you hurry back to fill my children's stockings before the clock strikes twelve. Queen Vic is an excellent woman, and she is left a poor widow; so I can't disappoint her, poor soul!

"I must be a-going! Would like to hug and kiss you all round, but can't stop. (Kisses his hand and bows.) A Merry Christmas to you all, and a Happy New Year."

So saying, Santa Claus suddenly disappeared at the hall door, dropping his heavy pack upon the table.

In another minute the lively old gentleman was in the front parlor without any mask, and of course it was nobody but cousin Percy, "with his face off."

Then they all fell to work sorting out presents. Prudy seized her fur tippet, and put it on at once.

"Oh, how pretty I look," said she; "just like a little cat! *Ain't* I cunning?"

But nobody could pause to attend to Prudy, though she chatted very fast, without commas or periods, and held up to view a large wax doll which "would be alive if it could talk." They all had gifts as well as Prudy, and wished to talk rather than to listen. They asked questions without waiting for answers, and did not mind interrupting one another, and talking all at once, like a party of school children.

All this was hardly polite, it is true; but people are sometimes surprised out of their good manners on Christmas evenings, and must be forgiven for it, as such a good time happens but once a year.

Percy broke in with an old song, and went through with a whole stanza of it, although no one listened to a word:

"Good luck unto old Christmas,
And long life let us sing, [poor
For he doeth more good unto the
Than many a crownéd king."

"My beautiful books!" cried Aunt Madge; "Russia morocco."

"My writing-desk — has any one looked at it?" said Mrs. Parlin; "rosewood, inlaid with brass."

"My skates!" broke in Susy, at the top of her voice.

"Hush!" screamed cousin Percy; "won't anybody please notice my drum? If you won't look, then look out for a drum in each ear!"

And as nobody would look or pay the slightest attention, they all had to hear "Dixie" pounded out in true martial style, till they held on to their ears.

"Rattlety bang!" went the drum. "Tweet, tweet," whistled the little musical instruments which the children were blowing.

"Have pity on us!" cried Aunt Madge; "I am bewildered; my head is floating like a Chinese garden."

"Order, order!" shouted Mr. Parlin, laughing.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Percy, seizing Susy and whirling her round. "Children, why don't you try to preserve order? My nerves are strung up like violin-strings! I've got a pound of headache to every ounce of brains. Susy Parlin, do try to keep still!"

"Thee needn't pretend it is all Susan," said grandma Read, smiling. "Thee and little Prudence are the noisiest of the whole!"

In fact, they raised such a din, that after a while poor grandma Read smoothed the Quaker cap over her smiling face, and stole off into her own chamber, where she could "settle down into quietness." Much noise always confused grandma Read.

But in a very few moments, when the excitement began to die out, there was a season of overwhelming gratitude. Everybody had to thank everybody else; and Mr. Parlin, who had a beautiful dressing-gown to be grateful for, nevertheless found time to tell Susy, over and over again, how delighted he was with her book-mark, made, by her own fingers, of three wide strips of velvet ribbon; on the ends of which were fastened a cross, a star, and an anchor, of card-board.

"Papa, one ribbon is to keep your place in the Old Testament," said Susy; "one is to stay in the middle, at the births and marriages; and the other one is for our chapter in the New Testament, you know."

"I think my lamp-mat is very pretty," said Aunt Madge, kissing Susy; "every bit as pretty as if Prudy hadn't 'been and told.'"

Prudy had bought a shawl-pin for her mother; a fierce little wooden soldier for Aunt Madge, and something for everybody else but Susy. Not that she forgot Susy—oh, no! but one's money does not always hold out, even at Christmas time.

"Why," said Mr. Parlin, "what is this sticking fast to the sole of my new slipper? Molasses candy, I do believe."

"Yes, sir; that's for Susy," cried Prudy, suddenly remembering how she had tucked it in at the last moment, when she could not stop to find any wrapping-paper. "It's not so big as it was, but it's the biggest piece I had in the world. I saved it last night. Susy likes 'lasses candy, and I couldn't think of nothing else."

It was a wonder that's Prudy's candy had not spoiled some of the new presents.

Susy received several pretty things; and though she did not talk quite so much as Prudy, she was just as happy.

The older a man grows, the fonder he becomes of the dim distances of childhood and of light-hearted pleasure which he has left so far behind him. The words youth and beauty stir in his mind the old associations of the past, and call up within him springs of indistinct fondness.

THE BOYS AND THE FROGS.

A FABLE.

ON the margin of a large lake, which was inhabited by a great number of frogs, a company of boys happened to be at play. Their diversion was duck and drake; and whole volleys of stones were thrown into the water, to the great annoyance and danger of the poor terrified frogs. At length one of the most hardy, lifting up his head above the surface of the lake: "Ah, dear children," said he, "why will you learn so soon the cruel practices of your race? Consider, I beseech you, that though this may be *sport* to you, 'tis *death* to us."

MORAL.

'Tis unjust and cruel to raise ourselves mirth at the expense of another's peace and happiness.

"GO-AHEAD," AND THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILIP SNOW'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER XII

THE garlands that had been wrought for Christmas were not faded, and Bill Hone had become a member of the Sunday-school in St. John's Church, and Mrs. Lake was his teacher.

The farmer's wife had surprised Bill one morning by appearing in church dress and proposing to accompany him thither.

It was one of Bill's proudest moments when he entered under the arch of the church with her. Since the advent of the prayer book, Bill's outer man had been greatly improved; rags had mysteriously disappeared and neatly inserted patches appeared, and once, oh, mysterious event! a new coat was found hanging in Bill's room, and no one to this day has informed Bill how it came there.

Mr. Lake wished to transfer Bill from the red house to his own. Bill's heart leaped for joy at the thought; he accidentally heard the opening of a conversation on that subject between Mr. Lake and the farmer, and then he wisely placed himself beyond hearing distance.

To go and live in *that* house, whence all his new joy and hope had emanated! Bill was lost in ecstasy.

The same evening the farmer was sitting beside the fire, with his eyes fixed in gloomy indifference upon it, when Bill entered the room.

He started suddenly and turned toward the boy. He said, "You've a chance to make some money; Mr. Lake came here to-day to offer you a place and fifteen dollars a month, and I told him I couldn't give you more'n ten anyhow—I can't afford it. You see, I've got that mortgage to pay up this summer [Bill heard of this for the first time], or else I'll lose it all, and I have got a good deal on that lot first and last; besides, 'twould take away my best meadow-land; and then, I'm getting old and crusty, and *I've got kind o' used to you, Bill;* you don't seem the same boy you did awhile ago [the farmer did not know how Christ had come to him], and, Bill, I *am* sorry to have you go."

"I won't," said Bill; and nothing of the great quiver that ran through the boy touched the farmer but his words—they astounded him.

"You won't go, at fifteen dollars a month!" he exclaimed, more surprised than his wife had seen him during the period of their married life.

"No," said Bill, "I'll stay; how much is there on the lot?"

Bill would as soon have asked the man his age ten minutes before, but now, all was changed.

"Two hundred."

"Can you pay that this summer?"

"If the crops are fair, and you stay."

"I'll stay," said Bill.

"I won't say nothing ag'in your going to church no more, if *this* is what comes on it," said the farmer.

"Won't you go, too?" ventured the boy; but the effort made every freckle shine out dark and clear on his blanched face.

"I—I go to church?" cried the man starting up and walking slowly toward the door. He went out alone. No eye saw him but His who seeth in secret.

"You are a good boy—bless you,"

said a low voice close beside Bill; and before he was aware, the woman's arms were around him, and Bill Hone had received a kiss.

"Don't, don't," he cried, actually frightened at the crisis he had caused; but the kiss was on his forehead, and the great, rough, warm-hearted boy sat down and cried like a baby. It was the first kiss the boy had had since his mother died.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lent was almost past in the year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.

Through many prayers and many tears Lucy was at last victorious over the habit that had cost her so much trouble. For one month she had not bitten her finger-nails once. The new help that her mother had given her was very friendly ("Make yourself lovable in all things, for Christ's sake"), and echoed in her ears.

Every member of Mr. Lake's family had deeply sympathized with Lucy, and every one rejoiced over her victory, and they secretly planned to celebrate it at Easter.

To this end, Fred, with his shadow, Sydney, appeared one day, near the end of Lent, when the farmer and Bill were especially busy plowing. The farmer's wife directed the boys to the part of the farm where they worked, and thither they went. At the end of a long, long furrow the man and the boy had paused to take breath.

Fred's heart failed him at the last minute. He reached the fence dividing the two parcels of land, and then he stopped. Just before the two turned to go back, Fred found courage to speak. He asked the farmer to let Bill come over the next day for a while. The man turned and looked into the eager, flushed face of the boy and replied to Fred's satisfaction.

Close beside Birch Pond there grew a pine-tree of great beauty. Permission was sought and obtained for the removal of this tree. The three boys were the hewers of it, and the carriers home. Bill assisted at these preparations without being in the least aware of their object. But on the Saturday night before Easter Sunday he received an invitation to spend the evening at Mr. Lake's house. The farmer's wife interested herself in his preparations for the eventful evening, and Bill wore the mysterious coat that "came" one day from somewhere by somebody.

When he approached the house, it was brilliant with light. Bill was *almost* afraid; but a fleet runner accosted him with, "Oh, Bill, it's the prettiest Christmas-tree that ever you saw."

"Christmas! why, that is gone long ago," said Bill.

"Then we will call this our 'Easter-tree—Lucy's Easter-tree;' it looks like *fairy dew* come right down," said Sydie; "and Fred sent me to look for you. You see, mother is just lighting the candles, and he's helping, and, do you know, *Lucy don't know yet.* We've managed it famously, I tell you."

"What is it about?" asked Bill, utterly confused by Sydie's jargon of words.

"Oh, you come and see; there's somebody else 'most here; let us hurry and get there first;" and so, hastened on by his little escort, Bill Hone was introduced to the wonders of Lucy's Easter-tree.

The waxen lights were blazing amid the branches of the pine, within the parlor. At last Mrs. Lake said, "It is

ready;" and the doors were thrown open. Mr. Lake led Lucy (who, filled with surprise, could not help wondering why the house was in such commotion and she kept out of the parlor) into the room.

That little lady was the center of all eyes as she appeared. She drew back a bit, stood perfectly still, looked at the tree an instant, lifted both hands, and, I am sorry to write it, was just on the verge of catching a nail between her teeth, when her mother arrested the hand.

"Oh, mother! it is so beautiful," she exclaimed, totally unconscious of how near she had been to falling.

Over the tree was a semicircular inscription, "Lucy's Easter-tree," the letters of which were formed in moss that Fred and Sydie had gathered, and helped to make. Indeed, the Easter-tree was a miracle of beauty and of art

"Don't you want to see what is on it, sis?" asked Fred.

"There's some mighty pretty things there," said Sydie.

"You *are* Cinderella! let me see if you've got slippers on," said Harry, who was the happiest of little mortals at having been admitted into the secret.

Bill's mouth worked convulsively, but emitted no sounds. There were others present, but as this story has not interested the reader in any of them, we will omit the names.

"Come!" said Mr. Lake to Lucy; and he led forward the happy child.

"The boy has brought the bundle to the right house *now*," said Harry, encouragingly, "only it took three of them to get it home. Ma took *you* out walking, so that you wouldn't see."

Lucy's gifts were duly displayed. There was the very doll that Lucy had so much admired on the day in Christmas-week, when her mother had taken her to New York. Dolly was seated like a queen on her throne of branches, nearly at the top of the tree.

One gift after another came down. There were books "about all the good little children that ever lived," Fred said. It seemed to Lucy that all her wishes had been gratified.

But Lucy was not the only one who was destined to be surprised that night, for the elder fairies had provided for all the household. "Hidden away under the tree—you see it takes a lowly beginning that it may have a loftier heiglit," said Mr. Lake, when the last gayly garnished confection had been plucked from the tree, and having made this mysterious speech, Mr. Lake stooped down, parted the branches, and drew out, exclaiming, "Look out for wings; don't let it fly," the finest kite that ever had risen or ever would rise over the hills of S——. It was made of balloon silk, with the American eagle on it, with wings of the most extended dimensions.

All things pass away, and something new cometh, so did Lucy's Easter-tree that had brought so much pleasure.

Harry almost spoke the wish of the party when he said, half asleep, "Let's always have an Easter-tree."

CHAPTER XIV.

Bill Hone worked faithfully for the farmer through the summer. The crops were blessed with rain in season, and the kindly sun shone down his brightest beams on them, and a month after harvest the farmer paid the mortgaged amount, and his farm was clear. The work was almost over for the season, when Bill approached the man one day and said, "Your farm is

free; and Mr. Lake has made me a very good offer to go to New York—I think I ought to go."

"And so do I," said the man. "I'm sorry to lose you, but I wish you success with all my heart. We've plowed some long furrows together this summer, and I hope you'll never forget them;" and the friendly grasp of the farmer's hand rewarded Bill for all the hard work he had done.

For the ten months he had known the Lake family, Bill had been trying to improve his manners and conversation; and many a summer's evening had the tired boy fallen asleep over a book that he was industriously trying to study by the little aid the farmer's wife could give him.

The last Sunday that Bill remained in S—— he had the happiness of seeing the farmer go with his wife to church, a pleasure that grew very dear to the boy as the month rolled on.

Mr. Lake's family removed to their home in New York as winter drew near, and the house that had witnessed Lucy's victory and Lucy's defeat was closed. St. John's Church was left to other hands for its adornment to meet the coming of Christ in 1859.

CHAPTER XV.

A MERRY busy group are bending over a huge wooden box that looks very much out of place in the hall of a very fine house.

I do not think you would recognize the children, four years have changed them so much.

That tall, slight girl, with the sweet brown eyes and soft-waving hair, who holds a precious parcel just over the open box to see if a place can be found for it, is Lucy Lake.

Fred, you would know him by his gleesome laugh, *could* you but hear it, for it has not changed one bit as he shouts, merrily exclaiming, "Bill will be too grand when he gets this on!" and Sydie's eyes dance and laugh as blithely as they did four years ago, when gathering "pines on the mountain."

Harry, no one would know, for he has lost his gray hair, and in place of it has soft brown locks, very like his sister Lucy's.

"Then, mother, it is ready," said Fred; "and won't Bill have a famous time over it? I warrant it will be just as good as the first Christmas present he ever had sent him; but I should'nt one bit wonder, *if there happened to be any Benjie Woods in his regiment, if he gave away one half of the things.*"

Mr. Lake entered just as the last article had settled itself to rest, and was as welcome as of old.

"It is all ready, papa; we packed it ourselves," said Lucy, looking very fondly upon the strong wooden box.

"I've news from Bill," said Mr. Lake.

"Oh, what? tell quick, please," urged a chorus of voices.

"His ship has been attacked and many killed."

"Was Bill hurt?"

"No; hear this: I've a letter from a comrade of his," and Mr. Lake then read—

"U. S. G. SHIP, *Nov. 30th*, 1862.

"DEAR SIR: My comrade, William Hone, wishes me to write you that he is safe. We've had a severe attack, and lost many of our bravest fellows, and Bill was saved by a little book that he always carried in his pocket. The ball went nearly through it. I've just been looking at it. It has his name in it, given him by some one at Christmas in 1858. Bill is in hospital for a few days, or he would write.

"J. H. H."

"Why, mother! it was your prayer-book that saved him," cried Lucy, throwing her arms around Mrs. Lake and crying joyously.

"Don't cry, Lucy, for you know he will enjoy this Christmas box all the more, and we musn't pack any tears in it," said Fred, making a dive at one that had fallen in from his own eyes.

[THE END.]

FRESH-BLOWN FLOWERS IN WINTER.—Choose some of the most perfect buds of the flowers you would preserve, such as are latest in blowing and ready to open; cut them off with scissors, leaving to each, if possible, a piece of the stem about three inches long; cover the end of the stem immediately with sealing-wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up separately in paper perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry box or drawer, and they will keep without corrupting. In the winter, when you would have the flowers blow, take the buds at night and cut off the ends of the stems and put them into water wherein a little niter or salt has been diffused, and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing flowers with the most lively colors and agreeable odors. —*Scientific American.*

MAPLEWOOD PHANTOM TALES.

BY MAY MANNERING.

[CONCLUSION.]

"MY dear grandchildren, I suppose I must take my turn in story-telling; and, as I promised, I will do so. But you know that I do not believe in dreams, visions, and signs, and I do not want you to do so. Ghost stories, dreams, and wonders can almost always be traced to some natural cause; indeed, if all the circumstances were known, wonders would be but realities.

"I will not sermonize, however, but will tell you a story as I read it. I do not know of its truth, but it is supposed to be true, as it is found in the correspondence of the child Bertini with the great German poet Goethe. Young Bertini, to be sure, had a wonderful and vivid imagination, and often wrote stories which were but the invention of her own brain; but in this letter she is giving to Goethe facts, stories, and words which his mother gave from her own lips to Bertini shortly before she died. The young girl could not trifle in her reports to Goethe of his mother's last days, and so we may take it as something which really occurred, or the lady Goethe really imagined."

"Oh, grandmother!" said Fred, "do commence the story, for we don't like such long preludes. We will believe it or not, just as it happens, and it will not do us any harm, I know."

"Do not be impatient, Fred," mildly replied grandma. "But here is the story:

"Frau Von Goethe chanced one night to occupy her own sleeping-room alone, her husband being away in a distant city. About midnight she awoke, hearing a sound which she thought came from the adjoining study. The sound was that of paper being crushed in a person's hand, and knowing that no person could be then in that room, she thought perhaps a window might be open, causing the wind to blow in upon the study-table, moving and rattling the papers. So, leaving her bed, she went into the library, and finding the windows all closed, and everything quiet there, she returned to her bed. Again she heard the same sound of crushing paper, but it was much nearer now and more plainly heard. Then came a final spasmodic crushing of the paper, and immediately following it a long, deep sigh, and then a cold icy breath, as of death, swept over the bed and through the room.

Poor Frau Von Goethe, trembling in every limb, instantly left her bed and ran across the hall to the room of her daughters, and slept with them the remainder of the night.

"In the morning, as the family sat together, a messenger was an-

nounced, wishing to see Frau Von Goethe. As he entered he walked toward the lady, and presented her with a piece of crumpled and crushed letter paper. Taking it in her hand, the lady fell down in a deep swoon.

"When she recovered, the messenger told her that her old friend H. was dead — that he died suddenly, about midnight of the previous night. Feeling suddenly ill, he had grasped a piece of paper, and tried to pencil a few words of importance to her. Before he could finish, death seized him, and in agony he crushed the paper, drew a deep sigh, and breathed his last.

"Smoothing the paper as well as she could, Madame Goethe deciphered a few feebly-traced words, telling her of his sadness at leaving his little orphaned daughter, and commencing a request that she should take the child, or care for it in some way through life.

"Frau Von Goethe adopted the child as her own, and set apart a portion of her own fortune for it."

As grandma finished the story, the young people drew long breaths and looked relieved, but Fred exclaimed, "There, that is what I call a genuine ghost story, and I don't believe any of you can beat that!"

The little girls nestled close to each other and listened, while the older people talked about the story and kindred subjects.

"Just one more story," said Will, "and then we will go to bed; but do give us one more."

"Well," said Aunt Hope, "I will tell you one which I know to be true. A few years ago, one member of a family with whom I was acquainted, lay sick with a rheumatic fever, and employed for her nurse an excellent woman, accustomed to the sick-room, and well known in the town as a useful and reliable woman.

"She wished one evening to go to her own house on some necessary errand, and as she lived in a lonely part of the city, a young gentleman of the family offered to go with her and see her safely back again. It was a back street upon which the good nurse lived—narrow, lonely, and dark—and as they entered it, it seemed dismal enough. They passed on until they came to nurse Green's house, and just as she held her hand upon the latch and opened the door, she screamed, and gathering up her dress, stepped quickly back, as if to give way for something to pass.

"'Oh, oh, Mr. Barnes, did you see that?' asked nurse Green, trembling with fright.

"'See what?' asked Mr. Barnes. 'I didn't see anything. What was there?'

"'Oh, it was dreadful!' whispered the nurse, in horror-stricken tones. 'It looked just as if it might be a body sewed up in canvas. I'm going to get a light and search.'

"So they brought out lights, and the family hunted and searched in vain.

"Days passed, and it was almost forgotten, when it was suddenly recalled to us all by a letter which nurse received about two weeks after that incident of that evening. The letter was written at sea, and sent by a homeward-bound vessel. It was from the captain of a ship in which her son, Daniel Green, had sailed as an able-bodied seaman. It stated that just two weeks before, on the evening of the 16th, her son had died on board, and was sewed up in canvas, in the usual manner and buried in the ocean.

"It was on the same evening of the 16th that nurse Green had seen the apparition or vision of the body prepared in its canvas casing, and ready for its launch into the deep.

"At that time she supposed her son perfectly well, and the thought of such a sad vision had never been in her mind. How, then, could she see it?"

"It is all strange enough," said Aunt Mary, "and I can not pretend to understand it."

"Nurse Green had good eyesight, I guess," laughed bold Harry Putuam, our cadet cousin from West Point.

So we all talked over that story, and "some thought one thing" and "some thought another," but I will not weary everybody by telling what they all said.

"Now I don't believe these stories are going to do these children any good to-night," anxiously remarked grandma, "and I wish you hadn't told them. They will not forget them very soon, for children seldom forget what they ought to, and they will worry and frighten them many a dark night."

"No, no, dear grandma," said Fred, "don't be worried about us. We don't so easily get frightened at moonbeams or shadows. This is the best set of ghost stories I ever heard, and now I am quite ready to go to bed."

"Oh, don't go yet," said cousin Harry. "Grandma, let me tell my ghost story first, for you know

'Each and all should do their best
To make music for the rest.'"

"Oh, yes, do let us stay, grandma; we don't feel sleepy at all; see, our eyes are wide open," urged the children; and so they staid.

"I was born," said Harry, commencing in Robinson Crusoe style, "in the year 18—, in the good old town of P———, in New Hampshire. My father was a lawyer of good repute, and tried to bring up his children to be honest men and women. The girls did well enough, and seemed on the road to good commonplace lives, but we boys were possessed, as my dear, anxious mother often had to remark, of evil spirits.

"Not a bit of mischief went on in the village without brother Guy and myself. Not any *harm*, of course, but fun-mischief, such as ringing door-bells, tying cats to strings and putting the strings on bell-knobs, and the like, which we thought excellent fun, but other people called it mischief. We often had hair-breadth escapes on such occasions, and had we not been 'fleet o' foot,' we would have paid 'dear for our whistle.' Another joke we had, which caused us a great deal of sport and procured us a great many scoldings. Now and then of an evening we would tie a pocket-handkerchief to a long string and throw it upon the sidewalk, keeping one end of the string in hand, and hiding away in some yard or tree-box, from which we could observe. People coming along would see a nice pocket-handkerchief lying in their way, and would stoop to pick it up. Just then we would give a pull to our string and draw it quickly out of sight. Surprised and indignant, perceiving some trick, many people would rush angrily after us, and we could only escape by flight.

"How strange it is that so many boys have a love for such things! Try to cultivate different tastes, boys; jokes at others' expense are the poorest of all amusements.

"One evening Jennie Haven had her birthnight party, and we were

there of course, for all the girls united as to their parties. We had a splendid time, and did not think of going home until almost twelve. But at last we started, taking care to button up our coats and put on our comforters, for it was a very cold night, late in November. It was one of the darkest nights I ever knew. Guy went ahead with the lantern, and Ralph Nichols and I followed.

"We had a walk of nearly two miles before us, over a lonely road and past an ancient church and cemetery, about which several wild and superstitious stories were told. Guy and I had always laughed at these stories, and never believed anything about them, so now we walked on as if we had never heard of them.

"As we approached the church, Ralph asked us if we supposed there could possibly be any truth in what we had so often heard of this place. He was evidently getting uneasy. 'Why,' said he, 'Uncle John himself says he is certain that this place is haunted, for one moonlight night, when he passed this old church, he is sure that he saw a white, ghostly figure walking up and down the aisles of the church. I wish we hadn't got to go past it now.'

"'For shame, Ralph,' said Guy; 'don't be a fool.'

"But Ralph was evidently frightened, and had to tell us all the stories of the place to try to frighten us. In his designs he did not succeed very well, but enough to make us look out sharp and see and hear what we could.

"We were now close to the church, walking near the cemetery gate.

"'Boys,' said Ralph, 'the old stones over the vaults are all cracked, and some of them are broken in, and the ghosts could come out and walk about easy enough.'

"'Hark! what is that?' said he, seizing my arm. I listened so intently that I almost stopped the beating of my heart, as I peered about into the darkness, but nothing was to be seen or heard. 'There it is again!' said Ralph in a frightened whisper. A low groan came now plainly to Guy and myself. 'Oh, oh,' said Ralph, 'I'd give a fortune if I were away from this awful place.'

"Just at that moment the old rusty bell in the tower, which had not been used for years, struck a few heavy, dismal, sepulchral tones.

"'Guy,' said I, feeling at last alarmed, 'what *can* this mean?'

"'I don't know, Harry, but let us find out. Come, Ralph, will you go with us? we are going into that church.'

"Oh, how the boy did beg us not to go, or, if we must, to take him home first, for he couldn't let us go in, leaving him alone outside. But we had determined to explore the place, and find out the cause of those unusual sounds, and we told him he had better come along with us, so he reluctantly and fearfully yielded.

The heavy oaken door was fastened outside with a large iron bar, which our united strength soon removed, and then the ponderous door swung slowly back on its rusty hinges with a weird, screeching sound which echoed dolefully through the aisles and galleries of the old church. Poor Ralph shook with fear, and we couldn't help trembling a little as we walked into the dreaded place at that late hour of the dismal night.

"We kept close together, and walked down the middle aisle, peering nervously about. Around the old pulpit,

with the ancient sounding-board overhead, and its flat tombstones underneath, all cracked and broken, as Ralph had said, we walked cautiously and slowly, Guy holding up the lantern that we might see.

"'Oh, boys, there's that awful groan again!' whispered Ralph, his voice sinking in despair.

"Sure enough, we heard it distinctly, and quite near us; but as we had come to find out what it was, we would not turn back.

"The groan seemed to come from behind the pulpit, or in that direction, and we moved on toward it. We found there a low door opening into something which we supposed might have been used as a clergyman's dressing-room. Pushing the door wide open, and holding up the lantern, whose light now burned low, as if almost out of oil, we saw to our horror a tall, white figure with glaring eyes, which immediately made a spring at us. Guy jumped aside to avoid it, and out went the light of our lantern.

"It was a moment of horror! But in that fearful moment I resolved that if I could be spared, I would commence a different life, turn over a new leaf, and live for usefulness to God and man.

"Guy had matches in his pocket, and soon had a little light for us again, The ghostly image seemed after all to have a weighty body, for we had heard it bound heavily up the aisle, and go down the cellar stairs. We followed after it, and went down the stairs trembling, but persevering; and there, at the foot of the flight of steps, as we swung out our lantern, what should we see but *a big white goat*, with bright wild eyes, which showed he was frightened out of his wits.

"So it was that old fellow whose mournful voice we turned into groans, and it was he, too, who tolled the bell, by getting his horns caught in the bell-rope and trying to extricate himself. He had taken up his abode in the old church, coming in through an opening in the cellar.

"So much for 'my ghost,' who did me more good than all the lectures or scoldings I ever had in my life. I remembered my resolutions, and, with God's help, I mean to keep them."

Cousin Harry finished his story; the fire was almost out, the candles burned low, and the little folks were

"All nodding, nid, nid, nodding,
And fast dropping off to sleep."

We wish them all "good-night." The curtain falls, and the good angels of the night hover over the old mansion of Maplewood Grove.

Beginnings. — Small seeds bring forth beautiful and fragrant flowers; so small beginnings issue in great usefulness. Never be discouraged with yourself; the third, or even the sixth time may be a shade or two better than the first. We increase in conscious power every time *we try*. Our efforts are not unblest if they are unknown to those about us. It is good to have more treasure laid up than our friends know anything about, but be sure and expect the interest.

Our Mothers.—A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is a representative of his Maker. Misfortune and crime set no barriers between her and her son. While his mother lives, a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affection flows from a pure fountain, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

KITTY'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

"KITTY, Kitty, where are you?" called Marion Campbell; "the tree has come."

"Oh! oh! the Christmas-tree! Let me go, nursie, do!" and little Kitty jumped, caught her dress on a chair, and tore it.

"Ach meine Kind! you was too fast," said Charlotte, the good-natured German nurse, and proceeded to change the torn dress, after which Kitty darted like an arrow down the stairs.

This same Kitty was a little witch of eight winters, and never did tiny feet dance more merrily than hers over the rough stepping-stones of life, under the sunshine of her sister-mother's smile. Marion Campbell was but fourteen when her mother left her angel-work on earth to finish it in heaven, and gave to her young hands the care of the baby Kate and two school-boy brothers. Dr. Campbell had been most of the time in France, pursuing those two phantoms, wealth and fame, and still not satisfied with the success that had already crowned his efforts.

Fred and Tom were at home for the holidays, of course. Rough, warm-hearted, fair-haired lads they were, with a wholesome boyish hatred of study and love of the wild life of nature. And they, with Kitty's assistance, kept the house in a turmoil from dawn till dark. Sur-le-Mer, as a French ancestress had named the homestead, was a large, irregular stone building, with plenty of verandas, balconies, towers, and similar adjuncts. It was surrounded by a green lawn, sloping down to the sea, where was the boat-house, and by a long orchard, and a garden, through which a beautiful avenue led to the grapery and greenhouse. The boys were skillful rowers and bold swimmers, since they had been almost educated on the water, and Marion could manage their little wherry with the utmost ease.

But to go back to the Christmas-tree. Charmed by Charlotte's account of the great doings in her own land at this season, willful Kate had settled it in her own small mind, and coaxed it into her sister's large and loving one, that they must have a Christmas-tree, and a real German Christmas, "with a Christ-child and all, you know, Marion!" Kitty was to see the tree after it came, and then to be excluded from the drawing-room until the enchanted Christmas Eve.

Of course Fred and Tom were there, strutting round, and giving their unasked opinion.

"Say, Marion dear, mayn't I wear my pink silk dress? and don't you suppose the good Christ-child will give me a beautiful wax doll?"

"Humph!" said Tom, "girls are always wanting dolls. I wouldn't be so silly, Kitty—would you, Fred?" and he appealed deferentially to his senior.

"Oh, let her alone, Tom. Girls never have the sense boys have. Golly—wouldn't old Crosby look cross if he saw the walnuts we had boxed up to carry back with us?"

Here Marion broke in quietly: "I knew a young gentleman who had no more sense than to play with his sister's doll when he was sick not long ago; and when *I* went to school, Master Fred, I don't think we called our principal 'old Crosby.'"

"Well! you know all the fellows do, Marion!" And he put his hands into his pockets.

Marion smiled. "And what do *you*

expect from the Christ-child, boys?" she said.

"I want a magic-lantern, and a pair of rocker skates with red straps, and—and lots of candy."

"And I want a gold watch," added the older and more fastidious Fred."

"You are very modest in your wishes, messieurs," said a deep ringing voice that startled them all.

"Oh, Uncle Roland!" and a trio of shouts began; Kitty pulled at his coat until he turned and jumped her in his arms, and then she pulled his curly brown hair. The boys suggested that there was time for a race on the lawn before dark, and Marion answered his inquiring look with a smile and a few words in Italian.

"How shall we dispose of these little torments meanwhile?" said he.

"I will do it," answered she, quickly. "Kitty, run and ask nurse to put on a clean apron before dinner; and, boys, go and tell cousin Ada she has practiced long enough, as it is vacation, and coax her to wrap up and race with you."

Roland Moore, a noble, frank-looking man of thirty, once the darling brother of Mrs. Campbell, followed his niece to the library, where a pile of formidable brown paper bundles of all shapes and sizes lay on the large study-table. Having securely locked the door, he proceeded to exhibit his Christmas purchases; then throwing himself into an arm-chair that faced the glowing grate, he said, carelessly, "I suppose you don't care for a letter since you haven't asked me for one."

She turned quickly and flashed a look at him from her usually calm blue eyes. "Oh, Roland! you are a worse tease than the boys. Let me have it."

He handed her a letter with a foreign post-mark. She took it, pleased, but half disappointed.

"Why don't you read it?"

She opened it. "Only a few lines; he is well, sends love and compliments of the season, wants Catherine to have a music-master from the city at once, is in haste—as usual. That is all." And she gave a sigh for the long-absent father.

"You don't ask me if I haven't another?" And he held out the tempting white missive roguishly, just beyond her reach. The girl's face flushed, and with a sudden bound she snatched it from him. His laughing but keen glance perceived the repressed sparkle of her eyes, and understood the demure air with which she put it unopened into her pocket, and with still crimson cheeks asked him if he had not heard the dinner-bell.

What a busy time it was now! What ridings to and from the city on mysterious errands! What lockings of doors! What escapades by little folks who had been almost detected stationed at key-holes! Pussies were all the time in corners, and little hands playing "catch-as-catch-can." And little feet were slyly creeping over the verandas to find a chink left open in the drawing-room curtains. And down in the kitchen were a large goose and various other bipeds, silently submitting to their fiery trial. And wonderful concoctions of flour, eggs, sugar, raisins, citron, and everything nice, emerged from the range-oven. Didn't Kitty love the black cook because she gave her all the raisins her tiny pocket could hold? though, to be sure, sister Marion prudently took them away when she found it out. And many a nice hot cake did Fred and Tom eat surreptitiously in the open air.

Uncle Roland often popped in unex-

pectedly, with his hands always full of those same mysterious bundles — at once the torment and delight of the curious children. Cousin Ada was admitted into the secret conclave, and even gave up her idolized music to help, though her exquisite voice was frequently heard warbling some old Christmas carol. The "Garrowillies, and the Piccaninies, and the Joblillies, and the great Panjandrum himself were expected to honor this festival; so preparations were made for hosts of company.

The drawing-room was brilliantly lighted, and musical with merry voices. The folding-doors were closed, and all the company gathered in one room. Little and big children—papas and mammas, sisters and brothers, uncles and aunts, were admiring the decorations. There were arches, and wreaths, and crosses, with long festoons on the walls and around the pictures. The golden Italian landscapes of Claude shone out from Norwegian forests, Bacchus was crowned with laurel, and the white Apollo, for the nonce, boasted a myrtle garland, while beautiful Parian vases were blooming with flowers from the greenhouse.

A silver bell tinkled. Silently the doors glided open, and the tree, blazing with colored tapers and blossoming with the strangest flowers and fruit to the very top, appeared before them. A lovely image of the dear Christ-child looked down from the upper branches. It was clad in white, with a bright silver star on its forehead. Even the little ones were struck silent for a moment; then their lips began to buzz irrepressibly.

Presently the little bell struck again; the jingling of sleigh-bells was heard outside, and then a rumbling noise in the hall. The door opened, and the strangest, oddest, and indeed most dreadful-looking figure walked in. You had better believe it was, for I must tell you the little girls faintly shrieked, and even the manly boys stepped behind their papas and mammas.

It had a very large body and very little legs. It was wrapped to its chin in a huge bear-skin coat, and had on great fur gloves, while it carried on its head an immensely tall fur helmet, which Kitty said looked like grandmother's old-fashioned muff; but then, of course, it wasn't that.

This curious creature with a great flourish introduced himself as Santa Claus. "Your chimneys are so small now-a-days," said he, in deep, grum tones, "that I can't come down them, and have to get in at the door like common folks."

Then he blew a queer horn, and setting down his heavy basket began to unload.

"Miss Annie May, take this. I told Mrs. Santa Claus to put up something pretty for you, and my wife always minds me." And he ambled around with elephantine lightness. He picked the Christmas fruit from the tree, too, and made such funny speeches as sent all the little girls and boys into screams of laughter.

After some time, Marion found Kitty in a corner with a very long face, and a little bright tear twinkling in her eye.

"What is it, my darling?" said she, putting her arm round the child.

Half pettishly she answered, "That old Santa Claus has given everybody something but me."

The gruff old fellow was just making his way up there, with queer hops, and he heard and shouted out, "No, my little lady, Santa Claus never

slights any one of the fair sex." And he deposited a long pasteboard box, which proved to contain the much-desired doll, in an elegant winter costume, with furs, and cloak, and a little hat with a plume in it.

The tree was now nearly bare, and the basket empty, when Santa Claus was called out of the room by Uncle Ronald. When he returned, he brought a great bundle, larger than himself, and which seemed to be very heavy. "This is for Miss Marion and Miss Catharine. Right side up, with care. Glass, perhaps," suggested he.

Suddenly the bundle began to unroll, and out stepped Dr. Campbell! You may imagine the commotion that followed. After greeting his friends, he drew Marion and Kitty into the library for a quiet chat, for though a careless he was an affectionate father. With Marion seated on one side, and Kitty on his knee, they talked busily. Soon, however, unquiet little Kitty slipped down and ran off. The guests were at supper in the dining-room, Ronald and the young Ada doing the honors. They were discussing the carnal cheer with an excellent will, and still laughing over the jokes of Santa Claus.

The drawing-room was deserted, the gas burning dimly, and the tree dark, except for a few tapers twinkling on the lower branches, when Kitty stole in to see if something might not have been overlooked by the eyes of his saintship.

The guests at supper, and the two in the library, were suddenly startled by piercing cries, and all was at once in tumult. Marion and the light-footed Ada reached the room first, to see their pet's fair face above the blazing dress—the little pink dress she had petitioned to wear. The calm Marion lost all self-possession at this fearful sight, and sprang to the terrified child, who was rushing wildly about, clasping her, flames and all, in a sort of despair. Charlotte was shrieking in German to "Himmel" for her "liebe Kind." But Ada, who had stood a moment—her dark eyes dilated in horror—now sprang into the hall bringing back the great bear-skin coat, and screaming to Ronald, who had reached the room, "Wrap this round them—quick! quick!"

The frightened children were huddled up together in the corner of the hall, crying for Kitty, while the older people crowded the door, not daring to go farther, but watching Ronald as he succeeded at last in smothering the flames. Poor little Kitty's arms and shoulders were badly burnt, and also Marion's hands, but they were both safe.

"It was the best present of all, wasn't it, Marion?"

"What, Kitty, dear?"

"Why, that bear-skin that kept us from being burnt up."

"We have reason to think a great deal of it, to be sure, and of cousin Ada, for her wise thought. But whom ought we to thank most of all?" she continued, in a low voice.

"The good God," replied Kitty, with a reverent look.

"You won't forget it when you go to bed, I hope."

"No, indeed. I will tell him how much I love him for taking such good care of me. And I'll thank him for the bear-skin, too, mayn't I?"

"Certainly, dear."

Thus ended Kitty's Christmas. I hope all the young people who read this will have as pleasant a one, but I warn them to keep out of the way of colored tapers on Christmas-trees.

THE UNEASY FISHES.

These two poor fishes
Have got their wishes,
As you shall shortly hear:
They lived in a brook,
In a sheltered nook,
Where the water was still and clear.

They had plenty of food,
Both sweet and good,
That is, to the taste of a fish;
There were worms and flies,
And bugs of great size,
As the greediest trout could wish.

No home could be finer,
For perch or shiner,
Or anything having a fin:
There were sunshine and shade,
And corners just made
For games of out-and-in.

But these two silly fishes
Were troubled with wishes,
Like somebody else I know,
To see all that was new,
And nothing would do [go.
But out from their home they must

So they darted away,
One fine summer day,
To the swiftest part of the stream,
And quickly they sped
O'er the gravelly bed,
Nor of danger had they a dream.

But not far did they get;
For a fisherman's net
Was spread in the brook with care;
And the first they knew,
As they tried to get through,
They were caught in the cruel snare.

And then with a shout
They were quickly thrown out,
As the fisherman saw his prize;
And though all was new,
'Twas painful, too,
And they gasped with useless sighs,

"Oh, that we were home!
No more would we roam,
But remain forever content."
Alas! 'twas in vain,
For the end is quite plain,
And soon to the cook they were sent.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Little children, can you say
Why we love this Christmas day?
Yes, 'twas Jesus' birth-day morn,
Yes, to-day was Jesus born.

Father, mother, kind and dear,
Remember well our birth-days here,
And shall we then forget to-day
That this is Jesus Christ's birth-day?

'Twas many years ago to-day
The babe in the manger cradled lay,
By night their songs the shepherds sing,
Their gifts to him the wise men bring.

We've no gifts, dear Lord, to bring,
Only a little can we sing;
But we'll try to keep thy word,
And be the children of our Lord.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

SINCE our last monthly gathering I have made a flying visit to the hospitals around Philadelphia and Washington, and also to the army of the Union, under the gallant Sheridan, in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah. I arrived at Winchester the day of the battle, just in time to see our troops victorious and witness the trophies of victory and assist in some slight degree in taking care of the thousands of wounded of both armies which fell into our hands. Armory Square, Lincoln, and other hospitals which I visited while in the city of Washington, are probably the best in the world. The Government, Christian Commission, and kind friends combine to make them pleasant and comfortable for the sick and wounded; but the farther you get away from there and nearer to the battle-field, the poorer the accommodations and care. And this is necessarily so; for the field hospitals are ever changing their location as the army moves, and then when a severe battle occurs and thousands are disabled, it takes much time to dress the wounds and care for the wants of each one of them.

At Winchester, the churches, as well as public buildings, and many private houses, were full, the men all lying upon the floor with straw beneath them, and only a blanket for a covering. Newtown, which was in the vicinity of the battle, was also full of wounded men. The Lutheran church presented a scene which I never shall forget. The pews were all taken out and the wounded laid in rows across the floor till both church and basement were full, and also the burying-ground in the rear filled—men lying in rows across the graves of peaceful days gone by. Here the surgeons were busy with their accumulating work, assisted by men detailed as nurses, and the delegates of the Christian Commission.

As soon as possible long trains of ambulances were filled and started on their long, slow march for Winchester, and arriving there at evening, many, though suffering from severe wounds, preferred to lie all night in the ambulances and ride all the next day to Martinsburg, rather than to be taken out with a chance of being left a few days in Winchester.

I came from Newtown with a train of about 900 wagons and ambulances, many of them filled with wounded of both armies, arriving at Winchester in the evening; and then came the blessed work of the Christian Commission.

With hot coffee, soup, farina, crackers, bread, etc., we went from wagon to wagon in the dark, muddy street by the light of dim lanterns, dispensing those things without which the soldiers would have severely suffered, and for which grateful hearts and fervent and hearty "God-bless-you's" went out and up because kind friends at home had not forgotten the suffering soldier, though so far away; and this is no *gift* of yours. The Northern people owe a debt to the brave, heroic defenders of our country, the preservers of the peace of our homes, and the freedom of our glorious institutions, which never can or will be paid while the world stands. An opportunity is offered to do something through the various commission and aid societies—which exist all over the land. Help them all you can. Fill up the ranks of the Christian Commission with earnest and devoted men, and the treasury with abundance of stores and money. Let every boy and girl send a comfort-bag, so that each soldier in the field and hospital shall have one, and forget not to let your prayers follow your gifts that the God of battles and of nations would bless and save both brave soldiers and suffering country.

Some little one may wonder what good a comfort-bag will do, sent away they know not where to an unknown soldier. I will tell you an incident which will show you what good one little article did in one little bag sent by some little one on such an unknown errand.

In unloading a large number of wounded at Martinsburg, I found a young man of the 159th Regiment N. Y. V., by the name of Lawrence, from Rockaway, Long Island, who had his leg amputated at the thigh, but who bore the long delay and transfer from the ambulance to the church like a hero, but he had lost his blanket and most of his effects, and was in much need of attention. The Commission were out of blankets, but I took the pillows from off the bed of a delegate and placed them under him, and brought him a good cup of coffee. He desired his haversack, and opening it, took out a "comfort-bag," and opened a paper containing some nice white sugar which some loving little hands had carefully put up, and with tears in his eyes, he said the kind "Christian Commission" had given it to him in Winchester. His coffee tasted sweeter to him that night than that drank by any of you far away in your peaceful homes, and I wish you could all have seen him and known how much good that one little act of love did to this brave defender of our common country. Every comfort-bag you send gladdens the heart of "somebody's son," and the "God bless you!" of the soldiers follow each one to those who send them. God hears it, if you do not, for it is borne on heavenly breezes by angel's wings, and perhaps you shall some time hear the welcome words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, ye did it unto me."

Possibly some of our Merry band will receive the things sent by some of you, and I hope many more of your gifts will find their way to our "soldier boys." The following letter will give information of one of them:

PACKWAUKEE, MARQUETTE CO., WIS., *Oct.* 14, 1864.

AUNT SUE:—I address this to you, because my son Adelbert Older has been one of your correspondents. I inclose the money wherewith to pay for his MUSEUM AND CABINET for the current year, commencing, I believe, with July. I also feel it a duty to announce to you, and through you to the cousins, that Adelbert re-enlisted in the Union army last February, and in company with a younger brother joined the Thirty-sixth Wis. Regt. of Infantry; moved to the Potomac in May, and on the 1st of June their regiment went into a charge at a place called Turner's Farm. The regiment was repulsed and badly cut up, and both our boys reported lost. On the 27th of July we read a letter from Adelbert, bearing date "General Hospital No. 21, Richmond, Va., June 5th," saying he was wounded at the rebel rifle-pits, lay till after dark, carried to their field hospital next day and had his wound dressed, and next day carried to Richmond. He spoke cheeringly of his situation, said his wound was not deep or dangerous, and that he should recover. This is the last, and all we know of either. I want his CABINET continued for the year, and then to close unless you ever hear from him again. From your humble friend, AMOS OLDER.

One more loved and honored name added to the noble band of Merry heroes who have cheerfully given themselves to their country, willing to suffer and die that she might live. Their names and memory will ever be cherished by all our Merry band, and our prayers ever ascend to the God of nations to watch over and bless the loved yet sorrowing ones at homes. There is little hope for wounded ones in Southern prisons, yet, while many die, some live and may some time return. Our "Eugene" has been seventeen months a prisoner, and yet was alive and well six weeks ago in Charleston, S. C., and we hope and pray a kind Providence which has thus far watched over him, will in due time return him to us again.

DEAR COUSINS:—Well, after several months I appear again before you, and shout for Queen Fleta. I was just in

WYOMING, *Sept.* 28, 1864.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNTS, AND COUSINS :—Here I have been standing outside the parlor door for the last three years, wishing that I was inside, but nobody ever pushed me in, and I had not courage to come myself, so I have staid outside ; but I am here now ; can I sit near Brown-Eyes ? Is it her that rides horseback so much ? I wish she would come to Wyoming ; I think I could race with her. Please give my love to all the cousins, and ask them if they will welcome

LILY.

All who enter our charmed circle are drawn by the attractions there. No one is "pushed" in, but each and all combine to make all and each contented and happy.

ALBANY, *Nov.* 9, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS :—I have read the "Merry" for a long time, and very much wish to join your Merry circle. May I be admitted, and take a seat next to some sociable cousin with whom I can chat occasionally ?

Calleta, I have seen your *carte de visite*, and hope I shall hear from you.

Lillie Linden and Golden Arrow, please favor me sometimes. ALPHA,

(Care of Cultivator Office).

You are admitted to the Chat, and we hope all will cultivate Cultivator's acquaintance.

Extracted Essences.

———, of Binghamton. The real names of writers must accompany all letters for the Chat. We trust this will be understood in future by all. Valencia, Blue Button, please take notice.

BUCKEYE, of Martinsburg, Ohio, would like to exchange "photos" with all. Send yours to Uncle Robert, and he will send his in return. Come again.

ELIZABETH, we are glad to receive good hieroglyphic rebuses ; send along some, if you have original ones. I was in several of the hospitals around Washington last month, and would have been glad to have met you there, and hope you will always do what you can for the soldiers.

SIGMA sends word to Marcus that his address is "Box 211, Jacksonville, Ill., and says he shall "look for him."

BESSIE B. A., your first attempt is a "success," and we shall expect you every month. Letters from our young friends are always welcome.

NEB barks up another tree of late.

BAY, why didn't you send us your name with your sprightly letter ? You must come out of that corner, for we allow no "hiding" in our parlor. Thanks for the "curtsy."

CHARLES H. desires to exchange *c's de v.* with any of the "nephs or nieces," and will correspond with any who will write to a "nice young man."

THE SAILOR BOY, or Wreck of the Nautilus, is the title of a new book published by J. E Tilton & Co., Boston. A sprightly story, full of fun and adventure, coming just in season for a holiday visit to the children. This is the second of the "Plymouth Rock Stories," which have become so popular with the juveniles. We predict for them an extensive circulation.

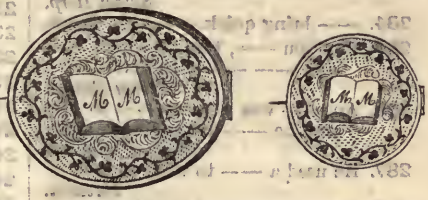
THE IRVINGTON STORIES, BY M. E. DODGE.—This new volume, from which we gave an extract last month, is from the pen of one of our best writers, and will be welcomed by all our readers. It makes a beautiful Christmas and New Year's present for the children. James O'Kane, New York, is the publisher.

UNCLE NAT ; OR, THE GOOD TIME WHICH GEORGE AND FRANK HAD, TRAPPING, FISHING, AND CAMPING OUT, ETC. By Alfred Oldfellow. Appleton & Co., New York. A spicy entertaining book from one who knows how to write for young folks. The Appletons present a very inviting list of books and presents during the holidays, and are always well patronized. Give them a call.

FALL RIVER ROUTE—CHANGE OF BASE.—This popular line of steamboats from New York now stops at Newport, R. I., and transfer their passengers to the cars for Boston, which makes it more convenient for both passengers and steamboat company. The route is pleasant and well patronized, and this change will make it more popular among the traveling public.

And now a word to all. This number closes the volume, and we shall soon commence another year. Many have already sent on their money in advance, so as to secure the portrait of Uncle William in the January number. We expect a continued story by Sophie May to run through the year; also articles by the writer of "Go-Ahead," and other stories from our best writers. But we wish you all to aid us in extending our circulation. Show a copy to your neighbor and friend, and get them to subscribe. See our list of premiums, and try and secure a Merry Badge, which we hope all will do, as when we visit your various places, we shall wish to know who are of the Merry family.

We will send the boys' Gold Badge to any one who will send eight new subscribers; and the girls' Gold Badge for twelve—the money in all cases to be sent in advance, together with your own subscription. The price of these badges are $6 for the boys', and $9 for the



girls'. We hope every one of you will send at least one new name, and to such we will send one steel engraving each, of Robert Merry, Hiram Hatchet, Aunt Sue, and Uncle William, in an extra number of the Magazine. If all will do this, it will enable us to make many additional improvements in the Magazine.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

LOYALTY wins the prize for October puzzles, having correctly answered all but one.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

269. I am composed of 7 letters:
My 3, 2, 5 is a boy's nickname.
My 5, 4, 1 is found in most country houses.
My 7, 6, 3 is an animal.
My whole is a river in the United States. *Jimmy R. Beale.*

270. My first, second, and whole are birds. *Geo. T. McKinney.*

271. Transpose the name of a State and leave what we all have to pay; behead, then curtail and leave an implement. Take three letters of my whole and have a beverage; transpose and leave what we must all do, or die; behead and leave a preposition. *Libbie Prince.*

272. Entire, I am a weapon; beheaded, I am a fruit; beheaded again, I am a part of the body; transpose, and I am a period of time; curtail me, and I am (in sound) a verb; again curtail me, and the printer knows me; again, and I am invisible. *Hero.*

273. At what game of chance did Moses play? *Jeannie Parker.*

274. Curtail a science and leave something very small. *Fred. W. C. C.*

275. Change my head several times and make—1, a pickaxe; 2, a verb; 3, to fill; 4, a plant; 5, a measure; 6, a building; 7, a boy's nickname; 8, a brook; 9, a mount; 10, a medicine; 11, a farmer's work; 12, to be unwilling; 13, part of a house. *Mercury.*

ANAGRAMS.

276. I rob chips. *Tommy.*

277. Ma, I taste the sin. *Busy Bee.*

278. Not so many. *Myrtle P.*

279. Serpent's ire. *Adelbert Older.*

280. Muster this nag. *Clite Clinton.*

281. I made a *leap then* to the back of an —— *Monitor*

282. *T. V. Meron* lives in ——. *Monitor.*

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed :

283. An —— in some —— bit ——.
Stupid Harp.

284. —— bring quick ——. *Sigma.*

285. Can you ——, the —— man —— and —— —— with his?
Aubrey Benson.

286. An —— was a great —— to him and he —— not approach one.
Rhoda of Guilford.

287. He used a —— to whip the ——.
Forestina.

288. I am composed of 25 letters :
My 15, 9, 17 is an animal.
My 3, 6, 10, 13 is a body of water.
My 4, 19, 1 is what we must obey.
My 12, 13, 24, 23 is a fruit.
My 12, 22, 14, 20, 11 is more desirable than my 1, 6, 23.
My 4, 2, 8, 16 is a fruit.
My 18, 19, 25 is an article of food.
My 21, 5, 17, 22 is a toy.
My 7, 25 is a pronoun.
My whole was a late distinguished writer. *M. C. H.*

289. Why are all the female cousins like Jack Spratt's wife?
W. A. R.

290. Behead a flower and leave a seller.
Loyalty.

291. I am composed of 17 letters :
My 1, 2, 3, 4 is something we burn.
My 11, 12, 17 is an animal.
My 8, 6, 5 is to drag.
My 9, 14, 10 is a pronoun.
My 13, 16, 15 is a boy's nickname.
My whole is a book. *Union Boy.*

Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of next month.

Answers to Questions in Oct. No.

220. Boat-swain.
221. Charles Mellen Eames.
222. Ram, am, arm, mar, ma.
223. Noah Webster.
224. Because he is apt to lose his patience.
225. It is recent (re-sent).
226. When they begin to shoot.
227. Bread, beard.
228. Honey, hone.
229. Star, tar.
230. Chair, hair, air, Ira.
231. Catnip.
232. Harrow, arrow.
233. Mildewed.
234. Chivalry.
235. Anoplotherium.
236. Absurd.
237. Epitomist.
238. Leonard.
239. Dear, dare, read.
240. Has, ash.
241. Males, meals.
242. Asher, share.
243. Concert.
244. Heart.

Loyalty answers all but 228.

Sigma answers all but 228, 225, 235.

A. S. W. answers all but 220, 225, 235.

C. W. J. answers all but 224, 225, 228, 235.

Coy answers all but 224, 228, 235, 241.

Aubrey answers all but 220, 224, 235, 244.

Merrimac answers all but 228, 234, 235, 240.

E. M. Miller answers all but 224, 235, 237, 240, 241, 243.

Franc answers all but 224, 225, 228, 235, 237, 242.

Peter answers all but 224, 225, 235, 237, 241, 242.

Bessie B. A. answers all but 228, 235, 236, 237, 240, 242, 243, 244.

Anna J. B. answers all but 221, 224, 225, 228, 235, 238, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244.

Forestina answers all but 223, 224, 225, 227, 228, 229, 233, 235, 237, 240, 241, 243.

Caletta answers all but 223, 224, 225, 227, 228, 233, 235, 237, 240, 241, 242, 244.

Moss Rosebud answers 220, 222, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 239, 242, 243, 244.

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